

Forbidden books : notes and gossip on tabooed literature / by an old bibliophile

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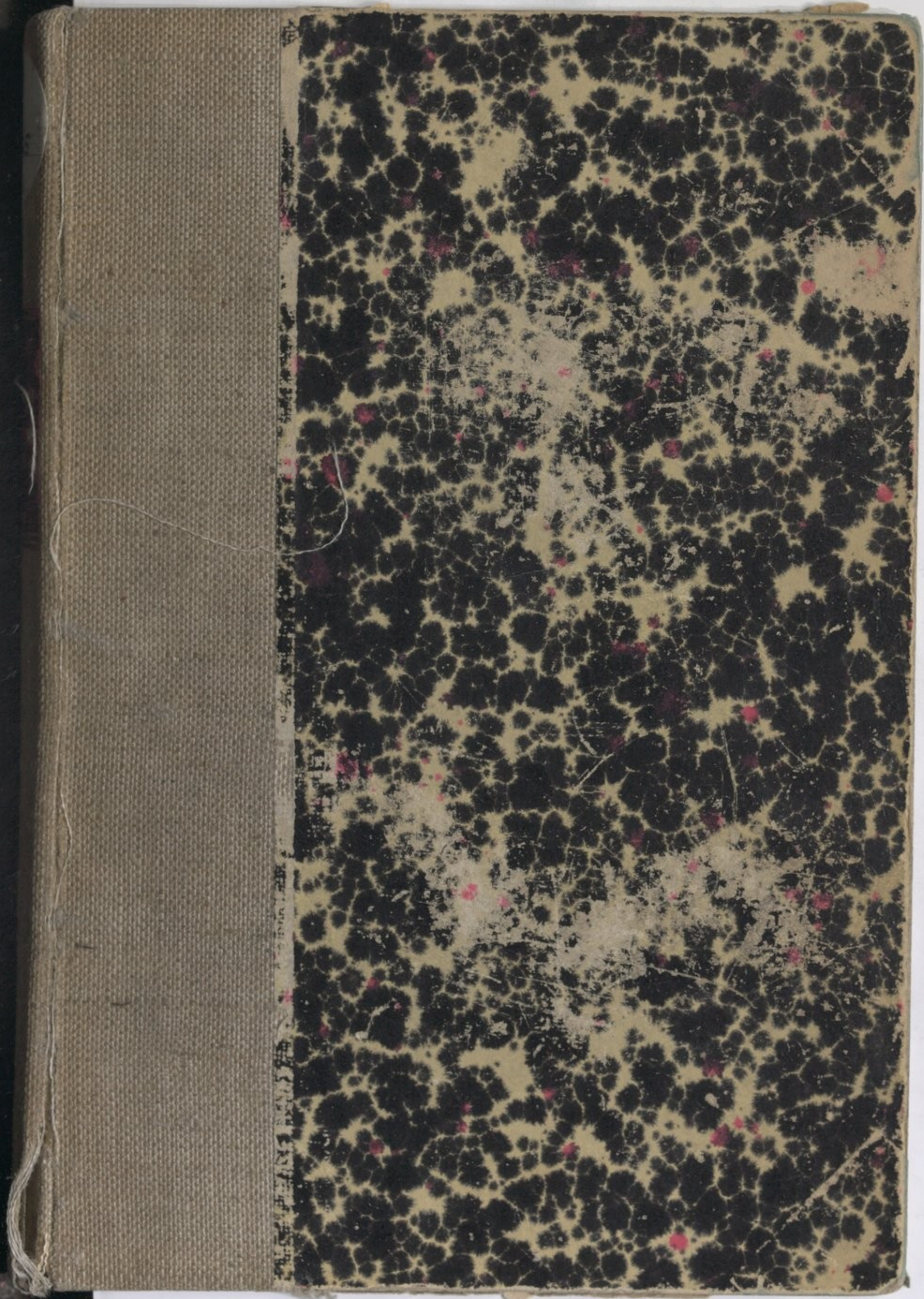
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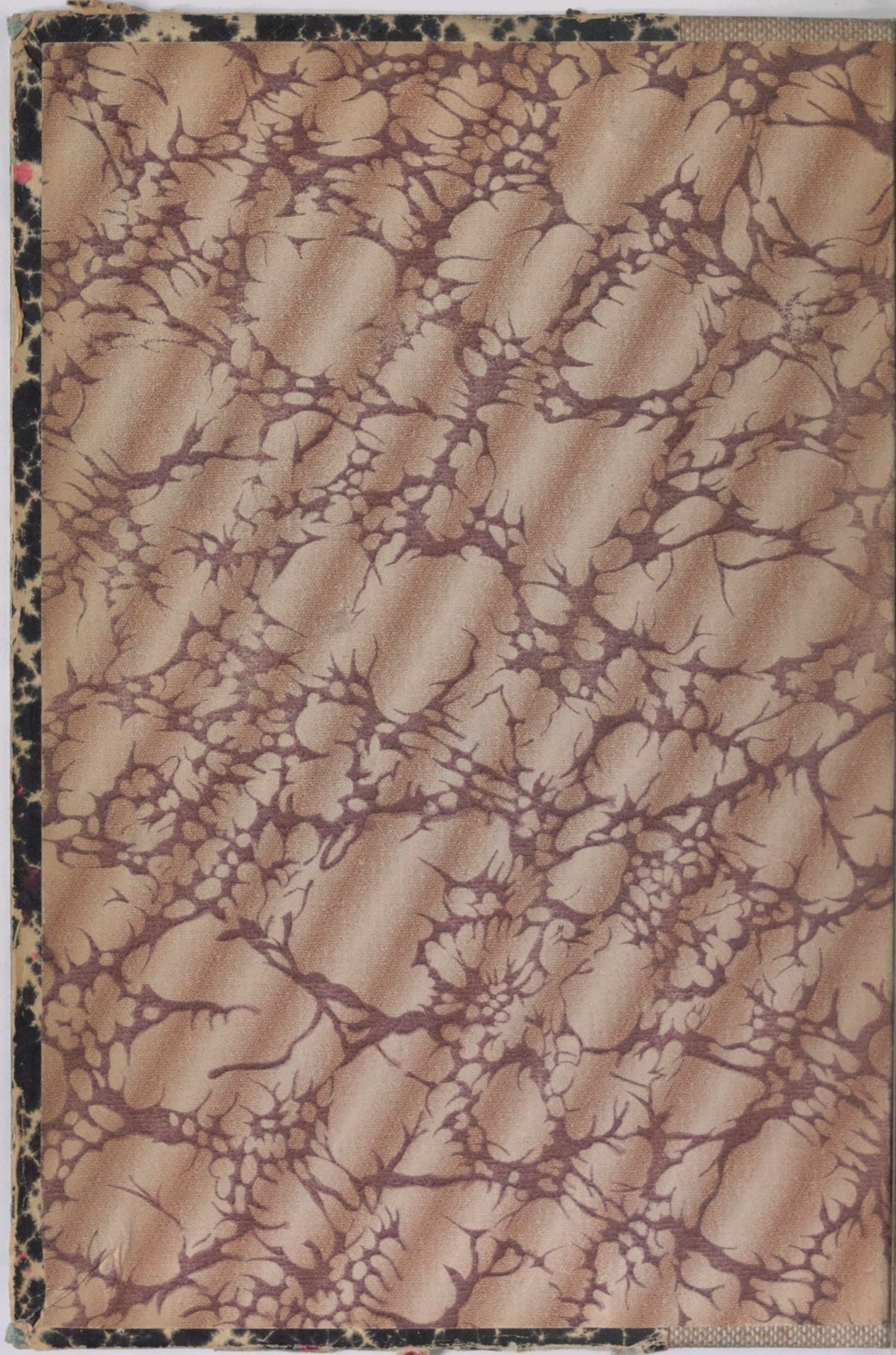
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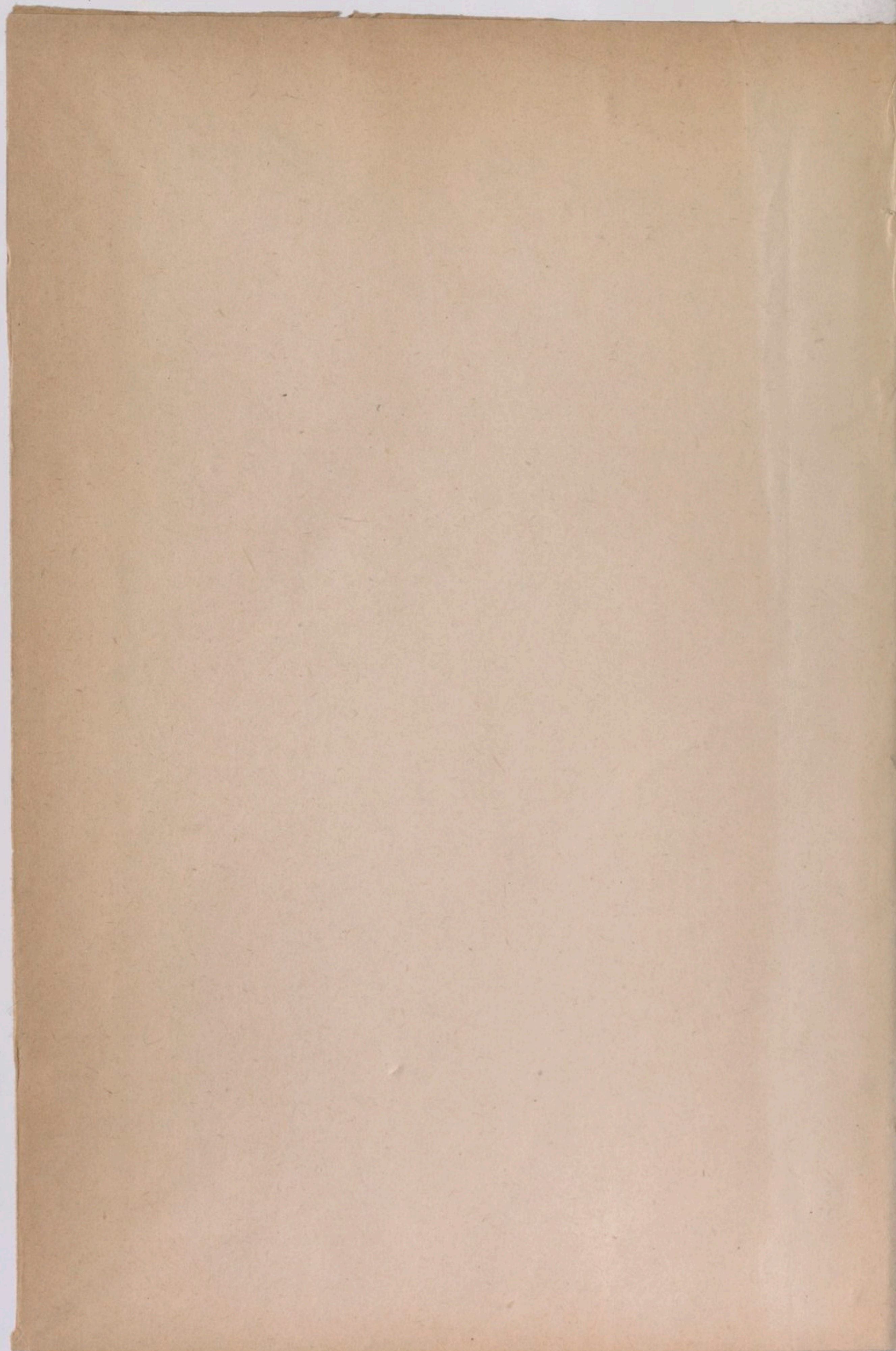
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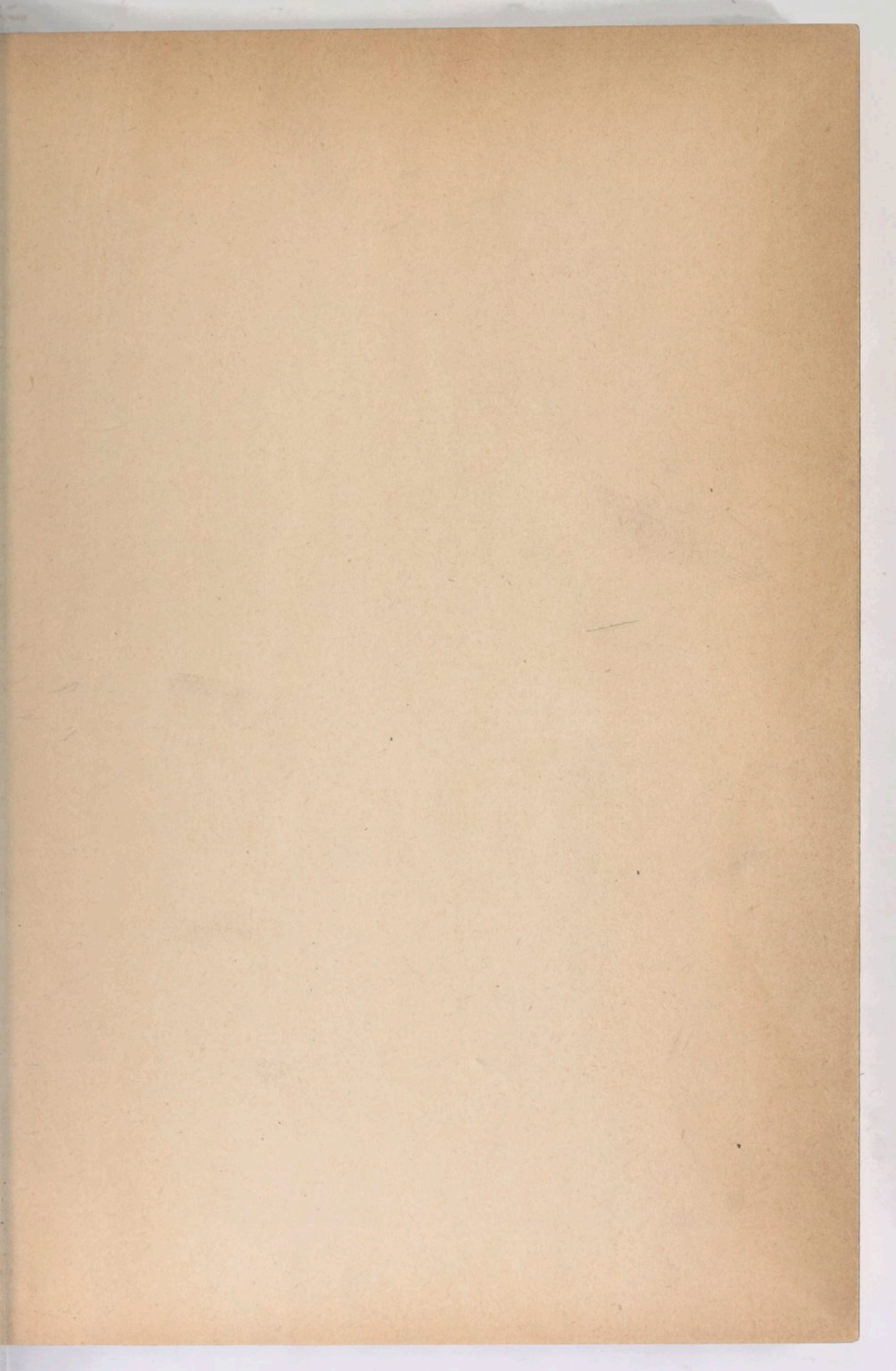
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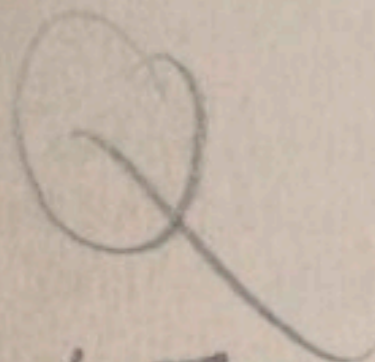
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FORBIDDEN BOOKS



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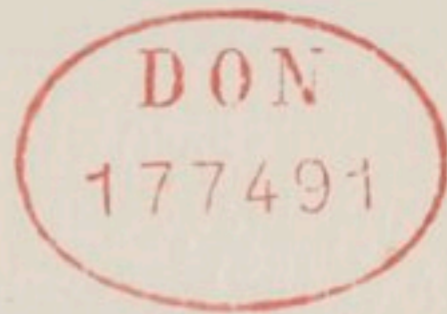


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Forbidden Books



NOTES AND GOSSIP

ON TABOOED LITERATURE

BY

AN OLD BIBLIOPHILE

*Livres chéris, que je lis tour à tour
A table, au lit, au foyer, sous la treille,
Je vous préfère à ces amis d'un jour,
L'amour changeant, la fragile bouteille.
Dans cette vie aux destins inconstants,
Dans ce vieux monde où l'amour a des ailes,
Où l'amitié ne fleurit qu'au printemps,
Chers compagnons, seuls vous m'êtes fidèles.*

Paris

FOR THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIENDS

1902

Forbiden Books

1800

1801

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PREFACE.

"Je n'écris que pour cent lecteurs, et de ces êtres, malheureux, aimables, charmants, point hypocrites, point *moraux*, auxquels je voudrais plaire, j'en connais à peine un ou deux. De tout ce qui ment pour avoir de la considération comme écrivain, je n'en fais aucun cas."

STENDHAL.

COMMERCIAL life had never left me much time for making a business of pleasure and relaxation, such as I see now around me as I have passed that uncertain meridian politely termed middle-age. Having fallen into what is called the sere and yellow category, I think I am entitled in my dotage to play at being a philosopher and find fault with my fellow men, in revenge for that they did often scoff and laugh at me when I was younger. Such are the benefits of old age and experience.

I was a long way over thirty and had never troubled to read a really obscene book, although I knew that such volumes existed. I had always been a lover of fiction, and having been brought up before the age of bicycles and lawn-tennis, I think I must have given a little more time to literature than our boys of to-day. Just about that time I stumbled across a catalogue of condemned works, and in running

through it, I was struck by the wonderful titles of the books that had been persecuted, and was also stupefied to find how under different political *régimes*, so many great men had suffered for their opinions expressed in pamphlets or in gazettes, and how absurd it all seemed after a few years had passed. From thence to hunting up the books I saw in the catalogue was but a step, and so I blossomed into a bibliophile, if you can so call a collector of forbidden books. For I never troubled much about any others. This mania kept me amused and interested for some thirty years or more, and now I have set my house in order in view of the certain fact that I cannot live for ever, and as I know not what will become of my library after my death, I preferred to get rid of it while I live, and so I gradually sold off my collection or exchanged for standard works. All that remains to remind me of many happy hours of relaxation and amused wonderment are the notes I used to make and the gossiping memories they evoke. These rambling reminiscences—or rather, a small part of them—I now jot down, and give them out for the pleasure and guidance of other collectors of the same style—if such exist.

I may be blamed for having had such vitiated taste as to gather together a mass of literature capable of corrupting morals and sowing the seed of lust and licentiousness. To which I reply that I really and honestly believe that too great a fuss is made over obscene books, and nine times out of ten the harm they do is hardly worth talking about.

When I was quite a child I was much struck with the performance of a somewhat wild pantomimic sketch, entitled, "Valentine and Orson," and thoroughly enjoyed the scene where the monster or wild man beholds his own ugliness, as for the first time in his existence he catches sight of his shaggy lineaments in the polished shield wielded by Valentine. May not the smug-faced hypocrite railing against realism be oftentimes nothing more than an Orson in disguise?

A man of clean and normally healthy tastes will read an obscene volume, and frankly say that he has finished it and does not care much for it. He will add that he does not want to peruse another, while the congenitally corrupt individual, who would like to outvie the impossible feats of the heroes of smutty vulgar volumes destined solely to inflame the passions, calls out that he would not touch the horrible little volume with a pair of tongs, and that the author and seller thereof ought to be clapped into jail. And yet he may be a man whose debauchery and deceit has driven his wife to die in a madhouse, as I have seen it myself.

When Zola wrote his novel "Nana," which is nothing more than a kind of modern "Fanny Hill," a fearful outcry was raised in France, and everybody said that they were not going to read such filth. I think over a hundred thousand copies were soon sold, and an illustrated edition was also printed. It has been reprinted in every language, again and again, more or less expurgated—this book that nobody read! How many people do you think have been corrupted by reading the adventures of a mercenary prostitute who dies of the small-pox, alone and neglected, in a room of the Grand Hôtel, at Paris?

When an Anarchist or political refugee is tracked to his dingy lair by the police, it is always gravely stated that a great quantity of socialistic literature, and pamphlets advocating the assassination of crowned tyrants, has been found in the box of the misguided and dangerous crank. If a young lad robs his employer and buys a pistol, taking at the same time a third-class ticket to a seaport town, a novel in penny numbers (No. 1 gratis with No. 2, in a coloured wrapper), called, "Dick Turpin junior," or "The Boy Burglar," will be found among his belongings. The embezzling clerk has been tempted by betting-men, as the racing literature found in his possession plainly proves, even had he made no whining confession. But when a madman violates a little girl and cuts her to pieces

afterwards, why is there not a copy of the bloodthirsty book, "Justine," ever to be seized among his effects, so as to plainly show us once for all that obscene and vile volumes really wreak all the harm we are led to believe?

Not long since I read how a young draper's assistant, of London, who led a double life, had enticed his sweetheart, whom he was deceiving with false tales of grandeur and lying promises, into the parlour of his mother's house, after the theatre, and had there brutally violated her, taking her life afterwards by breaking her skull with a heavy instrument. He then poisoned himself. Do you think he was corrupted by reading obscene books? It must not be forgotten that sadism existed before de Sade, but he was first to set it down as a theory.

Do you suppose that the "Horos" couple became blasphemous debauchees by reading books of lust? And inversely, do you not think that if their wretched victims had not had all sexual knowledge and good advice on such subjects carefully kept from them, they would have fallen such an easy prey to the curious mixture of mysticism and mesmeric lubricity that proved their undoing?

People who read do not act, and those who act do not read. I remember a friend of mine who was being slowly ruined by daily frequentation of a gambling club, where he was carefully rooked six days in the week. In pity of his sad infatuation, I bought him several books where the tricks of the Greeks were unveiled. He thanked me, and some time later having occasion to visit him, I saw my volumes in a corner covered with dust and uncut. Those who play cards never read, and those who read are no gamblers.

With regard to the corruption of the morals brought about by impure tales: there are very few women in my experience who care to read them after their first curiosity has been gratified. The reason is obvious. They are all written by men,

and the female naturally soon pierces the impossibility of the descriptions and incidents. She soon reckons them up at their true value and generally declines the offer of more, preferring as a rule some sentimental love story that will make her weep. Women have more satisfaction when a sad drama or a goody-goody story brings up a ball in their throat and enables them to have "a good cry," than by reading how some virgin enjoys the first penetration of the male at once, and invites repeated assaults at the same sitting, like an old married woman with ten lovers; or how a boy of sixteen outdoes Hercules, by being flogged till the blood run downs to his heels, etc.

To be led astray by such works of smut and salacity, a being must be greatly predisposed, for it is impossible for the normally healthy male, or the female with enough red globules in her blood to become suddenly profligate, and lose all their pudicity, through reading a mass of crude and impossible filth relating to sexual enjoyment. A feeling of disgust must be created in clean-minded people, and I think the ordinary sensuous novelette or more carefully-veiled romance from the circulating library is far more dangerous to the morals of young folks, especially our daughters. The soft villain in the conservatory, who glues his lips, (they always "glue"), to the mouth of the lovely creature in a low-necked dress, whose bosom heaves with gratitude, for having had her bolting horse stopped by his sinewy arm, as he saved her life that morning, is a thousand times more dangerous than the lusty ruffian with an enormous development of virility, who is pictured with much carmine, in the ugly coloured plates of the obscene book.

It is this mistaken modesty with regard to the duties of kind nature that transforms the streets of all the great European cities into happy hunting grounds for the systematic seducer, who knows that by a show of religion, and a few lying promises, he can wheedle the poor little workgirl, or proud, well-built dressmaker's assistant out of all her savings and her virginity

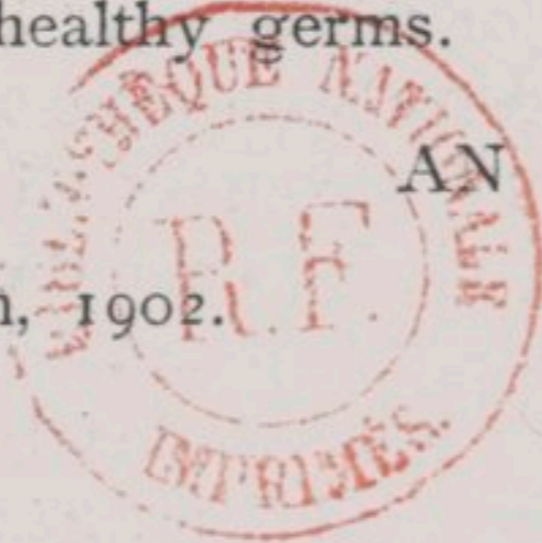
to boot. From whom do the quack doctors who advertise by sticking bills in the byeways draw the major part of their revenues? From unfortunate boys, who having been wrongly instructed, by being kept in ignorance, have at the first call of nature rushed to the venal Venus, and contaminated by what they are led to believe is a secret and shameful disease—as if any malady of the human frame, acquired or constitutional, could be of a secret or shameful nature—seek out these rogues, for fear of scandal.

Now, my merry men, open up your tribunals, and send out your police, so as to defend public morality by putting some silly fool of a bookseller in jail for a lengthened term of imprisonment for having sold for a few guineas this atrocious literature through the post to a bigger fool than himself.

What makes these prosecutions, whether conducted by the Police, Vigilance Societies, or indignant private individuals, so ridiculous, is that no book can be utterly stamped out. Since the invention of printing every book has survived, while its persecutors have long been forgotten. When books are ordered to be destroyed the worthy magistrate is only giving them a new lease of life. Those who do not care to read such volumes skip the case in their newspapers, and those who would like to see them keep the titles in their memory and wait until they are reprinted. And they always are. Even if the judicial orders are carried out entirely, which I doubt, one copy escapes somehow. An enthusiast may transcribe it, when he has it lent to him, and so it is born again. Books have the vitality of the most lively, healthy germs.

AN OLD BIBLIOPHILE.

PARIS, April 15th, 1902.





Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure.
London, G. Fenton, 1749.

2 vols., 12mo., 13 free plates.



IN January, 1884, at Stockholm, there was a sale by public auction of books on love, women and marriage—which is a polite way of informing collectors of my class that there are some racy books to be had—which was soon followed by another in November of the same year. These two parts (1) formed the library of a Swedish book-lover, Count Manderström, unless I am mistaken, and this catalogue is very curious and interesting. But what was most remarkable was the third part, entirely composed of books “à figures galantes,” which means: excessively free, containing 97 numbers of books, vignettes, and even transparent playing cards, which were not publicly put up for sale, but marked in plain figures.

In this list was a copy of Cleland's famous work, generally known by the name of the heroine: “Fanny Hill,” and in French editions, very often as “Miss Fanny,” as noted above, and only 75 francs was asked for it. The amiable bookseller who superintended the sales, was kind enough besides to grant a discount of 10% without me asking for it.

(1) “Catalogue de livres rares et curieux sur l'amour, les femmes et le mariage, faisant partie du cabinet d'un bibliophile suédois.” Stockholm, H. Bukowski, 1883—4. 2 parts, 8vo.

There are copies on ordinary and thick paper.

I had great pleasure in receiving the book, for this was the first time I was lucky enough to get hold of the original edition of this celebrated novel, which is without doubt the best erotic work in the English tongue. It is written in sober style, but the English is of the best, and all is perfectly correct and grammatical, which is a rare thing to be said of a free work in any language.

As for the subject, it is a universal one, simply narrating the life of a young person carrying on what Rudyard Kipling calls "the most ancient and best-paying trade in the world." This book has had many editions, and I can call to mind one printed in London, about 1855, with the close type of the old two-shilling "railway" novel, where all the free passages were "worked up," and made more obscene still, with G. W. M. Reynolds' and G. P. R. James' flowers of rhetoric. The contrast of the ultra-romantic varnishing to the solid chastened prose of Cleland forms a most extraordinary mixture, and makes the perusal a difficult task.

The two volumes of the gentle Swedish gentleman, became my property, and they were ornamented with 13 plates, illustrating the best parts of this fascinating tale, in the broadest manner possible, but in spite of my efforts and researches, I was never able to find another copy of the same series of pictures, either in a copy of the book or apart, so as to be able to compare and verify them. They were mezzotints, evidently by a master hand, in the style of Morland. I held the true *editio princeps*, with a set of plates unknown to all the iconophiles and bibliophiles to whom I showed them. The number of the plates seemed suspicious. Why thirteen? This number seemed strange to me, as engravings were printed as a rule, in even numbers, being struck off in twos and fours on the same plate. Be that as it may, I was the proud possessor of a unique book, and I well remember the annoyance of my friend Pisanus Fraxi—peace be to his ashes!—who had just printed his bibliography of "Fanny Hill," (1) without having seen my copy. So I was able to declare that my two volumes were unknown to all bibliographers,—a sweet triumph for an amateur!

They were modestly bound in contemporary calf, and instead of the true title, they bore on their backs the mention:

(1) "Catena Librorum Tacendorum." London, 1885., pp. 60 and following.

"Natural Philosophy." That poor martyred publisher, Isidore Liseux, used them to make his careful reprint, where therefore the true text is to be found. Thus it was that a Frenchman published in our time the text *in extenso* of this masterpiece of English amorous literature, for it must not be forgotten that the reprints made in London since those of the XVIIIth century are all more or else hacked about.

My two cherished volumes were a sweet delight for seventeen years, and when, with the advent of old age the taste for books had left me, together with many other tastes, I was able to find a home for my little faithful Fanny. Not only was I thanked for giving her away, but joyously was counted out to me more than tenfold the price I had paid for her.

Ah! if all my life I could have got rid of all my Fannies in such an advantageous way!





Thais, translated from the French of Anatole France. "Then you would have felt my soul in a kiss, And known that once if I loved you well, And I would have given my soul for this, To burn for ever in burning hell." SWINBURNE. London, Charles Carington, 1901. All rights reserved.

8vo., x (Preface), and 304 pp. Twenty copper-plate etchings, with tissue-paper before each, on which is printed in red the text and number of the page to which it belongs. Issue: 500 copies, on Van Gelder hand-made paper.



very handsome and excellently printed volume, worthily dressed in a pretty blue *moiré* binding, "gilt top, uncut edges," which is the sweet description so dear to the heart of the real lover of nice books. And when he gets one in this happy state, he wraps it up to preserve it from the light, which may discolour the binding or the paper, and if he wants to read the text, he buys a cheap reprint or borrows it from a friend. Such is the true bibliophile!

This volume is for such refined folk, as the insight given into the life of a frivolous courtesan of the 4th century can have no interest for the common herd. Such good judges and talented critics as the Reverend John Clifford; Theodore Watts-Dunton, Swinburne's *fidus Achates*; the Reverend Marcus Dods; William Canton; and Professor George Saintsbury have eulogised this translation. It deserves all their praise, for it is nobly done. It must have been a labour of love, although anybody knowing the original language of a translation

always thinks he could have made a better version himself.

This is, strange to say, the first of Anatole France's works which has been rendered into English, a surprising fact when we think that he is one of the greatest French writers of the age. But perhaps he is not quite sensational enough? He writes in sober style, which makes the reading more enjoyable to cultured ears, and reposeful after laboured and tortured prose, where the author's effort is too easily discernible. He does not indulge in long descriptions nor seek to overawe by audacious word-painting. The effect is produced by simplicity, and the narrative rolls on smoothly, the author leaving the reader to put in all the psychological part for himself, leading him on to divine motives and meanings by the plain and unvarnished words of the swinging dialogue.

Perhaps the half-hidden irony of Anatole France might be distasteful in English-speaking countries, and in "Thais," straitlaced people may object to the local colouring, as the tenets of early Christianity are roughly handled, and there are some religious discussions that might leave a flavour of blasphemy in the mouths of the rigid and righteous.

Paphnuce, an ascetic monk of the Thebaid, remembers, in spite of himself, the days when as a young man he indulged in fleshly luxury and riotous living. He suddenly takes it into his head that he should depart to Alexandria and reclaim Thais, prostitute and dancing-girl. He succeeds in converting her, and after inducing her to burn all her belongings, gives her into the keeping of the Lady Superior Albina in a nunnery. She becomes a saint, and he returns to the desert, but in spite of his penance and extraordinary self-inflicted suffering the reader can see that he is and always has been in love with Thais. He hears that she is dying and then at last knows that he has never been entirely free from the mastership of his own lustful longings.

"Thais is dying!" An incomprehensible saying! "Thais is dying!" In those three words what a new and terrible sense! "Thais is dying!" Then why the sun, the flowers, the brooks, and all creation? "Thais is dying!" What good was all the universe? Suddenly he sprang forward. "To see her again, to see her once more!" He began to run. He knew not where he was, or whither he went, but instinct conducted him with unerring certainty; he went straight to the Nile. A swarm of sails covered the upper waters of the river. He

sprang on board a barque manned by Nubians, and lying in the forepart of the boat, his eyes devouring space, he cried in grief and rage—

“Fool, fool, that I was, not to have possessed Thais whilst there was yet time! Fool, to have believed that there was anything else in the world but her! Oh, madness! I dreamed of God, of the salvation of my soul, of life eternal—as if all that counted for anything when I had seen Thais! Why did I not feel that blessed eternity was in a single kiss of that woman, and that without her life was senseless, and no more than an evil dream? Oh, stupid fool! thou hast seen her, and thou hast desired the good things of the other world! Oh, coward! thou hast seen her, and thou hast feared God! God! heaven! what are they? And what have they to offer thee which are worth the least tittle of that which she would have given thee? Oh, miserable, senseless fool, who sought divine goodness elsewhere than on the lips of Thais! What hand was upon thine eyes? Cursed be he who blinded thee then! Thou couldst have bought, at the price of thy damnation, one moment of her love, and thou hast not done it! She opened to thee her arms—flesh mingled with the perfume of flowers—and thou wast not engulfed in the unspeakable enchantments of her unveiled breast. Thou hast listened to the jealous voice which said to thee ‘Refrain!’ Dupe, dupe, miserable dupe! Oh, regrets! Oh, remorse! Oh, despair! Not to have the joy to carry to hell the memory of that never-to-be-forgotten hour, and to cry to God, ‘Burn my flesh, dry up all the blood in my veins, break all my bones, thou canst not take from me the remembrance which sweetens and refreshes me for ever or ever!’... Thais is dying! Preposterous God, if Thou knewest how I laugh at Thy hell! Thais is dying, and she will never be mine—never! never!”

And as the boat came down the river with the current, he remained whole days lying on his face, and repeating—

“Never! never! never!”

Then at the idea that she had given herself to others, and not to him; that she had poured forth an ocean of love, and he had not wetted his lips therein, he stood up, savagely wild, and howled with grief. He tore his breast with his nails, and bit the flesh of his arms. He thought—

“If I could but kill all those she has loved!”

The thought of these murders filled him with delicious fury. He dreamed of killing Nicias slowly and leisurely, looking him full in the eyes whilst he murdered him. Then suddenly his fury melted away. He wept, he sobbed. He became feeble and meek. An unknown tenderness softened his soul. He longed to throw his arms round the neck of the companion of his childhood, and say to him, “Nicias, I love thee, because thou hast loved her. Talk to me about her. Tell me what she said to thee.” And still, without ceasing, the iron of that phrase entered into his soul—“Thais is dying!”

"Light of day, silvery shadows of night, stars, heavens, trees, with trembling crests, savage beasts, domestic animals, all the anxious souls of men, do you not hear? 'Thais is dying!' Disappear, ye lights, breezes, and perfumes! Hide yourselves, ye shapes and thoughts of the universe! 'Thais is dying!' She was the beauty of the world, and all that drew near to her grew fairer in the reflection of her grace. The old man and the sages who sat near her, at the banquet at Alexandria, how pleasant they were, and how fascinating was their conversation! A host of brilliant thoughts sprang to their lips, and all their ideas were steeped in pleasure. And it was because the breath of Thais was upon them that all they said was love, beauty, truth. A delightful impiety lent its grace to their discourse. They thoroughly expressed all human splendour. Alas! all that is but a dream. 'Thais is dying!' Oh, how easy it will be to me to die of her death! But canst thou only die, withered embryo, foetus steeped in gall and scalding tears? Miserable abortion, dost thou think thou canst taste death, thou who hast never known life? If only God exists, that He may damn me. I hope for it—I wish it. God, I hate Thee—dost Thou hear? Overwhelm me with Thy damnation. To compel thee to, I spit in Thy face. I must find an eternal hell, to exhaust the eternity of rage which consumes me."

* * * *

The next day, at dawn, Albina received him at the nunnery.

"Thou art welcome to our tabernacles of peace, venerable father, for, no doubt, thou comest to bless the saint thou hast given us. Thou knowest that God, in His mercy, has called her to Him; how couldst thou fail to know tidings that the angels have carried from desert to desert? It is true that Thais is about to meet her blessed death. Her labours are accomplished and I ought to inform thee, in a few words, as to her conduct whilst she was still amongst us. After thy departure, when she was confined in a cell sealed with thy seal, I sent her, with her food, a flute, similar to those which girls of her profession play at banquets. I did that to prevent her from falling into a melancholy mood, and that she should not show less skill and talent before God than she had shown before men. In this I showed prudence and foresight, for all day long Thais praised the Lord upon the flute, and the virgins, who were attracted by the sound of this invisible flute, said, 'We hear the nightingale of the heavenly groves, the dying swan of Jesus crucified.' Thus did Thais perform her penance, when, after sixty days, the door which thou hadst sealed opened of itself, and the clay seal was broken without being touched by any human hand. By that sign I knew that the trial thou hadst imposed upon her was at an end, and that God had pardoned the sins of the flute-player. From that time she has shared the ordinary

life of my nuns, working and praying with them. She was an example to them by the modesty of her acts and words, and seemed like a statue of purity amongst them. Sometimes she was sad; but those clouds soon passed. When I saw that she was really drawn towards God by faith, hope, and love, I did not hesitate to employ her talent, and even her beauty, for the improvement of her sisters. I asked her to represent before us the actions of the famous women and wise virgins of the Scriptures. She acted Esther, Deborah, Judith, Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and Mary, the mother of Jesus. I know, venerable father, that thy austere mind is alarmed at the idea of these performances. But thou thyself wouldst have been touched if thou hadst seen her in these pious scenes, shedding real tears, and raising to heaven arms as graceful as palm leaves. I have long governed a community of women, and I make it a rule never to oppose their nature. All seeds give not the same flowers. Not all souls are sanctified in the same way. It must also not be forgotten that Thais gave herself to God whilst she was still beautiful, and such a sacrifice is, if not unexampled, at least very rare. This beauty—her natural vesture—has not left her during the three months' fever of which she is dying. As, during her illness, she has incessantly asked to see the sky, I have her carried every morning into the courtyard, near the well, under the old fig tree, in the shade of which the abbesses of this convent are accustomed to hold their meetings. Thou wilt find her there, venerable father; but hasten, for God calls her, and this night a shroud will cover that face which God made to both shame and edify this world."

Paphnuce followed her into a courtyard flooded with the morning light. On the edge of the brick roofs, the pigeons formed a string of pearls. On a bed, in the shade of the fig-tree, Thais lay quite white, her arms crossed. By her side stood veiled women, reciting the prayers for the dying.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

He called her—

"Thais!"

She raised her eyelids, and turned her white eyes in the direction of the voice.

Albina made a sign to the veiled women to retire a few paces.

"Thais!" repeated the monk.

She raised her head; a light breath came from her pale lips.

"Is that thee, my father?... Dost thou remember the water of the spring, and the dates that we picked?... That day, my father, love was born in my heart—the love of life eternal."

She was silent and her head fell back.

Death was upon her, and the sweat of the last agony bedewed her

forehead. A pigeon broke the still silence with its plaintive cooing. Then the sobs of the monk mingled with the psalms of the virgins.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me."

Suddenly Thais sat up in the bed. Her violet eyes opened wide, and with a rapt gaze, her arms stretched towards the distant hills, she said in a clear, fresh voice—

"Behold them—the roses of the eternal dawn!"

Her eyes shone; a slight flush suffused her face. She had revived, more sweet and more beautiful than ever. Paphnuce knelt down, and threw his long black arms around her.

"Do not die!" he cried, in a strange voice, which he himself did not recognise. "I love thee! Do not die! Listen, my Thais. I have deceived thee; I was but a wretched fool. God, heaven—all that is nothing. There is nothing true but this worldly life, and the love of human beings. I love thee! Do not die! That would be impossible—thou art too precious! Come, come with me! Let us fly; I will carry thee far away in my arms. Come, let us love! Hear me, O my beloved, and say, 'I will live; I wish to live.' Thais, Thais, arise!"

She did not hear him. Her eyes gazed into infinity.

She murmured—

"Heaven opens. I see the angels, the prophets, and the saints.... The good Theodore is amongst them, his hands filled with flowers; he smiles on me and calls me... Two angels come to me. They draw near... How beautiful they are! I see God!"

She uttered a joyful sigh, and her head fell back motionless on the pillow. Thais was dead.

Paphnuce held her in a last despairing embrace; his eyes devoured her with desire, rage, and love.

Albina called to him—

"Avaunt, accursed wretch!"

And she gently placed her fingers on the eyelids of the dead girl. Paphnuce staggered back, his eyes burning with flames and feeling the earth open beneath his feet.

The virgins chanted the song of Zacharias:

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

Suddenly their voices stayed in their throats. They had seen the monk's face, and they fled in affright, crying—

"A vampire! A vampire!"

He had become so repulsive, that passing his hand over his face, he felt his own hideousness.

Such is the conclusion of this delightful romance, and I think the last two lines are a gem. It would have taken an

ordinary grinder of novels half a page to describe the change of features of the renegade from religion. I was reading a very clever story the other day, of love and adventure in South Africa, and was disgusted to find that the otherwise gifted writer used such verbs as "synchronize" and "polarize"—in a novel! And the heroine was ever worrying about her "limitations."

Before leaving my little pet Thais—actress, prostitute, flute-player and saint, now canonized in the Catholic calendar—I must say a word in favour of the bizarre illustrations to this translation. They are printed in two colours. The centre, picturing the incidents and personages, are in black, but they are framed all round in sepia, with a multitude of weird and fantastical figures, representing evidently the thoughts of the characters of the book, and forming, so to speak, a fanciful commentary. The temptations of Paphnuce in his cell are represented by myriads of devils, and all the writhing figures of his dreams of carnality. Each plate has the same ever-varied and extraordinary attributes, full of life and originality. The name of the young artist is Martin van Maele, and I fancy he will be heard of in time to come.

The conversions of courtesans have always been a favourite theme with French authors, and it is not surprising, for such instances are to be seen every day in France. There is many a provincial town where the flyman points out to the traveller the comfortable villa, where lives in retirement a respected and charitable old dame, who was formerly ready in Paris to sell her charms to the highest bidder. He will tell that she has become a model of piety, outvying Mary Magdalen, who had no money to give away that I wot of, and the former light o' love is as ready to open her purse as formerly her massive, ivory thighs. I myself was recently edified at the respectable life led by an elderly lady in a town about thirty miles from the gay capital. The good gossip had for many years been at the head of a hospitable convent, where for a few pieces of silver, the lads of the garrison and the notabilities of the region could sacrifice to Venus, with all medical guarantees, under the paternal eye of a beneficent municipality, or to speak vulgarly, my lady friend once kept a bawdy-house. She had adopted the clever tactics of "beginning with herself," and often told an admiring and respectful

crowd of village matrons how she had—what shall I say?—worked her way up from the ranks, until she ruled a score of clean and submissive sluts. She would say herself that she was once “a dealer in human flesh,” and now, touched by the spirit of grace and with a nice little annuity, she waited for her reward, while she worked out her salvation, based, no doubt, on the salvation of many of her former clients. She was loved and petted by the priests of the diocese, and I remember how she presented an altar-cloth, trimmed with her pickings of antique lace, to the old church where she used to approach the holy table. There was not the slightest doubt that the rose point, Alençon, and Valenciennes had formerly adorned her drawers and chemises when she was on the war-path, in the days of her lustful juiciness. She was pointed out as an example of thrift, and godly prosperity to all the virgins of the surrounding country, and doubtless many a poor young peasantess hungered for the day when she could go to Paris, be a *cocotte*, and send home money for her pa and ma, not forgetting a crown and some tobacco for her brother. Heaven would surely bless her *bidet*—pious prostitute, and dutiful daughter—and then when old she would marry a member of the Chamber of Deputies; pay his debts, receive the generals of the army of the Republic, and found a Home for Syphilitic Servant Girls, or some such holy asylum.

The original edition was published in Paris by Calmann Lévy, 1891, 12mo., but there is another, which is very beautiful, and well printed on good papers, with pleasing illustrations. It is an octavo, published by Romagnol, Paris, 1900, and has seven large engravings and 58 vignettes by Laurens. There were only 300 copies, and they are all out of print.

This sweet story has been adapted to the lyric stage by Louis Gallet, while Massenet wrote the music, and it was brought out at the Paris Grand Opera in 1894. The libretto was published by Calmann Lévy in the same year. (12mo., x—45 pp.)

The arduous *rôle* of the gentle heroine was undertaken by the beautiful Madame Sybil Sanderson, who in order to wear the loose flowing draperies of the lascivious courtesan, sacrificed what the French people consider one of the great beauties of a woman's body—the bouquet of hair that grows under the armpits. Thus she appeared before the Parisian first-nighters,

who were waiting with eager eyes, for the event had been noised abroad. She was afterwards photographed in her stage costume, and was careful to hold up one arm so as to show the denuded axilla.

This undergrowth in women is supposed by our lively Gallic neighbours to be a promise of the extent of luxuriance of the mystic inverted triangle that masks the female mark of sex. That is why the beauties of the stage and queens of the footlights always have their dresses cut very low under the arms, as the male portion of the audience, and sometimes the females too—alas!—like to see the entire under part of the arm entirely exposed. If a woman on the stage possesses too much hair, a titter will go round the house as she makes her first appearance, and ladies will put their fans up to their faces. But then there are many charming girls on the boards who have not been generously treated by Nature in that direction, so they remedy their defect by carefully affixing with glue a tuft of fuzzy crape hair under their arms. This is rather rough on the amateur in the stalls who may fall in love with them and take them out to supper, in the hope that the bush below may equal the armpit-copse above. What a difference he will find and what a disappointment, for I too think that one is the sign of the other, even as a slight moustache on a woman's upper lip is a never-failing indication. For what says the old French *dicton*?—if it snows like that on the mountains, how thick it must lay in the valleys!

When foreign female performers travel to London to come out at a playhouse or a music-hall, the management always makes them add a piece of assorted material to their dress to hide the hair under the arm, to show which is accounted dirty and disgusting in the British Isles, and sometimes *manches à soufflet* are ordered to be worn, if the epoch of the costume permits it. This is a kind of bellows or accordeon arrangement of the top of the sleeve that spreads out when the arm is lifted and closes when it is pressed close to the body.





Memoirs of Private Flagellation. A Treacherous Plot. The Fate of Isabel Seaton. A Scene in a Boarding School, by James Holmes and others.

Paris, (?) Librairie des Bibliophiles Français et Etrangers. Tous droits réservés.
n. d. (1899?) Printed outer wrapper. 8vo. 236 pp.

IN spite of the imprint, this privately-issued work, of which only a hundred and odd copies were struck off, has evidently been printed in an English-speaking country, and I should not be surprised if it did not see the light in the United States.

There is not the slightest attempt in this volume to disguise the fact that it is intended for those who take a delight in reading about the birching and beating of women. Here we have a simple peasant lass chastised for pilfering, and as a contrast a fashionable flirt and wrecker of men's hearts is trapped by some disappointed suitors and sufficiently humbled and birched. Those are the principal stories in the volume, but not the least curious part are a number of short pithy adventures and curiosities of passion and perverted sexuality; nineteen in all. If I do not mistake, these first circulated in the form of type-written MSS. all over North America, until gathered together here. They are all eminently remarkable

and are entitled, "The Awakening of Sexual Life; personal experiences."

The book is well-written and will amply repay perusal, but I am unable to trace "James Holmes," whose name is on the title page. I believe this work has become somewhat rare.





Records of Personal Chastisement.

The Unhappiest Day of my Life, followed by the true story, now for the first time disclosed, of Mr. Thorne's Governess, based upon private memoirs in the possession of that gentleman's family. Price: Twenty shillings. Paris, (?) librairie de Bibliophiles Français et Etrangers. Tous droits réservés. n. d. (1899?)

8vo. 149 pp. Printed outer wrapper.

SERIAL with the foregoing work, and issued about the same time. It is headed by a clever letter by G. Bernard Shaw, who points out boldly that there exist male "flagellomaniacs" who crave "intensely for the flogging of women;" and that there are "debauchees from whom poor girls earn a few pounds by submitting to a flogging." If such people exist they no doubt have been eager buyers of this curious volume, for they can find therein everything necessary to arouse their peculiar propensity.

But the volume, very closely printed, is not entirely devoted to flagellation, as there are many strange stories, and one of the most novel is entitled, "A Married Woman's Experience in Variety." Upon diligent enquiry, after perusal of this erotic episode, I found that the word "variety" meant that certain husbands allowed their wives to vary their pleasures, or to speak plainly, felt no jealousy, but were delighted to see their legal spouse or their concubines in the arms of other males.

Such accommodating men are known in free-love circles as "varietists." I believe this peculiar sect—if I may so call it—originated in America, the land of freedom. It is doubtless an outcome of the Woodhull and Mc Claflin doctrines; a modern echo of Oneida Creek. But it is unfortunately perfectly certain that in all countries there are men who gain fresh erotic excitement in giving over their sweethearts to strangers or friends, and are sometimes pleased spectators of the inevitable result. Of course, I speak of those who draw no pecuniary advantages from this willing sacrifice. For those who profit by their fair companions' prostitution there are other words in the dictionary than those of "variety," and "varietist."

Some of the most intellectual gentlemen have been slaves to this perverted doctrine, and I should be very curious to see one come forward and define the reasons that induce him to let his wife or mistress gad about with indiscriminate suitors. At present, the doctrine of "variety" awaits a sincere expounder of its rise, origin, delights and advantages.





My Secret Life. Amsterdam, (N. D.) Not for publication.

11 vols., crown 8vo., of 378, 373, 379, 380, 388, 384, 369, 383, 387, 376, and 394 pp. (The first volume contains an introduction, a preface and a second preface. The last volume has only 255 pp. of text, and the rest to page 394, is made up of an exhaustive alphabetical index.)

ABOUT the year 1888, a well-known bookseller and publisher of Amsterdam, whose speciality was literature of an incandescent kind, was summoned to London by one of his customers, a rich old Englishman, who desired to have privately printed for his own enjoyment an enormous MSS.; containing in the fullest detail all the secret venereal delights of his existence. He defrayed all costs of printing, on condition that no more than six copies should be struck off. A few years afterwards, this eccentric amateur shuffled off the mortal coil; and a few copies of the extraordinary work made a timid appearance on the market, being quoted at the high figure of £100!! It is evident that many more than the half-dozen copies stipulated must have been printed—let us say about twenty-five or so—as I have not unfrequently seen a complete series, and I should say that at the time I am writing the book may be obtained by carefully searching for about £60 to £75, according to the condition.

In July, 1894, the publisher issued a volume without any title, save the words: "My Secret Life, Contents," on the half-title, and this was simply the index to the chapters; the

introduction and prefaces, and the alphabetical index from the eleventh volume.

This was evidently to whet the curiosity of collectors and serve as a kind of prospectus.

Opinions may and must differ as to the peculiar perversity which induced the author to take notes all his life about his sensual pleasures, and finally have them all printed, but nevertheless nothing can be more astonishing than the extraordinary variety of the adventures narrated, ranging through all sorts and conditions of women, from a street-walker to a princess. No doubt the writer was a strong and hearty Englishman, who travelled a little, and whose only pleasure was in hunting for all kinds of diversions with any women he might come across, no matter where or how. To his credit be it stated that he never initiates us into the secrets of his married life, and certain of his mistresses he refuses to speak about, so that really we are only told about those women he did not feel any love for, but only lust. And that is what the work really is—a book of pure, unmitigated lust.

It is written carelessly, and there are many printers' errors. It reads like ordinary rapid correspondence, and makes me think it must be all true, as there is not the slightest attempt to cultivate a literary style.

It is difficult to give an idea of the enormous mass of text in a short notice, but the following sample culled from the Index may show the diversity of the subjects treated, and it must not be forgotten that the author speaks the plainest and broadest language:

- Copulating (1) and copulative organs—Essay on
- the nature of
- described fully
- Æsthetic aspects of
- Is not obscene or filthy
- In obedience to Divine command: "Increase and multiply."
- Is a divine, a God-like act
- Has divine attributes and sanctity
- Creates a sentient being with a soul
- Establishes needful affection between the sexes
- Is the foundation of love between the sexes

(1) The common, vulgar word is used in the original.

- Copulating Is the great humanizer
- Difference between human beings and beasts
- The philosophy of—see also Philosophy, Reflexions
- Thoughts and reflexions on
- What leads some women to it
- Its monotony and sameness in movement
- Muscular motions of body when
- Number of thrusts before spending
- Quantity of sperm spent
- Pleasure of is paradisaical
- Happiness of dying whilst
- Thoughts during
- Idealities during
- Ejaculations during
- Conflicting emotions during
- Postures whilst—see postures
- Weight of man and woman whilst
- Men and women copulate with intelligence
- Animals copulate without intelligence
- With pleasure—passim
- Voluptuously, exquisitely
- Without pleasure or but little
- Delaying the pleasure of spending
- Modesty hinders complete pleasure
- Frantically with lust
- In fear
- Is most exquisite when prick and cunt fit
- do. do. do. when both spend together
- do. do. do. when both are naked
- Pleasure increased by being looked at when
- Belly to belly—passim
- Belly to bum lying down
- do. do. do. at bedside, dog-fashion
- do. do. do. kneeling, passim
- Woman sitting on prick facing man
- do. do. bum to his belly
- do. whilst another licks her clitoris
- between a woman's breasts
- in a woman's armpits
- Women sitting, man kneeling in front
- difficulty in selecting women for
- with cundums on—see cundums
- in masks
- in spermatized quims, and other places
- wheel-barrow fashion
- a peculiar chair for—and other sexualities

My Secret Life

- Copulating eccentric postures
- twice without uncunting
 - During an interval of dinner
 - Bouts on one night
 - Remarkable bouts
 - Second time often most pleasurable
 - Illicit is the most exciting
 - Desire for communicated by look or touch
 - In catamenia
 - In another man's sperm
 - women *enceinte*
 - one very big with child
 - so as to avoid getting children
 - Women doing it *con amore solamente*
 - do. do. do. for love
 - do. do. do. for revenge
 - Payments to women for—passim
 - do. by the hour
 - do. by gift of a watch
 - do. by gift of silk handkerchiefs
 - do. by a bottle of champagne
 - do. by gift of a postage stamp
 - do. for—for a shilling
 - do. Cheap
 - do. dear
 - on credit
 - a man hit whilst
 - a prick hit by hail whilst
 - interrupted, prevented altogether
 - women—and other women present
 - do. and feeling other cunts whilst
 - do. and putting prick into two alternately
 - with another man present
 - and feeling a man's prick whilst
 - a woman whilst she's flat fucking another
 - a woman whilst she frigs her clitoris
 - whilst she frigs another woman
 - whilst she is buggered
 - with a couple having connection besides us
 - while she licks another's cunt
 - with a dildo up her bum
 - a woman who is standing on bricks
 - The woman on the top
 - brother and sister doing it
 - a sailor and whore against a wall
 - Negro and Negress doing it

- Copulating Females' early knowledge about
- do. age when fit for
- do. when they mostly begin
- do. cannot begin too early
- do. all differ a little in manner when
- do. look lovely directly after
- do. how they behave after
- do. sometimes sham pleasure
- do. when married and f....d illicitly, its effect on
their husband
- women before a girl
- a couple caught at
- poor girls see their parents
- a harlot—smoking whilst
- Flat fucking (Tribadism)
- do. French womens' opinion about
doing it
- seeing couples—see peepholes
- do. one woman with two women
- do. one man with three women
- Two couples together in same room
- three couples doing it indiscriminately
- couples heard in adjoining rooms
- an old harlot and a youth
- my first thoughts about
- first attempt—a failure
- first accomplished
- my powers of
- diary of
- number of women I have had
- do. do. do. nationalities
- promiscuously
- before looking-glasses
- I am f....d out temporarily
- woman status unknown (clapped me)
- a female carter in a wood
- field women and girls
- Juveniles
- Girls
- Middle-aged
- Oldish women
- Servants
- Chambermaids
- Railway station woman
- Very big women
- Shop girls, many

- Copulating Little women
- Dress-makers, several
 - Ladies, various
 - Landladies
 - Married women, various—see adultery
 - Married do. (a costermonger's)
 - Widows
 - do. one in the East
 - Kept women
 - a sailor's woman
 - a showman's daughter
 - harlots, poor—see f...ing cheap
 - do. well off—passim
 - do. companionable
 - do. oriental
 - a harlot with two cunts
 - do. with bald cunt
 - do. semi-bald cunt
 - Sisters
 - women of doubtful chastity
 - English women—passim
 - Irish woman—long-haired cunt
 - do. do. foul-tongued
 - Scotch woman—horse-collar cunt
 - German—field labourer
 - American
 - Mulattoes
 - a Creole
 - a negress
 - women very fat
 - other nationalities—passim
 - thin do.
 - average condition—passim
 - in houses—passim
 - in an empty house
 - in brothels—passim
 - in a cottage
 - in hotels—passim
 - in a boudoir
 - in a summer-house
 - in a grotto
 - in waterclosets and privies
 - in cabs
 - in carriages
 - in railway carriages
 - in a church

- Copulating in a church-yard
- in a chalet
- in a calf-shed
- in a cow-shed
- in a root-shed
- in a barn
- in a loft
- in a stable
- in a rickyard
- in fields, on grass
- in a game-preserve
- in streets
- on the sea shore
- at sea in cabins
- in a bath
- on top of a tower
- on beds—passim
- on the floor
- on a form
- on chairs
- on a carpenter's bench
- on sofas
- on tables
- against an arm chair
- do. walls
- do. a turnpike
- do. fences
- do. field gates
- do. railings
- do. trees
- do. windows
- do. a bed
- do. a kitchen dresser

The first six chapters of the first volume have been recently reprinted under the title of "The Dawn of Sensuality," Lutetia (Brussels?) 1901, small 8vo., 170 pp. 200 copies on Dutch paper, and gives the autobiography of the writer and all his sensual freaks up to the age of seventeen.

To enable the reader to form some idea of this peculiar work, I have picked out one of his love-affairs, as differing entirely from any other in all the eleven volumes.

He forms the acquaintance of a retired officer of the French army in Paris, who introduces him to his wife, an attractive lady. The old soldier frequently talks about women. He is

a drunkard too, and in his cups lets out that he once heard of a female who had connection with twelve men in an hour. Pressed by the author of "My Secret Life," he gradually betrays a deep mystery, for the victim of mens' lust is no other than the woman who passes as his wife, for he is not legally married.

This disclosure excites the salacious desire of his listener, and he attacks the officer's mistress, who soon gives way to him, as she had threatened her blabbing paramour that if ever he exposed her past to a stranger, that man should have her.

She was one of a family living not far from Strasburg, her father a very small farmer of his own land. Her sister had married an Italian who had a farm in Lombardy, not far from Solferino, and had two children. Her husband's father (an old man) lived with them. Gertrude (her name) had a lover at Strasburg and she let him have her—but about her third or fourth poke, her father who had suspected something, caught him on the top of her in a barn. He pulled him off her and he never finished his poke. She was watched as a cat does a mouse, and carefully kept from him after the event, till the young man was conscripted for a soldier, and she after a time never heard of, or from him, and believed he died. Her father to get her away, sent her to live with her married sister in Lombardy. He was not sure about the death of her lover.

The Italian and her sister, seem to have been comfortably off for peasants. The man, his father, and another man farmed—the two women, Gertrude and her sister, did dairy work. They had a house far larger than was of any use to them, but it had been bought with the land and there it was. They couldn't help that, but that big farm-house brought perhaps the things to pass I tell of. Gertrude soon spoke Italian, and had just heard that her lover had been killed in Algeria, when the Franco-Austrian war broke out.

The Austrians retired gradually, being driven back by the French and Piedmontese, but made a stand at Solferino—most of the peasants on the line had left their cottages, taking their goods with them to the nearest large towns, fearing naturally that in war their cottages would be burnt, and they perhaps killed in the battles. This family had delayed moving, but were about to do so, when all at once about fifty Austrian soldiers were quartered on them, with two or three officers. They would let nothing go, not even the husband; (Gertrude's brother-in-law,) but they promised they should not be harmed, and be paid for everything by Government notes. They made them wait upon them, used up all they found in the way of food, made the husband, (whom I will call Antonio) take his cart backwards and forwards to the nearest towns for things all day long, and soldiers went with him to insure his not running away, though they were but seven miles from

the town. The officers took their beds from them for their own use, and the family were compelled to sleep all in one room, on mattresses, or straw laid on the floor, as well as they could. Soldiers occupied the rest of the premises including barns. Most soldiers went off in the day leaving sentries, but came back in the evening or the night. They said they would let Antonio's family go in time to take refuge in the town, before they could be in any danger, and that a battle must take place in a few days. The women they said might go at once if they pleased, but they would not go without Antonio. Indeed they did not seem to know when to go, where, or what to do.

The officers and a few soldiers spoke Italian, which was the language, together with French, that Antonio, Gertrude, and the others used to speak to them in, but they had very little to say to them. The soldiers' language was German, and they didn't guess that the two women spoke German. So the women heard everything that was said by them, and from morning to night it was talk in the bawdiest language about the two women. They joked about which of the two had the most hair on her cunt, wondered if Gertrude had been fucked. One said he was sure she had—another thought not, a third believed that Antonio fucked them both, another that the old father licked Gertrude's cunt, to keep her from wanting men. One officer said to another, (the officers were not so coarse) he'd give the price of his horse to have her for a week, the other thought she would be a splendid bedfellow. It seemed to have struck one officer that they might possibly understand German, and he asked them if they did. They said no. So for four days, all the bawdy talk, all the lubricious (*sic*) suggestions, desires, that a lot of strong men, hot with lust at being near two fine women, gave utterances to, these two women heard. Lewd the soldiers were I guess, for it transpired that they had been in tents for a month, and not near a woman to speak to. This lustful talk amused the women, it was so complimentary to their charms, that they couldn't help it. Margaretta (the married one) said it made her want fucking, and Gertrude admitted to me that it made her frig herself. They however resolved not to tell Antonio, for he was a jealous man. Sometimes he asked them what the soldiers talked about. They told him much, but never told him if it was about their desires for the two women.

On the fourth morning, a mounted soldier galloped in. There was instantly a great bustle, a general muster, and the officers and most of the soldiers went off, telling the women that they had best get to the nearest town (Brescia) without a minute's delay. But Antonio had then gone with the cart accompanied by two soldiers, to get things for the soldiery, so they resolved they would wait his return.

The manners of the soldiers who remained changed at once, when the detachment was well away with the officers. They looked at the women in a lewd rude way. Gertrude heard one man say he'd have

a fuck if he were shot for it. A presentiment of harm came over the two women and they felt in very great dread. Gertrude was in the kitchen, her sister with the children in the little room above, where all the family had been sleeping, when some men whispered together, and looked at Gertrude. Something told her she was going to be attacked, and she walked to the door to go upstairs. A soldier stopped her, kissed her, and asked her to go to the bed with him. She resisted. Four men laid hold of her, and pushed her into a room in which the officers had slept,—she kicking and screaming, begging and praying to be left alone. They had hitherto spoken to her in broken Italian. They kissed her as they pulled her along, two kissed her at once. "Let's fuck her, no one can hear," said one. She then begged and entreated them not, and in German.—"Hell! she speaks German," said one.—"Margaretta—Margaretta help me!" she screamed.—"It's no use screaming—none can hear—no one can help you," they said.—"We won't hurt you, but we will fuck you. Come now, let's do it, mein Lieben," (*sic*) and they tried kindness when they had her in the bedroom.—She struggled violently. "Look you," said one, putting a sword to her, "if you make a row, no one can hear you, but if you're not quiet, we'll fuck you and your sister too, then kill you both, and set fire to the house—they will think the French did it." They then got her to the bed. One of them, and she thought two, had their pricks out even before they were in the bedroom. They placed her on the bed-side, two men held her arms, two pulled up her clothes and held her legs wide apart, and another soldier pushed one away to get at her first, then fucked her. In terror and confusion she struggled, and screamed till she became feeble or faint.—"Never mind, mein lieben," said one, "you need not tell. No one will know and you'll never see us again."—"A cunt cannot speak," said another, at which they laughed. A few more things were said like it, and exhaustion now made her resist less. Besides, they kept saying they would not hurt her on any account, but fuck her they would, and they evidently meant to do their bawdy work kindly. Except at intervals, the soldiers were very quiet, they were absorbed in the sight, silent with expectation of their turn up her.

As they first pulled up her clothes, they broke out into wild exclamations of delight, directly they saw her thighs and cunt, and one of those holding her arms undid her dress in front and pulled out her breasts. Then he kissed them while one was fucking her, and all spoke endearingly. From faintness and fear, she now became quiet, ceased resistance, and she closed her eyes. A third man fucked her, and she seemed then to recover herself in a degree, for now she was surprised at the quickness with which they finished up her. Then she thought it was the fourth, perhaps the fifth man was in her, when she heard a scream and knew it was her sister's.

"You're murdering my sister!" she cried, and with a sudden violent

effort of fear, she got half disengaged, and uncunted the soldier, who threw himself brutally upon her and hurt her thighs and bum. The bruises afterwards showed. One or two soldiers said: "Don't fear, it's nothing, they are only doing to her what we are doing to you—they won't hurt her—and you know you like it."—Then was a squabble. One of the men holding her arm, his prick was out and near her head, said it was his turn, and went round and fucked her. Then she got into a half-stupid state. She felt it was hopeless to struggle more, even if she could, and it passed through her mind that they would do nothing else to her.—They hurt her arms. She said so, and they let them go.—A man was then up her, and when she got her hands free, she tried to push her petticoats down. Then they pulled her arms back again, and hurt her worse. On her crying, they let them go again, but she made no more efforts.

Now she felt that she could do nothing more, and must let them do anything, submit to anything. She only moaned, and begged them to let her go directly each finished his fuck. "No more. Oh, don't do it any more. Oh, you'll kill me," said she. Meanwhile a voluptuous sensation crept through her cunt, and through her whole body, the continued friction of the pricks was stimulating her senses. Then lewd wants came which she tried to stop, but couldn't, just then another man was about to fuck her, when as he laid hold of his prick to put it in, his sperm spouted out. She told me that some fell on her breasts. The soldiers laughed.—"Come away," said one, "you've done without cunt." But he put his prick still stiff up her, and had her, though he was a long time fucking. Then spite of herself she spent with him. "She's ill, she's fainting," said one.—"Hell to you, leave her alone, it's brutally bad!"—"Curse it, you shan't, it's a thundering shame," said another.—"You go to hell," said others to those two.—"We don't frig as you do."—"Make haste," said one, "the captain said half-an-hour."—"I'll have her before I go if I'm shot," said another.—She now looked on at the operators, she was less alarmed and could not help looking. At first she had often closed her eyes, she felt so horrified. At one time two men had their pricks out ready. Other soldiers came in, one said it was a shame and he would have nothing to do with it, and he left the room. It did not stop the others. On they went fucking till all had had her, and two or three she thought had her twice. "I'll have it again," said one.

Now she shut her eyes feeling again faint.—"Look at Fritz's prick," said a man, "frig it, Fritz!" She opened her eyes and saw what looked a larger prick than the others. She cried out. "Oh, don't, for God's sake, let me get up." But the larger prick did not hurt her, and again she spent. She now had long lost count of the men and the fucks.—"Lock the door," said someone, "or, (naming some men) will come in."—Her legs now felt painfully weary.—"Oh, my legs!" said she. "Get on to the bed, my love." That she resisted, but they

lifted her on it, and the next man laid on the top of her. He took off some of his accoutrements, to enable him to do so. As she moved, she felt the wet spunk under her—it was in all directions about her thighs, belly, and chemise, eight or nine men she thought had now fucked in each other's sperm, but about numbers she was getting confused.

A bugle sounded, and some soldiers pulled at the door furiously.—“It's locked,” said one.—Then all left her quickly, one putting his prick in his trousers in great haste. She sat up by the bedside. One soldier came hurriedly back.—“Let me, mein Lieben.”—“No, no.”—But he pushed her back, it was no use resisting, she was well-nigh strengthless, and he fucked her.—Two others came back. Said one: “If you say a word mind, we'll shoot you, and all of you on the first chance.”—“She won't tell, will you, lieben?” said the other.—“She likes it, she's been fucked before, haven't you?”—The first speaker pulled out his prick.—“Have me again—here, maiden,” so saying, he put a handful of money in her hand.—She threw it on the floor.—“You shan't, I don't want your money.”—He pushed her back and put his prick in her.—“Oh, you're killing me!” she cried, “I wish I was dead.”—“You'll have a lot more of it before you die, love!” and he finished fucking. He had done her before, she now recollected. He was fucking her when a bugle sounded again.—“Bugger the hell of a bugle!” said the other, and he buttoned up his cock which he was preparing to use directly the other had done, and the two left in a hurry.

Alone, she sat up, terrified with the threats, so feeble she could scarcely stand. She went to both doors, they were locked. She was frightened to call out, went to the window, and saw the remainder of the soldiers as she thought marching off quickly. But the lock turned and a soldier came in by himself.—“Let me have you—pray do—” said he. “I'm a gentleman born, though I'm a common soldier—take my watch and let me.”—“I won't touch it,” she said, “I'm not a prostitute.”—“Do, for God's sake! I don't want to force you like the other brutes, but I must, I will; I will have a woman before I die.” She tried to get away. He pulled her gently on to the bed, unbuttoned, and knelt between her thighs, feeling her cunt, covered as it was and her thighs were with sperm.—“Say you let me,—do.” She did not attempt to interrupt him, or reply, and he fucked her. He spent directly he had put into her. Then with endearing terms he went on shoving, saying he'd not had a woman for weeks, and finally so stirred up her senses that she spent with him, for he fucked her twice without uncunting.

Then he stood by her side for a minute, and said in a kind voice: “How lovely you are. I wish you had let me do you of your own free will, instead of my forcing you.” She laid still, exhausted, not having even strength to pull her clothes down, but *he* did, over her cunt. “Here,” said he, hurriedly, taking out a gold watch and chain

and a purse. "I shall never have a woman again. There will be a battle to-morrow, we are in the front, and I shall be shot. I meant these for my mother, and ought to have sent them to her a week ago; now it's too late. When I'm dead they will rob my pockets, and if I give them to a comrade the chances are he'll keep them—it's too late—you may as well have them. I give them to you, good bye!" and he left. She rose and went to the window, and saw him with three other soldiers march quickly off. He seemed in command of them, but he was not an officer.

She waited a time. "Yes, I did feel my cunt, and there was blood on my fingers." At length she went upstairs, found her sister speechless with fear, and the door locked. But she was not hurt. Four men had fucked her with similar threats, but kindly. The women looked at the clock. It was something over an hour since the detachment with the officers had gone off. All the fucking had been done in about an hour. Gertrude never could tell exactly how many men had her, sometimes she thought eight, sometimes ten,—or how many fucks she had. Certainly she had been fucked twelve times, but she thought it might have been fifteen, counting each uncunting as two.

The women told all to each other then and there, listening and dreading lest soldiers should come back, but all was silent. In the sitting-room lay the watch, chain and a good deal of money in the purse. Gertrude took it up—it was hers, and they agreed to say nothing about the whole affair to Antonio. He was jealous and might not believe the story quite, especially on account of the purse and watch. "No, keep it to ourselves, never tell anyone." They found the old man bolted in a stable, he did not know who bolted him in, or why. He was there when they took out the officers' horses, and supposed they shot the bolt by accident. He had holloaed, but in vain, and evidently suspected nothing. Two of four men had done Margareta twice, and she had not spent she told Gertrude, who doubted that.

Then there was the sound of cannon in the distance—what were they to do? The soldiers had told Margareta to leave within an hour, or they would regret it, for certainly the French would shell all the cottages to drive out the Austrians if there. For days they had packed up the little valuables they could not bear leaving, and would have moved to the town, only the soldiers had used their cart and horse and Antonio. One soldier who had tailed Margareta had said: "If the French catch you, they will bugger, as well as fuck you, and certainly cut your throats afterwards." The women and old man sat cowering for fear about their husband and selves. At length off they all trudged, and met Antonio and cart returning. They loaded it (returning for a little time) with what few goods they could, and got to the town of Brescia, where with hundreds of peasants and farmers driven out like themselves from their homes by fear they got a miserable shelter.

Next day the battle of Solferino was fought. Every hotel and house in the town was filled with the wounded French, most of the Austrians were taken elsewhere. Everybody was compelled to help the wounded. Gertrude, a strong, big woman, was glad to get an employment at the largest hotel, in which most of the French officers' wounded were placed. Her future pseudo-husband with a wounded leg, was among them; and it fell to her lot to attend to him in some degree, when his soldier-servant was not there.

So as to make room for worse cases (the hospital head-quarters were in the hotel) the captain like others was moved to a private house. He had money, he liked her attention for him, and for money she went to attend him there. One day when better, he threw his arms round her, kissed her, and said he wished she was his wife. Soon after he let his clothes be so disarranged, that she saw his cock standing stiff as he lay, and either was, or shammed being asleep. She looked at his cock attentively and felt a liking for him. The cock evoked her lust, and she went to her room and frigged herself.

Both sisters never mentioned to any person the shagging the soldiers had given them, but it had a very stimulating effect on both. Margaretta, it seems, had never referred to Gertrude's escapade with her lover at Strasburg, nor talked about marriage pleasures, nor seemingly, as I made out in my many conversations with Gertrude, done or said anything to make Gertrude long for a cock to be put up her. She wanted evidently to stop sexual aspirations, to keep her steady, and get her married as soon as possible. Gertrude told me that she herself was late in her monthlies coming on, and had no great longings for a male, and had not frigged herself till seventeen or eighteen years old. She had spent with her lover at Strasburg, and she pined after him, but it was for him rather than for fucking.

An Italian was at this time paying attentions to Gertrude, of what are called an honourable sort, but she never thought of his fucking her, and no man had laid hands on her ankles even, still less touched her quim, since her Strasburg lover, till the soldiers did. That shock to her nervous system set her and her sister eternally talking about fucking. The very night of the affair, though half-dead with fright and fatigue, the excitement and irritation of her cunt and brain was such, that she had frigged herself.

There was such difficulty in getting accommodation in the overcrowded town, which they could pay for, that the whole family slept on the floor in one room. Her brain would not let her sleep, fucking was on her brain. The old man and children alone slept soundly, she laid as if asleep, in hopes Antonio would stroke her sister—Margaretta had told her that she also felt need to be fucked again. Antonio had been out all day to see about his affairs, the two women talked about fucking all day, and about the soldiers' pricks and spunk. They compared their experiences, and at last frigged themselves before

each other. Margaretta told Gertrude what sort of a prick Antonio had, and how often he fucked, and Gertrude told Margaretta, how *her* lover first got into her. There was at last complete confidences about sexual matters between them. Lewdness had taken possession of them, and it is not to be wondered at.

The next night, all huddled together, Margaretta let Antonio shag her. She knew Gertrude close by was feigning to sleep, for the two women had so arranged it between themselves—Antonio had hesitated for fear Gertrude should awake. "Hush—no," he said. But his wife, his cock in her hand, roused it up till he eased it in her. Gertrude frigged herself—Margaretta imaged to herself a soldier doing it to her, whilst Antonio operated. Gertrude's masturbations were accompanied by similar thoughts, about the many cocks which had plugged her cunt. Working and attending to the wounded, then separated the two much after that night, but they talked of the soldiers whenever they met. Some time after, Margaretta was ashamed of having let Gertrude know about her husband's fuckings. Gertrude ceased to frig herself much, but now looked on men with different eyes, and desired to have one at her cunt, instead of her fingers. She wished she was married, for Margaretta had disclosed everything, even to the size and look of her husband's cock—the reserve which Margaretta formerly had maintained on such topics, for fear of encouraging lewdness in her sister was gone for ever.

The sight of the captain's doodle stimulated Gertrude's want of a male. Soon he kissed her again, she kissed him, and a circumstance brought things to a crisis about two months after the battle. The captain could then move about with crutches in his room, but could not get his trousers on.

Antonio's house, barns, and stores were burnt, and he was nearly ruined like hundreds of other peasant farmers. He had some money, but was not spending it. The Austrian officers had promised to pay for the things they had taken, and there was compensation to come—but they could not be realizable till the end of the war. He and his wife worked in all sorts of ways to get money. His object was to get to his farm, and make the place habitable again. A good opportunity then offered, but money was needed, and then her sister reminded Gertrude of her watch, chain and money. She agreed to sell it, and lend the proceeds privately to Margaretta, but how to sell it was the difficulty. They went to a Jew, who offered something ridiculously small, and told them he knew they had stolen it, and would tell the police. "Ask the captain to sell it—or buy it of you," said Margaretta. "He is fond of you."

Another difficulty arose. What would Antonio think about Gertrude having the money? "Say the captain gave it you for nursing him," said Margaretta. "No," said Gertrude, "Antonio will think I've been letting him do it to me." "What if he does?" said the other. Now

she had never told her husband that her sister Gertrude had been poked by a lover at Strasburg, and sent quietly to them on account of *that*; having a fear perhaps that if he knew it, he might fancy a poke in the same hole himself. Gertrude refused, but the sister became so pressing, said how kind they had been to *her*, what a help it would be to them *all*, if Antonio could only get back and pay for roofing their cottage (the walls were standing) and they could start again; that she prevailed on Gertrude to try to sell it to him.

Gertrude asked the captain if he would sell the things for her. "*Mon Dieu*," said he. "They are worth 1500 francs." She was staggered—thinking them not worth a quarter of the money. The Jew had offered her 100 francs. Who gave it her? Her lover before he joined his regiment. The captain at once said she was lying. "He must have been a gentleman, and well-off then, for there are armorial bearings on it—and the watch is of German manufacture—why the watch alone would have bought your lover off the conscription." She stuck to it that it was all true. "La, la, la, I see it. Your lover kept you and gave you it now, weren't you his mistress?" In vain she denied it. "You come and live with me," said he, "we'll go to Paris, and be so happy," and then he began to talk bawdy—which he had never done before.

She in tears and agitation went to her sister and told her all. Said the sister, who did not seem now to care about anything, so long as they got the money to enable them to go back to the farm: "Why not? you can't do better." "Then I shan't marry Pietro." "Well, he's only a little farmer—and you'll have as much money in a week with the captain, as Pietro will give you in a year." Gertrude revolted at this advice, the sisters had a row and parted; Margareta finishing by saying that Pietro could not marry till his father died, which might be years hence, and that if Gertrude liked to wait years for her fucking, she might—and more fool she.

But it was such a fortune to them just then, these fifteen hundred francs, or even half that sum, that her sister was at her about it soon again nearly every day. Once she said she would tell her husband if she did not get the money. Then Gertrude said she would tell *him*, all about the soldiers having tailed his wife. But it never was told him, they were both too wise for that.

She determined not to accept the captain's offer, and for a week resisted. The leg of the captain got better, and he was incessantly worrying her to be his mistress. He would take her through Italy, and give her no end of pleasures. At last he said, that if she would sleep with him one night only, he would give her half his estimate of the value, and the other half for a second night. She resented it with affectation of modesty, but the offer upset her very much. The offer of sleeping with her made her long for the male, she told me frankly.

There had been another wounded officer in the house. The mistress

with an old servant attended to him, and in fact all three helped both of the two wounded men. There was only opportunity of a brief kind for the captain to tail Gertrude in the day, for the lady of the house was, or affected to be prudish, and said that Gertrude ought not to be assisting the captain alone, and was constantly in the room with her. The other officer then left sufficiently cured. The mistress's husband was out all day, and their servant was also out one day—the captain was moving about the room with crutches, but had no trousers on, and a great dressing-gown covered him.

Gertrude was with him and he renewed his offer of money. She had a lewdness on her that day she supposed, her cunt was yearning for copulation, and his talk put the soldiers into her head. He caught hold of her as she passed him,—he was sitting on the edge of the bed—and kissed her, held her tight, and talked downright bawdiness. She boxed his ears and then he talked worse. His crutches slipped down on to the floor as he tried to get his hand up her clothes. She struggled, but was frightened to make a noise, as he touched her cunt. (Ah, those male fingers! how few women can say nay, when they have rubbed the clitoris for a minute.) He opened his dressing-gown, and pulled up her clothes, his cock was stiff, but he could not achieve his end, for he could not move excepting on to the bed without assistance. She was dying for a fuck, but got away from him. Then he sat at the edge of the bed holding his cock, began to cry, asked her to pity him, and said he would buy the watch and chain at once if she would. She refused still, but helped him on to the bed. When there, he got his arms tightly round her, and pulled her up on to it. (She did not need much pulling, for she wanted it badly.) Then freely she opened her thighs and let him fuck her. I'll bet there was lots of spunk on her thighs when she got off that bed.

Thus she tasted cock again, was twenty-one years of age, big, healthy, and needed fucking, and she laughed when she told me that as soon as he had finished, she went downstairs, saw the landlady as a blind, and then went quickly back to him, and when he begged her to go to him, she went without demur. He fucked her that and the following day as much as he could, and less than she wanted. She helped him with his wounded leg on to her. "I didn't care," she said, "I was longing for him to begin again, as soon as he'd finished, though I didn't tell him so, but made him beg and pray me a little." Then the old servant with whom Gertrude worked, was away one night, and Gertrude went to the captain's room and slept with him, risking the landlady catching her. It was her first full, naked, flesh pleasure. He kept his promise and gave her 1000 francs, and afterwards 500 francs more, which sum he actually sold the things for. She didn't tell her sister what had taken place, till the captain was well enough to move off. Then she lent her brother-in-law the money, saying that her intended husband had given it to her.

Margaretta then, in excess of gratitude, told her in confidence that she was in the family way by one of the soldiers. That she felt sure of it at the time, from some sensations she experienced when she spent with them. She had denied before that she had had pleasure. It was not fancy, and that night she was anxious to get Antonio to do it to her, so that when the child came, there might be no doubt about parentage. (An old dodge this, I have had women who played that game.) "If ever you tell your husband anything about me and the soldiers, I'll tell him the child is not his," said Gertrude. Margaretta said she should not be such a fool. Soon after Gertrude and the captain left.

She was happy enough with him, though disappointed that he had not married her, till he took to drinking. He always insisted that she had had a rich lover who gave her the watch, or that she had stolen it. That he said once or twice when they had words. One night in bed, they had had friends and were jolly and randy, she was fool enough under a pledge of secrecy to tell him the facts about the soldiers. It astonished him, and he always was for a time talking about it to her. Then when drunk, she was sure he had told one at least of their friends. They had had frequent rows about it, and she had threatened him, that if ever he told it to a man, and she knew it, that she would let *that* man have her. That occurred a few months before I knew them. She had asked him if he had told me. He denied it, but confessed he had told that he had heard of a woman having been ravished by soldiers. That was nothing, he said, in war. The French soldiers often did it. He had heard of cases, where they had both fucked and buggered as well, a mother, and a whole family of girls, before their mother's eyes. It was fair in war, some thought.

This history, not a word of which I disbelieve, was not of course told me in the consecutive way I have narrated it—I never knew a woman, who would or could tell straight off intelligibly, all about her first fucking, or any fucking affair. First the broad facts were told me, then the little incidents as I questioned her from time to time. It was first told me on the Sunday, when I stayed the two days and nights in his (the husband's) absence, and we lay naked in each other's arms, kissing, and feeling, and fucking, and talking over this story, till I knew it by heart. Many a time after when we met, I questioned her, and stirred up our lust by talking over the incidents.

Afterwards she told me about her first poking by her lover (an ordinary common-place affair) and all her feelings and thoughts about copulation. She would tell me what passed through her mind when I was poking her, for she was frank and open, and I soon reasoned her out of the idea of there being any shame and disgrace in our voluptuous pleasures, or in talking about them, or disclosing frankly what we thought, however lascivious it might be—I came to the conclusion that she had not been a woman of ardent temperament, until

she was about twenty—I think I have known that to be the case with some women of high susceptibility, who only became voluptuous when full-grown, and their passions were fully evoked by the male. But women are so cunning, so taught early to hide all their thoughts and feelings about sexual affairs, that I may have been wrong in the opinion I formed. They are so damned cunning about their cunts, and their prick-hunger—are women.

My *liaison* lasted with her many months, during which time I was tolerably faithful to her when at Paris. Not when away, for I had Amelia German and others. The difficulty of getting at her gave a zest to my pleasures. I could not often call when he was out, for it might have got to his ears through the *concierge*. The difficulty with her servant was more easily got over, for I arranged to go to her when the servant was out, but the *concierge* who watched every one who went in the house, might at any time have told the captain that I was a frequent visitor. To have attempted to tip him, might have put him on the scent—I was living at a hotel, and she used to come to my room in the daytime; stop an hour, get her cunt basted and go. When I thought it might be remarked, I moved to another floor and part of the hotel, on pretext of not liking the room—and so had a different set of servants.

Then I changed my hotel to avoid suspicion and at length took lodgings, where they were not particular. There we used to go to bed and enjoy ourselves fully, two or three times a week. I liked her embrace very much, and used to love looking at her cunt, which was remarkably small and pretty, and had the crisp, close, curly hair on it, I so much admire; her breasts were large, but wonderfully firm, and sucking her nipples would make her randy in no time. She could make herself lewd by pressing or playing with her own nipples—she once told me. We are many of us strange in our ways of rousing our lusts, and I used to lay kissing and sucking them, and rubbing my hand open flat over the whole of her cunt with my finger just up it—pressing and rubbing hard the clitoris with the palm. Then she would tell me anything, answer every question or detail of her military fucking I could suggest, and bring to her mind incidents she had not mentioned.

She grew fond of me, and begged me to keep her. She had never much liked her man. The money, her sister's advice, and her own lust she admitted, had made her let him have her. Though he was very kind, she didn't like his habits, and his drunkenness made him at times like a beast. When he was drunk, he used to fart all night to an extent that disgusted her, and she used to leave the bed and lay on the sofa. He would not marry her, which he had solemnly promised to do—and now he wanted to sodomize her—which she resisted. Of course I had only her word for this—I wanted to go back to England and could not keep her. We had a scene. She

did not upbraid me, or say anything offensive—she only wept bitterly at her loving me without return. Then she said she would keep with him, if I would only go and see her once a month. That was impossible. Then she declared she would go home to her parents.

I went to England, and soon longed for her so, that in a month I went back, and for a fortnight or so we had a jolly time. She wrote to me on my return to England as she had promised. From her, and from him afterwards, I learnt the result. She left him. He behaved very handsomely to her for a Frenchman, and she went home to her father. Two or three years after that she married, or so he told me. His drunkenness ended in his losing his appointment, but he was a man of some property, went to live near his relatives at Chalons, and I lost sight of him.

To omit nothing. She told me that her sister's child had blue eyes and light hair. As Antonio, *his* family, and Margaretta and *her* family, were all dark-eyed and haired, this caused astonishment. Only the two sisters knew that it was German sperm which had caused that. Antonio prospered, but Gertrude could not get the money back she had lent him. She wrote by my advice to her sister, saying that unless she were paid, she would tell how the child came to have blue eyes. That brought a return threat, but it also brought some of the money and promise of the remainder. Gertrude, whose monthlies were I think regular, and who never had an ailment of any sort, did not get in the family way by any of the pricks she had up her, including mine.

So ended my acquaintance with one of the most charming women I ever had. One beautiful when dressed, and beautiful in bed, with a lovely cunt, and who was a lovely fuckster. She was a careful manager, a good cook, fond of her home, and had every quality a woman needs to make a home happy. I doubt most women's words on fucking subjects, for when a woman has had two or three men—a fresh bit of meat up her cunt, put in on the sly, and with or without the chance of a present, is a treat few can refuse themselves. A knowledge that another prick has rubbed up her, lends an additional charm to, and fills a woman's impressionable mind with voluptuous images and sensuous delight, and adds to the pleasure when the regular legitimate prick is working its way. I firmly believed that I knew of every male Gertrude had had up to that time.

There was one drawback,—I never could bear to be shaking hands with *him*, when I knew I was tailing his woman behind his back; it was treachery. I felt it then, and do so still. I have not always felt so in similar cases. Why in some and not in others, I know not. This is a plain narrative of facts and not a psychological analysis.





The Ethiopian, a Narrative of the Society of Human Leopards, by John Cameron Grant. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots?" (Jeremiah xiii. 23.) Paris, Charles Carrington, 13, Faubourg Montmartre, 1900. Entered at Stationers' Hall.

12mo., xii—287 pp., frontispice.

TO be complete, every copy should contain seven extra pages, which under the title, "The Black Peril; preface to the American edition," by Dr. W. Shufeldt, really gives us the key to the whole work, and shows us very plainly that the old cry that the negro is a man and a brother, is very much out of date, to say the least. That the author of "The Ethiopian," has written a most fascinating novel is a fact that needs no fine writing around it, and the story of how a negro from the West Coast of Africa, after being educated in England, relapses into his old bloodthirsty practices on returning to his native shores forms highly delightful reading. But there is a terrible host of reflections raised by the perusal of this most original work, if the reader cares to think, for when he has digested the story itself and turned over Dr. Shufeldt's pithy preface, he comes to the conclusion that he must now not be so horrified as heretofore when he reads that another negro has been lynched in America. It sounds very dreadful to sit down and write like this in cold blood, but such good reasons are given in this volume, that I must be excused for putting forth such bold assertions. And

there is more to be read between the lines. I feel that the author has trembled exceedingly in front of Mrs. Grundy, who subscribes to Mudie's, as we all know; and so he stops short on the threshold of the mysterious death-houses of the dark continent, and the hesitating behaviour of the jet-black hero towards the fair English girl he adores is utterly untrue to nature. I defy the author to contradict me—his critic and admirer. If he had only issued his story without reticence, as a privately-printed book, at a high price, it would have been a perfect treasure to all those who truly believe that "the noblest study of mankind is man,"—even when he is but a nigger—and might have done more good, than by having his ideas set forth so timidly. Nevertheless, there is a great charm about his story, which we refuse to accept at the writer's own valuation. It is far above the common commercial novel, and I cannot put him down as a mere composer of thrilling romance. You have seen much, and travelled greatly; "ju-ju" has no secrets for you, and every revolting desire of the blood-loving, lecherous son of Ham, thirsting for the carnal enjoyment of white female flesh, has been laid bare to your calm observant eyes. Come now and revise your "Ethiopian," give us a new edition, even should the Heavens fall, and help to save us from the dangers you point out.

I simply wish to state that the union of white and coloured folk is a great and unnatural mistake, and when a black man is lynched in America for violating a white woman, the punishment, horrible as it is, is not merely carried out for the sake of the crime itself, but because of the consequences: the birth of the hybrid, who is always on the verge of savagery, if he does not entirely revert to barbarism. This is the true cause of the hatred between the whites and the blacks in the United States, and elsewhere—but which is kept back from the chaste ears of English readers.

But in many cases, it is a gruesome fact that the daughters of Eve, true to the instincts of their race, handed down from the slightly-clad lady who dallied with the serpent, are often the tempters of the none too-unwilling black. In "Human Gorillas, a study of rape with violence;" (Paris, Charles Carrington, 1901, 8vo., 235 pp., many engravings), this subject is fully considered, among a mass of extraordinary information relative to the subject, with some hitherto unpublished data

relating to the lynching of negroes in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The scandalous behaviour of white, sweet English ladies visiting the Kaffir kraal at Earl's Court Exhibition in 1899, is also dwelt upon, and I need not enlarge upon the subject, as it is still fresh in the minds of my readers. That the commanding stature, huge proportions, and sickening odour of the black have a certain charm for a few debased and sensual white women is a well-known and deplorable fact, which was proved again beyond a doubt during the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Then the lowest darky, from inky blackness to the lightest *café au lait*, found as many blonde Parisian sweethearts as he cared to manage, who not only were charmed to kiss every inch of his perfumed skin, bite his thick lips and lick him under the arms and between the toes, preparatory to giving up their bodies to his slow penetration, but were perfectly ready to pay him for his huge favours, with the money they had wheedled out of husband or lover by means of false expressions of enjoyment, while the real spasm and delight of voluptuousness was held back and hoarded up for the thick long staves of Ali or Sambo. May I not be excused if when I read that a black has been burnt at the stake in the Southern states, the shocking thought creeps over me that now and again—very seldom—a lecherous, abandoned woman from among the white population has sought out the lusty son of a slave, and has offered herself to him? Detection has followed, and then she may have exclaimed: "He violated me!" Such a cry from a white woman's lips would be enough to seal the doom of the wretched chicken-stealing "coon," with his razor in his pocket, ready to defend himself from his comrades when caught cheating at poker.

The following translation of a few true letters from a French-woman will prove that the longing of a white woman for a black man is no invention of a novelist, but really exists in nature.

In the first days of February 1895, the following advertisement appeared in the Paris newspaper, *Le Journal*, under the heading of "Matrimony."

A distinguished young woman wishes to make the acquaintance of a rich negro or mulatto gentleman. No objection to travel. Desdemona, *Le Journal* Office.

An English literary gentleman, spending a holiday on the

Riviera, wrote to the lady and described himself as a black. He succeeded in getting the three following epistles:

Paris, February, 1895. (Undated.)

Dear Sir,

Since you honour me by replying to my advertisement, which must seem very strange to you on the part of a person thus confessing her tastes and her passions, I answer frankly and at once.

This longing has conquered me for a very long period. I have never known a man of your race and I feel an irresistible yearning to be possessed by a coloured man. Knowing no one who could introduce me, or cause me to know any negroes, I made up my mind to advertise.

When I did so, I was not thinking of the strength of the black, although I have heard that many such men were so largely developed that they could have no intimacy with French women. I should not like you to think that this is what I am seeking. No, it is rather the reverse. Pardon me my slightly brutal expressions, but what I desire, what I wish to find, is the following voluptuous pleasure, as yet unknown to me. I should like to place myself in the arms of a black man—intensely black—but not for a day or a night; but for an infinity of nights devoted to love. I should like to travel with you, with the conviction that you loved me, and thus be always in your society, *en tête-à-tête*, but nevertheless I would not interfere with your liberty. I mean that if I became too compromising in any country or town, I would leave you as much complete freedom as you might need.

Having just passed through great trouble, I should like to come to life again, as it were, as if after a long sleep. I have never travelled much. I have seen London, and I lived one season at San-Remo, a little farther off than where you are.

I could not prevent myself laughing when I read that you described yourself as being of a "chocolate" hue. I have told you my weakness—that I long to know a black man. I cannot explain myself how this want has crept over me, but for the last year I have felt a craving obsession.

As you ask me my intentions: firstly, I should like a salary, either monthly, or as you choose. My tastes are quite simple. I am not eccentric, and should we come to terms we will talk over these things when you return. I am at liberty at present. I am to have an interview to-morrow, and if on your coming back I have not found a situation, and you would kindly write, I should be happy to make your acquaintance.

I have received several letters and I am slightly perplexed. Do not think that I flatter myself when I say this? No, for as a man, you cannot find much charm in a woman offering herself as I do.

The rights of nature belong to the man and not to the woman, but I see no other means. I have not spoken of myself, and I have come to the end of my paper.

At first sight, I inspire but little sympathy, and I am not tall. About middle height, rather pretty; neither a blonde nor a brunette, but light chesnut.

Please receive, my dear sir, my sincere salutations,

Your friend,

ELISE MARGOTIN,

135, rue des Pendules.

Paris, February 11, 1895.

Dear Sir,

How happy I am to see that you have understood me so well! Therefore I can put off answering you no longer. Your letter has given me immense pleasure and thrown me into a troubled state that I cannot explain to my own self. But it seems to draw me to you, therefore I mean to reply to you with the same frankness, but I am so much moved and so happy at one and the same time; you have so set my brain whirling, that I beg you, when you do me the pleasure of writing, not to put such fire in your letters. It gives me much joy as I read, but it is bad for my frame and over-excites my nerves, so that I regret the realisation of my ideas.

Your letter gives me an inward sensation, and I should like to be in your arms already. You have increased the passion that I feel for your race and caused it to grow stronger. With what joy shall I not abandon myself to you, when we shall be as one; when with you I shall experience the unknown delights I long for. My mind is made up; I will have nothing to do with anyone else, but wait until you return to Paris. In that case, one must foresee everything, and perhaps I may not please you. But I doubt that, for with the good feelings I have for you, I shall not need to renew my advertisement.

I have desired for a such a long time to know a very black man. I often get laughed at about it, for I am very communicative. I used to say when I was with friends I know: "Oh! how I should like to sleep with a nigger!" One day, the husband of one of my friends said to me in front of the assembled company: "Well, I will black myself all over and come and see you." I answered him: "No, for I desire the complete illusion. I want to see a real handsome black man stark naked." You have divined my desires.

Awaiting the day when I can realise my longings, I abandon myself to you and let myself be cradled in the sweet dreams you promise me.

In the meanwhile, accept two hearty kisses which I send with all my heart.

ELISE MARGOTIN.

Paris, February 18, 1895.

Dear friend,

Why have you remained so long without writing to me, and why do you not return sooner, now that you have found a nice little woman who offers herself to a fine negro? I think my case must be a rare one. It might be explained if a woman found herself in a country inhabited by black men. Then, if nature spoke, she would not stop to choose. But I am must appear very strange to you. Here is a woman of Paris, where there are so many good-looking fellows, longing for a handsome blackamoor. You must think that I cannot find any of my own tint, to have the idea of loving deep-black men. Your brain must be well exercised about me, or perhaps you have said to yourself that I am very probably old, ugly, or deformed, in thus having recourse to a negro. All these ideas must have passed through your mind one after the other. Will you tell me what you have thought of me? Be frank enough to do so, my sweet friend. Be frank, as I am, when I tell you that I am good-looking. Fearing that you will make me no compliment, I make some for myself. Having so wretched an idea of me, you do not hurry home, but what am I to do? I have tastes and ideas differing from those of ordinary folk. I have advertised them publicly, as without that I should perhaps never have had the opportunity of satiating my passion. I should, however, have been so happy if you had made declarations of love to me, instead of me having had to do so the first by means of a newspaper. But otherwise, I should not have had the pleasure of corresponding with you. You ask me for details about myself. I thought I gave them all in my first letter. I am twenty-five, and of middle height; well-built. I know my weight—9st. 11lb.

My dear sir, I do not set myself up as a beauty, that would be going too far, for truly beautiful woman in this world only exist in novels, but where I have seen the finest women was at Monte-Carlo. And as you are near there and as Monte-Carlo is the place to which everybody goes when in the South, I leave you to judge if my impression was correct. But I will tell you also where I saw the most handsome men. It was at Villefranche, a year ago, when the *Formidable* was in the harbour. One day, when a ball was given on board, I was invited to go, and then I was able to admire some very fine men, especially the officers. Some of them were refined and elegant, but despite all, not one of these beautiful males made my heart beat faster.

It would be very difficult for me to explain to you whence comes my passion for your race, especially when it is a rooted idea and not the caprice of a night, but what I can assure you is that I am worthy of all your esteem and if you like to make enquiries about me it will be very easy for you to do so.

I can understand that you will be sorry to leave all the fine weather and the beautiful sun of the South, beneath which one needs little to be light-hearted, and besides the sea air makes one always inclined to *faire l'amour*.

I beg you, dear friend, not to regret that beautiful sun. I will be your sun, the sun of your heart, and with your natural warmth you will thus be able to await the coming of spring.

If you only knew how I long to see you, to know if I shall please you and if you will please me, for everything depends upon the feelings we shall have at our first meeting. And yet I have such a great yearning to belong to you, that if it is not with you it will have to be with some other. Do not amuse yourself therefore in making me wait too long. You ask me how we shall meet? I only desire that you open your black arms, ready to receive me, and press me to you. Tell me the day and the hour that you expect me, and I will come at once, thrilling all over with emotion, and throw myself in your embrace. I have offered myself to you and I have promised you that I will abandon myself to you, you in me. I promise it to you once more. I want to be yours, and I wish you to make me learn what happiness means beneath those fiery kisses to which you allude. Come then, and take possession of my body. Press me in your dusky embrace and satiate your passions, your desire, your lust, in my white body. I want to give myself up to you, like a little baby confided to your care, so much will I let myself be petted. I will really love you.

Why do you ask me if I will kiss your lips? Have I not already told you that I should wish to pass many nights of love in your arms? I feel that I shall have great friendship for you, so certainly I shall kiss you on the mouth, as you say that sometimes a simple kiss of the lips makes all your body shudder with delight. Is it not good, when both lovers are closely joined, to kiss and feel the tongue.... but I must say no more.

Tell me that you will love me a little; I should like to be in your arms already, my head on your black flesh. Tell me in how many days you will press me to your heart, when you will satisfy your passionate voluptuousness in me and give me all the pleasure you are capable of making me feel. Outwardly, I appear cold. I am very gay, but my blood is far from being as warm as yours. I mean that I am rather a long time before I feel pleasure, but I shall not be afraid to look upon your beautiful naked body, since such is my desire. But you must let me get used to you and then can see me as well, at your ease. My skin is very white. I shall have nothing to refuse you. Are you ticklish? If you are, I shall be very pleased, because when I do not feel sleepy, I shall be able to tease you, as I am very mischievous, but very tender and caressing.

As much as I long for a man of your colour now, so much did I detest them about five or six years ago. At that moment, I believe

that if a negro had tried to kiss me, I should have been ill through fright, and to-day I long to be able to satisfy this passion, too long restrained, at my ease.

I am sending you a real gazette, so I swear that I will write no more before your return, for my letters alone might suffice for your happiness and you would no longer have the idea of coming to Paris.

In the hope of seeing you soon, I kiss you very, very strongly on your most tender spot, where you put those black spots in the sketch you sent me; and on your mouth as well.

Believe me to be your friend.

ELISE.





White Stains, the literary remains of George Archibald Bishop, a neuropath of the Second Empire. (n. p. London), 1898.

Small quarto, 131 pp.

ON the back of the title page these words are printed: "Un nouveau Phèdre à lui moins dure." What this means is not explained in the volume, and the accent on the name of the incestuous heroine is wrongly placed. Then we have the following lines: "The Editor hopes that mental Pathologists, for whose eyes alone this treatise is destined, will spare no precaution to prevent it falling into other hands." Why the word "treatise" is used, I do not know, unless it be to keep up the mad character of the work, which is nothing more than a volume of obscene, blasphemous, and shamelessly filthy poetry, devoted to the glorification of unnatural vices of all kinds. It seems that only 100 copies were struck off, and it is a pity that so much talent should have been wasted upon a clever mystification, for I refuse to take the book seriously, notwithstanding that there is a preface of infinite violence, giving a sketch of the life of the mythical author, who is supposed to have died mad:

He was committed to an asylum, for there could be no longer any doubt of his complete insanity; for three weeks he had been raving with absinthe, and satyriasis. He survived his confinement no long time; the burning of the asylum with its inmates was one of the most terrible events of the war of 1870.

I should like to know the address of that asylum, of which I never heard, nor can any of my contemporaries call to mind the conflagration in question.

This wonderful manuscript came from his mistress, whose name is given in full, and she contracted a terrible disease in the last few days of her life with him. This shock, mingled with her splendid lover's sequestration in a madhouse, unhinges her mind as well, and she shoots herself on July 5th, 1869. It is a great satisfaction for the reader to know this date, I should say.

There are about three dozen poems, where it will be found that the writer has cleverly parodied the style of the masters of the fleshly school, besides some others whose manner will be easily recognised by the general reader. A few of the poems are in very bad French.

"Ode to Venus Callipyge," "A Ballad of Passive Pæderasty," and "Necrophilia," are three of the most suggestive titles, and were I writing a prospectus to push the sale of this most remarkable and vile publication, I should add that none of the promises foreshadowed by the index are belied. Those who can enjoy what I may call the clever dressing-up of dirt, will revel in this peculiar concoction, but for those who may not care to grace their library shelves with Mr. Bishop's verses, I venture to print here one of his most singular effusions, as it treats of a combination that I have never yet seen described by any poet, and it will give some slight idea of the writer's misdirected genius:

WITH DOG AND DAME: AN OCTOBER IDYL.

The ways are golden with the leaves
 That autumn blows about the air,
 The trees sing anthems of despair,
 And my fair mistress binds the sheaves
 Of yellow hair more loose, and weaves
 More subtly bars of song, that bear
 Bright children of love debonair,
 And laughter lightly comes, and reaves
 The garland from our sorrow's brow,
 Life rises up, is girt with song,
 Joy fills the cup, that flashes clear.

The year may fade in whispers now,
Shadow and silence now may throng
The seasons—we are happy here.

Autumn is on us as we lie
In creamy clouds of latticed light
That hint at darkness, but descry
A rosy flicker through the night,
My mistress, my great Dane, and I.

We linger in the dusk—her head
Lolls on the pillow, and my eyes
Catch rapture, as upon the bed
He licks her lazy lips, and tries
To tempt her tongue. My fires are fed.

Her heavy dropping breasts entice
My teeth to jewel them with blood,
Her hand prepares the sacrifice
She would desire of me, the flood
That wells from shrines of Paradise.

Her other hand is mischievous
To bid the monster Dane grow mad,
His red-haw gaze grows mutinous,
Her eyes have lost the calm they had,
My body grows all amorous.

My tongue within her mouth excites
Her dirtiest lust, her vilest dream;
His greedy mouth her bosom bites;
He cannot hold, his eyeballs gleam;
He burns to consummate the rites.

I yield him place: his ravening teeth
Cling hard to her—he buries him
Insane and furious in the sheath
She opens for him—wide and dim
My mouth is amorous beneath.

Her lips devour me, and I rave
With pleasure to discern the love
They twain exert, my lips who lave
With double dew distilled above;
To dog and woman I'm a slave,

White Stains

Nor move, though now essays the Dane
To cool his weapon in my mouth;
Her lust bestrides me, and is fain
To quench in his sweet sweat her drouth
Her finger probes my bowel again.

All three enjoy once more, and I
Am ready ever to renew
These bestial orgie-nights, whereby
Loose woman's love is spiced, as dew
On tender spray of Spring doth lie.

Like the cold moon to earth and sun
My mistress lingers in eclipse,
We wake her passion, either one
Licking each pouting pair of lips
Till new sweet streams of nectar run.

'Tis Autumn, and the dying breeze
Murmurs "embrace"; the moon replies
"Embrace"; the souging of the trees
Calls us to linger loverwise,
And drain our passion to the lees.

'Tis Autumn. The belated dove
Calls through the beeches, that bestir
Themselves to kiss the skies above,
As I will kiss with him and her,
Leave us, sweet Autumn, to our love.





Passion and Criminality in France,
a legal and literary study, by Louis Proal, one
of the presiding judges at the court of appeal of Riom
(Puy-de-Dôme); Laureate of the "Institut"; translated
from the French by A. R. Allinson M. A. (Oxon.) Paris,
Charles Carrington, 13, Faubourg Montmartre. 1901.

8vo., xxiv (Translator's Foreword, Preface, and Contents), and 679 pp.

A praiseworthy rendering into plain and scholarly English of "Les Crimes et les Suicides Passionels." (Paris, Felix Alcan, 1900., 8vo.) It is one of the most entrancing studies that I have had the good fortune ever to meet with, and although the subjects treated vary considerably, the impartial judge who gives us the result of his notes and experience of years on the bench, never gets led away into lyrism or absurd theories, but discourses, calmly, sententiously and dispassionately of the terrible upheavals of the souls of poor mortals who,—females, often through no fault of their own, have been the plaything of Cupid, and males,—martyrs to the worship of the jealous, wicked, incestuous, or adulteress Venus. In fact, every folly and weakness of life has been noted by the author, who has seen and learnt much, and who has the luck to be born in a country where it is no disgrace to print and publish a book on a sexual subject. And it must not be thought that M. le Juge is a decrepid old man retired from the labours of his vocation. He is still in

full and free exercise of his functions, and it is to be hoped he will live long enough to give us other volumes on this never-to-be-exhausted theme. I cannot help wondering, from what this bulky book contains, what a treasure there must be in the notes and memoranda that the writer did *not* publish; which he dare not allow to be set up in type, even profiting by the great liberty permitted in France for all that is soberly discussed in book-form. Without going into the psychological part of the work, the most superficial reader will be amazed at the multitude of romantic crimes and extraordinary stories of passion, suicide and vitriol-throwing, pistol-firing, poisoning and stabbing that Judge Proal is obliged to quote in order to substantiate his arguments when he discusses the love and lust crimes of France. But although most of the cases quoted, and the narratives so exhaustively described all take place in Gallic territory, it is easy to see that the adventures might just as well have happened anywhere else, for lust and hate, jealousy and vanity, flourish indifferently in all climates. The only difference is in the speech, and the weapons used by the troubled beings who are demented by the force of their evil thoughts and feelings. This is therefore a book of all lands and of all time, unless the world should gradually be changed when the present generation is dead and gone, and become peopled with women of ice, and eunuchs.

To give a slight idea of the style and character of "Passion and Criminality," I copy the following under the heading of "Jealousy":

"Jealousy may break out between father and son, mother and daughters, and lead to these monstrous crimes. Sons kill their father, daughters their mother, out of jealousy. Some years since, the Assize Court of the Bouches-du-Rhône tried the case of a young girl, who had killed her mother from jealousy, her lover being an accomplice in the act. Yet this girl had been brought up in a convent, where she had attracted attention by her peculiar piety. I found among the documents relating to the case a number of letters written from the convent, in which the school-girl in training there described the happiness she felt in hearing the Church music and witnessing the noble ceremonies of Religion. She had even thought of taking the veil. The Lady Superior of the convent where she had begun her religious noviciate wrote in the following terms to her mother: "Marie loves her dear father and her mother more than I can tell. When she

speaks of them, all her being burns with ardour Oh! my dearest Madam, assure M. B— with all confidence that Marie loves him fondly, and that nothing but the will of God is strong enough to extort such a sacrifice from her. Tell him Our Lord is grateful to him for having given him his daughter for bride . . . You are happy, most happy in never having suffered one impure breath of the wicked world to stain this tender flower, which has touched the sacred heart of Jesus. And indeed he loves his little Marie well and makes her very happy; she feels never a shadow of regret for having given up all that young girls desire and hope."

Some months later, having left the convent at her parents' order, she became the mistress of her mother's former lover. Jealous of the latter, she conceived a violent hatred of her. The mother having fallen ill, she longed for her death; then, on her recovery, she plotted with her lover to kill her, jealousy turning her into a parricide. Her lover asked her hand in marriage, and was refused; furious at this, he said to the girl: "Will you be mine?"—to which she replied, "Yes, I will."—"Well then, only one way remains, we must get rid of your mother." At first the girl made sundry objections, but soon, dominated by the hatred inspired by her jealousy of her mother, she agreed to the plan of murder. "Feeling as I did the most ardent love for Léon," she declared to the *Juge d'instruction*, "I experienced a fierce passion of jealousy towards my mother." We reproduce the account she herself gave of the murder: "Léon began by striking her with his fists, and trying to strangle her, but as she resisted, he was obliged to take a kitchen knife. The creature would not die; she resisted fiercely and pushed Léon away, even after she had received two knife thrusts in the throat. He struck her on the mouth and broke two of her teeth; then my mother having got possession of the weapon, Léon called to me to fetch a big cheese knife; I got it and gave it to him, and he plunged it in her throat." Further examination revealed the fact that, while the victim was struggling, her daughter had kicked her; and when she was dead, the accused had trampled on her body. The two lovers carried the corpse down into the cellar and set to work to cut it into pieces, to make it unrecognizable. They divided the four limbs from the trunk, and attempted to cut off the head, but without success. Next day they went and threw the body into the sea. On coming back, they went to bed and indulged in sexual intercourse. In a letter she wrote to the *Juge d'instruction*, the accused added: "I cannot account for my having done what I have, I who would not have stayed by a dead person for all the wealth in the world."

I am bound for the sake of completeness to say something of the horrible scenes of jealousy caused by fathers who abuse their own daughters. It is a revolting subject, yet I cannot pass it over in entire silence. There are mothers who tremble when they see their husband

kissing their daughters. Some to save their children's honour, actually give information to the law; others, terrified by the threats and violence of their husbands, do nothing to prevent these monstrous acts, but suffer agonies of grief at such a state of things. Among the many cases of this kind I have had before me, I remember one father who had abused his two daughters and had got them with child. He would say, "I did not bring girls into the world for other men to enjoy." The mother who was aware of his abominable doings, dared not denounce him to the police; she only made up her mind to do so when she saw him beginning attempts on the third daughter, who was now growing up. Another father told his two daughters: "Though they should send me to the hulks for it, I am determined to give you each a child."

These incestuous relations are often accompanied by jealousy. A father, who had abused his daughter, was seized with jealousy and endeavoured to get her shut up in a Penitentiary, laying a false charge of immoral conduct against her.—Another girl, a victim to her father's lubricity, was forced in order to avoid exciting his jealousy, to be always badly dressed, with her hair in slovenly disorder; her father forbade her to pay the smallest attention to her toilet. For fear she should attract the attention of a young man, who came to ask her hand in marriage, he kept her shut up indoors, prevented her speaking to the neighbours or leaving the house to look for work. Eventually however he agreed to her marrying, on condition of her going on with her relations with himself. But he became jealous of his son-in-law, and compelled his daughter to come back to him, taking her furniture away from her.—A father who abuses his daughter and becomes jealous of her, invariably opposes her marrying. One father who had at last consented to his daughter's marriage, forced her to submit to him on her very wedding-day, immediately after she had put on her wedding costume for the religious ceremony. In another case, the accused was a retired gendarme, who, exceedingly jealous of the daughter he had abused, had stabbed her with a knife. Some time previously, he had wished to kill a young man who had given the girl his arm for a walk. Among girls who are the victims of these monstrous acts, but dare not complain, some suffer so terribly that they end in committing suicide. I have known the case of one such who killed herself in despair along with her mother, to escape these incestuous outrages. It has been said that "every man has in his heart a sleeping swine;" and the swine often awakens with horrible results. We may even go so far as to say there is no brute so foul and cruel as to rival man in lubricity and cruelty. Fathers are found ready to procure abortion in their daughters, to strike them, to trample their bodies to bring about this result. Nor are these monstrous passions only of modern times; they have always existed."

Adultery on the part of the wife and husband is exhaustively considered in all its ramifications, and no abler, greater study has ever been penned than when the author shows us the contagion of mawkish literature and the evils of novel-reading. It might serve as a preface to the history of romance-writing, a book which has yet to be printed. Then follows the account of passional crime as affected by the influence of stage-plays, which is really a review of the way love and lust has been portrayed in comedy and drama from the ancients to the present day. He then treats of the responsibility in cases of crime determined by passion, and concludes by discoursing on the means of diminishing these unlawful offences.

He did not fail to notice a peculiar frame of mind in some men, who feel a morbid delectation in writing their erotic recollections, which places the unblushing authors of "My Secret Life," "Crissie," and "Suburban Souls," (*loc. cit.*),—unworthy as they most certainly are—in goodly company.

To make a novel out of the murder of the woman he had killed, a married woman and the mother of three children, is the idea that filled the mind of a young murderer of literary tendencies and his friends. He is to become famous by writing down as a tale the fine love tragedy he has brought about. A love adventure is to be utilized to supply copy!

Men who pray on women's hearts feel no repugnance, in their consuming self-conceit, to admit the public to their amorous confidences, and even to those of others. The most illustrious of our novelists have not avoided this pitfall. Rousseau composed his *Nouvelle Héloïse* out of recollections of his love for Mme. d'Houdetot, the details of which he made public in his *Confessions*. Goethe divulged in *Werther* his liaison with Charlotte Buff and Kestner, making a friend of the latter's declare "it is a dangerous thing to have a friend an author." In *René*, Chateaubriand did not fear to relate the incestuous passion of his sister Amélie. The great Lamartine, who with a marvellous poetic genius combined a sound good sense that is rare among poets, failed to guard himself from similar rather indelicate indiscretions; he saw good to recall in *Graziella* the love and despair of the Neapolitan girl he had deserted, and in *Raphaël*, the love of Julie (1). Abelard, that mediæval Romantic, also gratified his vanity by celebrating in song his amours with Héloïse, at the

(1) In his Preface to the *Nouvelles Confidences*, Lamartine nobly (*sic*) admitted his fault and declared he had written these volumes only in order to pay his debts.

risk of ruining her good name and drawing down her uncle's anger upon her." (1)

It will be noted that that in France nobody seems to care about this little mania for wearing one's heart upon the sleeve that seems dreadful to the self-restrained Saxon. These concoctors of polished eroticism live in a fierce and glaring light of publicity. On the 5th of October, 1901, a Parisian newspaper in the style of "Notes and Queries," called *L'Echo du Public*, said:

It would be piquant if a pamphlet were written on the crapulous tastes in love of some of our most noble writers, such as Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Stendhal, etc.

Is not the "etc." as delightful as the whole of the little "par"? So it appears that the three great literary giants, whose names are openly given, had strange lascivious propensities? How charming! The two latter have streets named after them in Paris, and it must not be thought that the publication of the secrets of their alcoves, if ever revealed, will diminish their glory one jot, or cause the denomination of the thoroughfares to be altered. But in England, the publishers dare not handle their volumes bearing the name of Oscar Wilde, under the penalty of losing all customers both wholesale and retail. The reason is clear. It must not be forgotten for an instant that all these debauched writers are Frenchmen. In England, nearly all the creators of romance lead blameless lives, which renders their work all the more meritorious, as their ideas of passion are really only fictitious, and never relate to their own sufferings, disappointments, or broken hearts. I know what I am saying is true, for have I not read with delight the accounts of interviews with living

(1) Gabriele d'Annunzio, the celebrated Italian novelist, is supposed to have embodied his amours with his countrywoman, Eleonora Duze, the gifted tragic actress, in a volume, entitled *Il Fuoco*, which has been translated into French, and called, *Le Feu*. An English version, "The Flame of Life," appeared in London in 1900. But notwithstanding the lover's indiscretion, the couple came together again and were perfectly reconciled. The *signora* is reported to have said that she did not so much mind what he had written against her, but what hurt her most was when he said that "he had conjured up her image when in another woman's deepest embrace."—*Author's Note*.

authoresses and authors that are often published with process blocks in the weekly illustrated journals of London? They all live pure and holy lives, in beautiful little villas or riverside retreats. During the gestation of their tales of love and daring, their only relaxation is golf and the bicycle, or taking out the kiddies, if they are married, for there are no concubines or "free love" in the literary world, as there is across the Channel. The male and female stars of the dramatic profession are just as pure, and I defy the entire earth to gainsay me, for have I not read all about it in the papers? Bohemia has been destroyed like the cities of the plain, and a Church-going Arcadia has grown up over its site, covering up the eligible building lots of what were Sodom and Gomorrah with the semi-detached villas of virtue.





Manual of Classical Erotology. (De figuris Veneris), by Fred. Chas. Forberg. Latin text and literal English version. Manchester, (Brussels), one hundred copies privately printed for Viscount Julian Smithson, M. A., and friends. 1884. (1899).

2 vols., 8vo., xviii—261 and 250 pp.

WERE I a bookseller, I do not think I should ever take the trouble to print such a book as I have now before me. Here is a Latin work, full of notes, and bristling with Greek quotations. A most careful and masterly translation has been placed opposite every page of the original text, and it needs no literary critic to see that no one but a real classical scholar—an old Oxford man—could ever have successfully struggled with such a task. Every error, both little and big, has been minutely corrected, and there has been no scamping or slurring, as the pitiless Latin page eternally stares the reader in the face, ready to accuse the translator if ever he were tempted to turn traitor. The two stout volumes have evidently been printed on the Continent—and for very good and valid reasons, as no English printer would dare to undertake such work,—therefore, each page would have to be submitted to the translator, at least three or four times, foreign compositors working mechanically. Many months would thus pass in wearisome proof-reading, and when at last the hundred copies are struck off, and each man receives

his due, what margin of profit awaits the silly bookseller-publisher? He is insulted in every way and laughed at if he dares to wonder that the British Customs seize any copies. He must not be indignant, if he is termed a vendor of festering obscenity, and may deem himself lucky if he does not get popped into prison for a lengthy period. Foolish man, why try and unearth forgotten masterpieces, such as this, that touch on subjects tabooed in every English-speaking country? Bring out a new six-shilling novel and tell the authoress or author to go as "near the knuckle," as may be. Print the old word "whore," in full, or make a young heroine tell her sweetheart that "she likes his smell." This precious stuff will circulate freely in the British Isles and be in the hands of all our sons and daughters; lying on the crochet-covered, "occasional" table, in the front parlour window. You know where I mean, under the hanging cage of the family canary. Or why sell books at all, to finish on the treadmill? Buy some old stock of faded tea. Mix a little fresh with it, to overcome as much as possible the scent of mildew. Then roll it up in gaudy tinfoil packets, call it by some fancy name and advertise it freely, partly on credit and partly with borrowed money. If it sells, you may become one of the highest dignitaries in the land of eggs and bacon, and if not, put all your belongings in the name of your wife, and go to church to pray that Heaven may bless the bankrupt, undischarged or not.

But I am straying from the subject, which was to recommend the only true English version of "Hermaphroditus," (Cobourg, 1824, 8vo.), which is the clever amplification of the original of 1790., (8vo. n. d.) The various editions of this curious treatise will be found amply described in Gay's "Bibliographie de l'Amour;" (1) and also in the preface of the splendid Anglo-Saxon version I am noticing. I have tried to steer clear of ordinary scissors-and-paste methods, and have refrained when I could from giving information which can be found elsewhere in the proper reference-books, and better done than by me—a gossiping book-lover, and nothing more.

The "Hermaphroditus," with Forberg's additions, was translated into French, under the title of "Manuel d'érotologie

(1) "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," (London, 1877); "Catena Librorum Tacendorum," (London, 1885.)

classique," and was brought out by Liseux, in Paris, 1882, forming two fine volumes, 8vo. It was immediately knocked into horrible English, and the French translation, which was bad, was rendered more faulty by its hurried transformation, when it was compressed into one dear little volume, and hawked about London in 1887.

The workers on Viscount Smithson's version had the opportunity of consulting every edition hitherto, both in Latin, French and English, and it would have been a pity if therefore they had not been able to turn out a scholar's version, a gentleman's edition of this mass of erudition, which forms a key to all passages relating to sexuality in the Greek and Latin classics, or on rapid perusal will give the hunter after curious disclosures of ancient times a chance of knowing what is meant by the corruption of Rome and Greece, as well as if he had studied all Martial, Juvenal, and Suetonius in the original text.





Untrodden Fields of Anthropology,
Documents on Medical Anthropology. Observations on the Esoteric Manners and Customs of Semi-civilized Peoples; being a Record of Thirty Years' Experience in Asia, Africa, America and Oceania. By a French Army-Surgeon. In Two Volumes. (All Rights Reserved.) Paris, Librairie de Médecine, Folklore et Anthropologie, 13, Faubourg Montmartre, 1898.

2 vols., royal 8vo., xl-343 and xxiv-502 pp. 24 beautiful illustrations, by Amédée Vignola, printed in colours, representing types of female beauty in all the countries mentioned in the course of the work. They are not obscene. Printed outer wrappers. Issue: 500 copies on vellum and 150 on China paper, all press-numbered.

IN 1893, Isidore Liseux of Paris published an octavo volume of which only 330 copies were printed, entitled, "L'Amour aux Colonies, singularités physiologiques et passionnelles observées durant trente années de séjour dans les Colonies Françaises:—Cochinchine, Tonkin et Cambodge;—Guyane et Martinique;—Sénégal et Rivières du Sud; Nouvelle-Calédonie, Nouvelles-Hébrides et Tahiti;—par le Docteur Jacobus X...."; 396 pp.

The author had taken up quite a new line of research. During his travels, extending over twenty-eight years in the French Colonies, he had made a study of everything relating to sexuality in those torrid climes, and he gave out his curious experiences in the most fascinating, albeit audacious manner.

Strange to say, the work was far from being a success. Is it a fact then that the French are no travellers and have no taste for geography, and while their patriotic pride is puffed up to know that the glorious tricolour is waving over far sunbaked shores, they do not want to go there, nor to read about them? Is Asnières-les-Bains on a bicycle the world's limit for the Parisian Bibliophile? However that may be, "L'Amour aux Colonies" went a-begging, which was a pity.

A literal English translation then appeared, as follows:

"Untrodden Fields of Anthropology: observations on the esoteric manners and customs of semi-civilised peoples; being a record of thirty years experience in Asia, Africa, and America. By a French Army-surgeon. Paris, Librairie des Bibliophiles, 13 faubourg Montmartre, 1896."

2 vols., 8vo., xii—240, and xvi—266 pp. Issue: 450 copies on thin vellum and 50 on Japanese and Whatman papers.

This edition was soon out of print, and in order to satisfy reiterated demands, the author re-wrote his book, with a view to its translation into English at once, and so the original unpretending work, developed into two splendid volumes, with three hundred pages of fresh matter, without counting numberless notes—not the least interesting part—lots of gorgeous pictures, full indexes, lists of the works consulted, and everything that was possible to form a book that would do honour to the library of the most fastidious book-lover. It is one of the most delightful and valuable studies that ever was printed.

I should like to give a few extracts, but I refrain, not knowing where to pick a few lines, every part being equally interesting, and above all possessing the freshness of original matter, treated in a novel manner by the travelled doctor, who is without a doubt, a large-minded man of the world; the last qualification being taken in its broadest sense. No other author has told us the secrets of copulation and every hidden vice of venery in the far-off lands mentioned on the title page, whether the man and master be a colonist from Europe or a native sweetheart. Nothing has been left to the imagination, and I am sure that a study of this volume will teach the casual reader as much about the way the women of these countries love and slake their lust as if he had taken ship and gone out and home again to sample the black and brown lasses.

The celebrated author of the above-named work being so

cordially received by the farseeing and sensible public of England and America, resolved to give his other manuscripts to the world in English, and the three following stupendous treatises followed in rapid succession, the prolific man of science being encouraged by the enthusiastic reception that he met with, in astonishing contradiction with the frigid verdict of his own compatriots on his first book.

The Ethnology of the Sixth Sense,
studies and researches into its abuses, perversions,
follies, anomalies and crimes, by Dr. Jacobus X....,
French Army-surgeon, author of "Untrodden Fields of
Anthropology." Paris, Charles Carrington, publisher of
Medical, Historical, and Folklore works, 13, faubourg
Montmartre, MDCCCXCIX (All Rights Reserved)

8vo., xx-440 pp., Issue: 1000 numbered copies, all on vellum paper.

THIS time the talented Doctor X.... has remained nearer home and has treated a subject as old as the hills with a dashing and enthusiastic frankness that causes what in the hands of another would be a dull, long-winded volume fit only for the student, to read like an interesting conversation with a prince of medical pathology, who might expound his art and tell of the secrets of sex over a good cigar and a comforting glass. For, let us make no mistake, the genial author talks of nothing but lust, permitted in marriage or forbidden as fornication; and the famous "sixth sense," is naught but the desire of men and women to unite, and so perpetuate the race. The first chapters describe the male and female organs of generation and copulation with all their defects of conformation; and then all anomalies and singularities of the same apparatus, together with the description of foreign bodies found therein; surgical and other operations performed on the male and female copulative organs, and mutilations and amputations of the same; and particulars relating to the annexed organs in the two sexes, such as the feminine

bosom, etc. It is a study of lust and its ravages boldly treated without disguise, and yet presented with so much vigorous talent that no feeling follows its perusal but that of satisfied curiosity without the least disgust.

The subject was far from being exhausted in one thick volume, as a fresh and most elaborate book now followed:

The Genital Laws, their Observance and Violation, being a supplement to "The Ethnology of the Sixth Sense," by Dr. Jacobus X...., French Army-surgeon, Author of: "Untrodden Fields of Anthropology," etc., Officier de la Legion d'Honneur; Officier de l'Instruction Publique, etc. Paris, London, and New York, Maison d'Editions Scientifiques, 13, faubourg Montmartre, MDCCC. (All Rights Reserved.)

8vo., xxiii—446 pp. Issue: 600 copies on antique English paper, and a few on China.

BERE we have the subject of the genital sense, or sexual instinct, entirely and exhaustively explained with chapter and verse, the author ranging from the evolution of puberty down to the treatment of impotency and sterility, passing however in quite a natural manner through the sweet secret paths of pleasure and genital power. The virgins of both sexes are described and the first combats and defloration of the maid. As a logical sequence, normal coition and the different positions are discussed, until we are forced to halt in front of the accidents of excess, and genital abuses and abnormal forms of copulation—one of the most weird and fantastical chapters ever penned, and seemingly untrue, did not the learned and sparkling writer gives us convincing proof continually, brilliantly and triumphantly.

But our Titanic doctor had other worlds to conquer and soon the press groaned beneath the bulky book:

Medico-Legal Examination of the Abuses, Aberrations, and Dementia of the Genital Sense, by Dr. Jacobus X....., French Army-surgeon, and author of etc. etc. Paris, London, and New York, Charles Carrington, publisher of medical and historical works; 13, faubourg Montmartre.

8vo., 543 pp., including two indexes. 750 numbered copies were struck off.



HERE are certain subjects of human enquiry before which the intelligence of sane men reels back with horror. This a healthy sign. The dark corners of the world's life are not for common ken. There are nightmare phantoms of uncanny brains which none but the resolute and trained mind of the Doctor, Lawyer, and Mental Pathologist can face and exorcise without fear of hurt.

Such are the opening sentences of the "Foreword: a defence and explanation," and these few forcible words are a fitting introduction to the most wonderful collection of the carnal errors and sexual madnenses of men and women that was ever brought together. It is enough to makes us thoroughly despise all those wretched creatures who stray from the road that Nature has made for them, were it not that the gifted author shows us us that we must not withhold our pity from the nymphomaniacs, onanists, exhibitionists, fetishists, necrophilists, practisers of bestiality, Sadists, Masochists, and erotic maniacs in general; both male and female.

All these abnormal creatures pass before us, and every one of the curious cases quoted is analysed and described with a masterly audacity and scientific minuteness, peculiar to the worthy doctor. The medical faculty may learn much from this encyclopædia of men and women with kinks and twists of carnality in their brains, but the large-souled student of human nature will peruse it with the most intense interest, while weak-minded individuals, on the frontier of perverted sexuality, may perhaps be saved from what is worse than death, by seeing the ultimate fate of those who strive after

certain so-called refinements of lust which can only lead to the madhouse.

I am certain that no such work exists in any language, for although these peculiar perversities are all known to the modern princes of the science of medicine, they have never been catalogued and classified, with detailed observations to serve as proofs—very often unsavoury—in one huge volume, such as this is.

As an instance of the curious experiences of the learned doctor-author, and to give a faint idea of his fearless frankness, I append here an interesting extract:

Greater Acquired Sadists. We can here bring forward several personal observations. They refer to various cases of Sadism, through perversity, through jealousy, and for money or political hatred. They are entirely unpublished, and we have never come across any similar ones related in any work (medical or otherwise), published on the habits of the Annamites. These observations, in fact, have been collected in Cochin-China by ourselves directly, or communicated by credible eye-witnesses.

Cases of Sadism relating to the Annamite Race. Its natural cruelty. In "Untrodden Fields," we have shown that the Annamite race is thoroughly pederastic; let us now state that it is naturally fierce and cruel, showing that lust and cruelty are sister passions.

The atrocious penalties of the old Annamite code were mitigated in 1812 by the Emperor Ginlong, but they would not be accepted by any civilised nation. A thing which always strikes Europeans is that a man condemned to death walks to the punishment with his arms tied and his legs merely shackled, listens to his sentence of death, kneels down and bends his head with resignation, without trying to make a movement to avoid the blow of the fatal sabre. The spectators who form the circle, look on with curiosity, but without compassion, at the blood spurting out and the head falling off, as though some animal were in question and not one of their own kind.

In Europe, if the executioner were to fail to come, it would perhaps be difficult to find another man to take his place. In Cochin-China, there would be but a difficulty in making a selection, for in 186., at each inspection, the Matas (native cavalry) practised every day a game of cutting heads, by cutting off with a single blow from a sabre, a ring in the trunk of a banana tree, placed on the ground like a skittle. The height of skill was to sever the ring without upsetting the trunk.

Political Sadism during the Insurrection of 1867 in Cochin-China. After the taking of the three Southern provinces in 1867, the French administration was hardly installed, before, by the orders of

the Court of Hue, the insurrection began. It was not general, for with no other arms than lances of bad steel, or simple bamboos with one end hardened in the fire, the Annamites could not contend against the rapid fire of our soldiers. The insurrection was limited to the formation of bands of pirates (a name given to them because they operate on the rivers so as to escape in boats and avoid the pursuit of our colonists), composed of vagrants; under guise of politics, the bands pillaged, burnt, raped, mutilated, and massacred the partisans of the French with unheard-of refinements of cruelty.

Sadic Cruelties. The processes adopted by these pirates were analogous to those of our *Chauffeurs de l'Ouest* during the Revolution, but instead of heating the feet, they burnt the genital parts of the victims, or buried a red-hot iron in their vagina or anus. Complete or partial castration, as well as ablation of the breasts in the case of woman, were practices frequently carried out. Death was given by the sabre or by the rope.

It may be easily understood that a few executions of this kind were enough for a chief of a band to terrorize whole provinces.

It is true that these acts frequently recoiled on those who perpetrated them, and the chief of a band became in his turn the victim of a son avenging the death of his parents. This vengeance was Sadic, as will be seen in the following observation.

Sadic and Pederastic Vengeance inflicted on a Pirate Chief. The chief Quan Lan terrorized the provinces of Mytho and Vinh-Long, evading all pursuit with rare skill. He had besides invented an ingenious means of acquiring information as to how he was being pursued. He introduced young men or boys as servants into the houses of French Administrators, or as interpreters and writers to the Court, and ordered them to furnish him with all the information he required. The life of the parents of these spies, who lived in a village at a distance from the Administrative centre, answered for their fidelity. This very fact however was the cause of his ruin.

After mutilating, he murdered for purposes of robbery, an Annamite merchant who was proceeding from Saïgon to Vinh-Long, with a junk full of merchandise.

The body was thrown into the Cambodge, and received no burial, which is considered as a terrible misfortune for the family. It is a disgrace, and an ineffaceable blot upon the children. The merchant had a son, 28 years of age, a Latin interpreter who was highly appreciated by the authorities at Saïgon, and who likewise spoke French with facility.

As soon as he knew of his father's death, this young man left Saïgon, without announcing his departure to anybody, went to Mytho, where he obtained employment with the Administrator X . . . G . . . , a notorious pederast, whom I shall speak of in the chapter on Pederasty. The young La (the son's *nom de guerre*), was a very handsome youth and,

for an Annamite, well endowed as to his genital parts; he did not fail to please X... G..., and soon became one of his principal favourites.

He gained in this way a certain amount of independence and, under pretence of discovering imaginary relatives, he courted and finally took to wife, a woman, in a village where he knew well that Quan Lan had a concubine and numerous partisans. He brought the woman with him to Mytho after the marriage ceremony, put her in the family way, and then sent her back into the country to stay with her parents.

Quan Lan was soon informed of the pederastic relations existing between La and his master X... G..., a man of high courage, and having the reputation of being one of the most intelligent officers in the branch of the service in which he started, and who had actively pursued Lan on several occasions, without being able to capture him.

Lan thereupon placed an embargo on La's wife, and informed her through his concubine that she was on no pretext to leave her parents, under penalty of seeing them perish by the most fearful tortures. He then informed La at Mytho, that if he did not serve him as a spy, he would kill his wife and the child within her.

This was precisely the result which the Saïgon Annamite looked for, who played his part of spy in a marvellous manner; at first giving, by agreement with X... G..., excellent information, but finally laying a trap for him. I pass over the details of the wiles of the two Annamites. M. X... G..., accompanied by two boys and six rowers armed with guns, the nipples of which would be stopped up so as to make them miss fire, was to be taken in a pagoda on the banks of the Cambodge, at a short distance from the village in which were the wives of Lan and La. It was Lan on the contrary who was surrounded in his hut by thirty Matas and four Europeans (X... G..., his secretary, orderly officer, and myself, all armed to the teeth), the night preceding that on which X... G... was to be captured. I merely mention that Lan was rendered intoxicated by a drug mixed with his opium, a drug procured by a Chinese chemist, which enabled him to be captured without his offering any resistance.

Quan Lan was brought to Mytho, confessed, and was finally condemned to death by X... G..., and the sentence declared that after the execution, which was to take place before the pagoda, the body was to be thrown into the water, and the head exposed before the pagoda until it was completely decomposed.

La had requested as a favour from X..., that he might himself be the executioner of Lan, and that Lan might be handed over to him the night preceding the execution, which was to take place at sunrise. X... G..., who could refuse nothing to his favourite, sent on the previous day 150 native soldiers well armed to hold the village, and caused the pagoda to be occupied about midnight by his 12

personal attendants, commanded by a Doi (sergeant), with orders to be at La's entire disposal.

X... G... and myself were to arrive there at dawn in a swift junk on the falling tide. I had obtained permission without any difficulty to hold an autopsy on Lan's body, in the pagoda, where we were to pass the day.

When we reached the pagoda, we found Lan a living corpse, his face deadly pale, unable to speak and scarcely able to stand. It was necessary to carry him to the village market-place, hardly a mile away. When he arrived at the place of execution we were obliged to give him a bowl of *sum-chum* (rice brandy), so that he might hold himself steady to some degree upon his knees, for his whole body was agitated with a convulsive shaking, while a white froth trickled from his mouth.

La, the amateur executioner, lifted up the victim's chignon and marked on his neck with his saliva reddened with betel-nut, the place where he ought to strike. I had my eyes fixed upon him: his eyes shone like firebrands, his lips, parted in a sardonic grin, gave him the look of a hyena. When X... G... gave the signal, the first stroke was delivered, but the head did not fall; a notch only was made in the neck. It was followed by a second, and then by a third. The body had fallen forwards, and the executioner with his left foot resting on the shoulders, kept on chopping, hacking off the neck with small strokes with his sabre. The Matas remained impassive, and so did X... G... After a time which appeared to me to be very long, the neck was cut through, but the head remained still attached by the throat and skin. La then drew out, without hurrying himself, a knife from his pocket and severed the recalcitrant shred of skin as though it were a slice of ham. He then took the head in his left hand, looked it straight in the face, spat upon it and abused it. He then nailed it himself to a post before the gate of the pagoda.

I commenced my autopsy immediately. I found, to my great surprise, the trace of considerable disturbance in the genital organs. The gland of the penis was enormously tumefied, of the colour of wine-lees, and bearing marks of punctures, some of which were still bleeding. The skin of the scrotum and of the penis had traces of circular excoriations, which had the appearance of having been produced by a human jaw. The testicles was congested and tumefied, the epididymis was swollen, the scrotum had acquired an enormous size, and the skin of it was red, and strained with an effusion of considerable serosity. On the side of the rectum, I observed that the anus was dilated, gaping, and almost wide enough to receive a child's hand. The radiated folds of the anus had disappeared and in their place was to be seen a pad formed by the sphincter having been drawn out.

I forthwith caused La to come to me in order to hear what he had to say. He answered me frankly that he would tell me all, if I would give him the liver of his victim to eat (called by the Annamites

faire le gase), the supreme vengeance that can be inflicted on an enemy.

At this price, I obtained a complete confession from La. It appeared that at the beginning of the night, Lan had drunk a Chinese aphrodisiac, the effect of which was immediate. About 10 o'clock he had been taken into X... G... 's room, who was amused (*sic*) at this, and he with La and the twelve personal attendants had left at 11 o'clock in a junk for the pagoda, which they reached about 2 o'clock in the morning. Lan was laid on an Annamite bed of open bamboo work flat on his belly, with his hands tied up, so as to expose his buttocks, and for the space of four hours was sport for the lust of the twelve attendants who had given him no respite, *uno avulso, uno deficit alter*.

La had made a hole in the basket-work on a level with Lan's abdomen, and during these four hours, sitting underneath the bed, he had indulged in unbridled acts of masturbation, and in violent fellatory manœuvres upon the unfortunate man's genital parts, so that he completely exhausted him by making him ejaculate again and again, until at last blood came from the urethra. Then, he had pricked his penis and gland with a long hairpin, and bitten his scrotum and testicles.

I should not have given credit to this fact if not taken place before my eyes, and I should never have believed that a man for vengeance sake could have indulged in such manœuvres. But what astonished me more, at that time, was X... G... 's attitude in allowing such abominable acts to be committed, and in making himself the quasi-accomplice. I bring no accusation; I merely state a fact of moral perversion.

This remarkable series of works is concluded with:

The Basis of Passional Psychology,
a Study of the Laws of Love in Man and the
Lower Animals, by Dr. Jacobus X..., French army-
surgeon, etc. Paris, Charles Carrington, 13, faubourg
Montmartre, 1901.

2 vols. 8vo. of xx—323 and xii—285 pp. Four hundred copies struck off, on vellum paper.



NOT the least fascinating of the set and although placed last, might have served as an introduction to the more glaringly sensual contents of its fore-runners. Love in the human race is now considered from the mysteries of lust in nature, from the birth of passion

and man in the known beginning of the world down to the amours of the animal kingdom and their pleasure and modes of accouplement. So far for the first volume. The second treats of the sexual instinct in man, and of modesty, coquetry, physical love and the pleasures of coition according to physiologists, philosophers, poets and prose-writers of classical antiquity, reaching at last the authors of our own times. And it is very strange to see that the author is not only a well of medical science, but must have been a reader blessed with a giant's memory, for what he does not know about amorous literature and all books relating to his pet subject is not worth knowing. He can give us a tasty bit from Lucretius and Apuleius or Zola, to illustrate his theories, with the same ease as he merrily recounts to us the comical story of an old Congo chieftain and some tincture of cantharides.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Jacobus X... will not rest upon his well-earned laurels, but give us some fresh harvest of experiences of sexuology, in the East or the West.





Les Quarante Manières de Foutre,
dédiées au Clergé de France. A Cythère, au
Temple de la Volupté. 1790.

In-18, 72 pp., 8 free plates.



AY says: "7 planches contenant 41 figures érotiques." This is incorrect, as my copy has eight engravings. The first six contain a multitude of little couples engaged in sexual intercourse, and all are numbered plainly, so as to explain the text of the forty postures, (in reality, there are 41), which are minutely described. At page 47, we have some erotic tales in rhyme, well-known ones of the time, and the other two vignettes refer to the poetry.

"Art de Foutre en quarante manières, ou la science pratique des filles du monde." Amsterdam, 1789. (1830.) 12mo. 122 pp.

This little volume is ornamented with 10 plates, each divided into four compartments, with a different posture in each. It contains part of the text of the above-mentioned volume, but with additions, in the shape of a Preface and Introduction, and a quantity of smutty songs. It is thoroughly obscene.

"La Science Pratique des Filles du monde." Cologne, chez Pierre Marteau, 1790. (Brussels, 188?) 12mo. 99 pp.

The same text as the preceding, but without the preface or introduction. No plates.





**One Hundred Merrie and Delightsome
Stories, right pleasaunte to relate in all
goodly companie by way of joyance and jollity: Les
Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles now first done into the English
tongue by Robert B. Douglas. Paris, Charles Carrington,
13, faubourg Montmartre, n. d. (1899).**

Demy 8vo., xxx (Contents and Introduction), and 532 pp., divided into two volumes, on antique English rough-edged paper. Bound in water-coloured silk, with 50 hand-coloured illustrations, and 2 engraved titles, by Lebègue. Issue: 500 copies on antique English rough-edged paper, and 75 on imperial Japanese vellum, press-numbered, bound in half-morocco.

THIS is a careful translation of that most justly celebrated French work, "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," which first saw the light in 1486, and was attributed to Louis XI. But I never was proficient in real, learned bibliography, and I must refer my reader to the masterly introduction that the translator has placed at the beginning of the jovial work. It is very curious to note that no version was ever made in English until this one saw the light, notwithstanding that there exist over twenty French editions. That of Jannet, Paris, 1858, contains a preface by an Englishman, the famous antiquarian, Thomas Wright!

It is one of the most remarkable masterpieces of the XVth century, and contains the quintessence of the rollicking fun of

Southern nations, entitling it to rank with Bocaccio and Rabelais, even if it does not sometimes surpass them.

It tells principally of the wiles of married women, seeking to deceive their husbands, and by slightly altering the local colouring, it might have been brought out as a modern work, so true is it that if men were deceivers ever, they have been occasionally outdone by their artful wives.

The original French is difficult to read, even for the most highly-educated Frenchman, and so I will give one very short story (the twenty-eighth), just to show how beautifully it has been put into English:

THE INCAPABLE LOVER.

Of the meeting assigned to a great Prince of this kingdom by a damsel who was chamber-woman to the Queen; of the little feats of arms of the said Prince, and of the neat replies made by the said damsel to the Queen concerning her Greyhound, which had been purposely shut out of the room of the said Queen, as you shall shortly hear.

If in the time of the most renowned and eloquent Bocaccio, the adventure which forms the subject of my tale had come to his knowledge, I do not doubt but that he would have added it to his stories of great men who met with bad fortune. For I think that no nobleman ever had a greater misfortune to bear than the good lord (whom may God pardon), whose adventure I will relate, and whether his ill fortune is worthy to be in the aforesaid books of Bocaccio, I leave those who hear it to judge.

The good lord of whom I speak was, in his time, one of the great princes of this kingdom, apparelled and furnished with all that befits a nobleman; and amongst his other qualities was this—that never was a man more destined to be a favourite with the ladies.

Now it happened to him at the time when his fame was in this respect most flourished, and everybody was talking about him, that Cupid, who casts his darts wherever he likes, caused him to be smitten by the charms of a beautiful, young, gentle and gracious damsel, who also had made a reputation second to no other of that day on account of her great and unequalled beauty and her good manners and virtues, and who, moreover, was such a favourite with the Queen of that country that she shared the royal bed on the nights when the said Queen did not sleep with the king.

This love affair, I must tell you, had advanced to such a point that each only desired time and place to say and do what would most please both. They were many days considering how to find a

convenient opportunity, and at last, she,—who was as anxious for the welfare of her lover as she was for the safety of her own reputation—thought of a good plan, of which she hastened to inform him, saying as follows:

"My dearest friend, you know that I sleep with the Queen, and that it is not possible for me—unless I would spoil everything—to resign that honour and position which the noblest lady of the land would think herself proud and happy to obtain. So that, though I would like to please you and do your pleasure, I would remain on good terms with her, and not desert her who can and does give me all the advancement and honour in the world. I do not suppose that you would have me act otherwise."

"No, by my soul, dearest," replied the worthy lord; "but at any rate I would beg you that in serving your mistress your devoted lover should not be forgotten, and that you do for him all that lies in your power, for he would rather gain your love and good-will than aught else in the world."

"This is what I will do for you, Monseigneur," said she. "The Queen, as you know, has a greyhound of which she is very fond, that sleeps in her chamber. I will find means to shut it out of the room without her knowledge, and when everybody has retired, I will jump out of bed, run to the reception room, and unbolt the door. Then, when you think that the Queen is in bed, you must come quietly, and enter the reception room and close the door after you. There you will find the greyhound, who knows you well enough, and will let you approach it; pull its ears and make it cry out, and when the Queen hears that, I expect that she will make me get out of bed at once to let it in. Then I will come to you, and fail me not, if ever you would speak to me again."

"My most dear and loyal sweetheart," said Monseigneur, "I thank you all I can. Be sure that I will not fail to be there."

Then he rose and went away, and the lady also; each thinking and desiring how to carry out the proposed plan.

What need of a long story? The greyhound wanted to come into the chamber of his mistress at the usual time, as it had been accustomed, but the damsel had condemned it to banishment, and it was quickly made to beat a retreat. The Queen went to bed without noticing the absence of the dog, and soon afterwards there came to keep her company, the gentle damsel, who was only waiting to hear the greyhound cry out as the signal for the battle.

It was not long before the worthy lord set to work, and soon managed to reach the chamber where the greyhound was sleeping. He felt for it, with his foot or with his hand, until he found it, then he took it by the ears and made it cry aloud two or three times.

The Queen, who heard it, soon knew that it was her greyhound, and thought that it wanted to come in. She called the damsel, and said:

"My dear, my greyhound is howling outside. Get up, and let it in!"

"Willingly, madam," said the damsel, and as she awaited the battle, the day and hour of which she had herself appointed, she only armed herself with her chemise, and in that guise, came to the door and opened it, and soon met with him who was awaiting her.

He was so delighted and so surprised to see his lady-love so beautiful, and so well-prepared for the encounter, that he lost his strength and sense, and had not force enough left to draw his dagger, and try whether it could penetrate her cuirass. Of kissing, and cuddling, and playing with her breasts, he could do plenty; but for the grand operation—nihil.

So the fair damsel was forced to return without leaving him that which he could not gain by force of arms. But when she would quit him, he tried to detain her by force and by soft speeches, but she dared not stay, so she shut the door in his face, and came back to the Queen, who asked her if she had let the greyhound in? And she said, "No, because she could not find it though she had looked well for it."

"Oh, well," said the Queen, "go to bed. It will be all right."

The poor lover was very dissatisfied with himself, and thought himself dishonoured and disgraced, for he had up till then had such confidence in himself that he believed he could in less than an hour have tackled three ladies, and come off every time with honour.

At last his courage returned, and he said to himself that if he ever were so fortunate as to find another such opportunity with his sweetheart, she should not escape as she did the previous time.

Thus animated and spurred on by shame and desire, he again took the greyhound by the ears, and made it cry out much louder than it had before.

Awakened by this cry, the Queen again sent her damsel, who opened the door as before, but had to return to her mistress without getting any more pleasure than she had the first time.

A third time did the poor gentleman do all in his power to tumble her, but the devil a bit could he find a lance to encounter her with, though she awaited his onslaught with a firm foot. And when she saw that she could not have her basket pierced, and that he could not lay his lance in rest, whatever advantage she gave him, she knew that the joust had come to nothing, and had a very poor opinion of the joust.

She would no longer stay with him for all that he could say or do. She wished to return to the chamber, but her lover held her by force and said:

"Alas, sweetheart, stay a little longer, I pray!"

"I cannot," she said; "let me go! I have stayed too long already, considering the little I got by it," and with that she turned towards the chamber, but he followed her and tried to detain her.

When she saw that—to pay him out, and also hoodwink the Queen—she called out loud:

"Get out! get out! dirty beast that you are! By God! you shall not come in here, dirty beast that you are!" and so saying she closed the door.

The Queen, who heard it, asked:

"To whom are you speaking, my dear?"

"To this dirty dog, madam, who has given me such trouble to look for him. He was lying quite flat, and with his nose on the ground, hidden under a bench, so that I could not find him. And when I did find him he would not get up for anything that I could do. I would willingly have put him in, but he would not deign to lift up his head, so, in disgust, I have shut the door upon him and left him outside."

"You did quite right, my dear," said the Queen. "Come to bed, and go to sleep!"

Such, as you have heard, was the bad luck of this noble lord; and since he could not when his lady would, I believe that since then, when he had the power, his lady's will was not to be had.





Mémoires d'une Demoiselle de Bonne
Famille, redigés par elle-même, revus, cor-
rigés, élagués, adoucis et mis en bon français par
Ernest Feydeau. Paris, Glady frères, 10, rue de la
Bourse, 1874.

12mo. 246 pp.

THE celebrated novelist, Ernest Feydeau, is supposed to have suffered from erotic mania in his latter days, and that is the reason why he wrote this highly-spiced novel. This is the original form in which the work appeared in print; it cannot be called an edition, as only a few proof copies were struck off. The one I saw bore the stamp of the printer, J. Claye, with the mention: "2^e épreuve." Three years afterwards it was published with the imprint: "Londres, A. R. Williams, Editeur, 5, Newgate Street, E. C. 1877." 16mo. 143 pp. This volume, of which a very considerable number must have been struck off, contains the same matter as that printed by Claye, with two or three trifling differences. It bears every evidence of having been printed in London—the paper, type and ornamentations being undoubtedly English—to Glady's order, as Williams was their London agent at that time. It is simply a reprint of one of the proof copies before mentioned.

The "Mémoires d'une Demoiselle" do not contain the whole

of the author's MSS., as originally written; the Parisian proof-reader no doubt considered some of the passages too free to appear in a book destined for open and public sale, and either modified or omitted them. A transcript of the original manuscript was afterwards put into the hands of Messrs. Gay and Doucé, of Brussels, who, towards the end of 1877, issued the work as follows: "Souvenirs d'une Cocodette, écrits par elle-même. Leipzig, chez Landmann, éditeur, 1878." 8vo., 179 pp.

This edition contains an "Avant-propos," and a "Postface," by the publishers, and in the latter are given the variations between this edition and that of Glady; not all, but sufficient to form a fair estimate as to how far the two versions differ. This volume is in every respect more desirable than that of Glady, for in spite of the trifling omissions, there are many additions, and those generally in the most interesting parts.

The edition of Leipzig (Brussels), is illustrated by a frontispice and ten etchings by J. Chauvet, printed by F. Nys, signed, not free, poor in invention, and not remarkably well executed. In addition to these, Chauvet executed a set of nine water-colour drawings, quite free, and displaying more inspiration than those published with the volumes.

This series, together with the original pencil drawings for the eleven etchings published, were in the possession of Pisanus Fraxi, unless I am greatly mistaken, together with some autograph letters of the artist referring to the designs. *More suo*, Chauvet reproduced the 9 water-colour drawings above-mentioned for a Parisian amateur, who also possessed the original MSS. of Feydeau.

My copy of this book is on China paper, and I have the 11 plates in their first state, signed by the designer, on China paper also; the same on Dutch paper, in red and in sepia; with three of the original drawings, or sketches of them; and, last but not least—another set of the famous unique(?) nine obscene pictures, very delicately executed this time in pencil! Chauvet was a curious Bohemian character, but I am afraid, the poor fellow—peace to his ashes, he was run over in the street, I believe—was not over scrupulous. I think he kept tracings of most of his book illustrations, which were generally free, and sold them over and over again. He also executed *aquarelles* in the style of the little masters of the eighteenth century, who were greatly in fashion just before his death,

and I am sorry to say that unscrupulous dealers frequently palmed them off as originals. They were done on bits of old paper and looked very pretty. I have one of those drawings before me now, and there is a long note of the time(?) on the back, signed and dated, in beautiful coffee-coloured ink. How far Chauvet was guilty, I know not, and how far the dealers went with him will always remain a secret, but many a forged drawing has been dubbed a "Chauvet," when he had nothing to do with it. But give a dog a bad name, etc. He was a spiritualist, and in his latter days, went out to evening parties with a cataleptic lady who fell into trances, foretold the future and peered into the past for a consideration, frightening people out of their wits into the bargain.

The London edition was reprinted in Brussels, in 1882, for Charles Gilliet, apparently from the stereotyped plates, on larger and better paper, with a new title page and a frontispice by J. Henriot. The titles and text are framed in red.

The book is thoroughly lascivious and gives the life of a woman, which although destined to show up the corruption of the Second Empire, is nothing more than the story of thousands of ladies, who are unfortunate in marriage. Our heroine has a profligate mother and then goes to school where she tells of Sapphic scenes. Then her cousin takes great liberties with her, but she resists him, and is married without love to a brutal nobleman who treats her in a most unblushing manner on her wedding-night:

...During the whole of the ride, my husband never ceased pressing my arms and hands to his heart, vowing to make me happy and swearing that he was "the happiest of men." At last, we arrived. In the whole of the house there was nobody up but a porter and a footman. The latter opened the door of the entrance hall, and my husband ordered him to go away, as soon as we should have gone upstairs, and when he had put out the gas. While we were ascending, my husband encircled my waist with his arm and supported me affectionately as if he wished to help me to go quicker.

When we reached the first floor, where our private apartments were situated, he made me enter a very elegant boudoir, and then asked me in a coaxing tone if I would kindly allow him to undress me.

I thanked him, assuring him that I was in the habit of undressing myself, which was true. Thereupon, he withdrew into the bedroom, having first pointed out the door of my dressing-room. All this was very cold and may perhaps seem strange. But at that moment, I did

not think so. I felt naught but astonishment, and furiously apprehensive about my first wedding night. A quarter of an hour later, having changed my bridal costume for a pretty dressing-gown, which had been chosen by my mother, I thought it was time to go and seek out my husband. I surprised him seated in front of the fire, in the bedroom, in a morning coat and slippers. He was drinking a cup of tea. Two large lamps fully lit up the room. He rose as he saw me, came towards me, and took the wreath and bouquet of orange blossoms that I had worn all day, and which I innocently offered him as a token of the future. When he had put them away in a *chiffonier*, he came back to me, as I was waiting for him near the fire with easily understood anxiety, seized me in his arms, kissing me lengthily and voluptuously, while he told me he adored me. I felt inexpressible emotion. Although as yet my husband occupied but a very little place in my heart, and in spite of the recommandations of my aunt Aurore, I did not look upon myself as quite a victim for the moment. I feared I knew not what; I apprehended something unknown and terrible. My husband's caresses caused me no repulsion, but I was obliged to make the greatest efforts to submit resignedly to his desires.

Nevertheless, his wishes seemed now and then to be very strange. He had made me sit on a sofa, and kneeling before me, had taken off my white satin shoes, then my stockings, and kissed my naked feet with singular avidity, being in extasy over their beauty. Remembering my aunt's advice in time, I let him do as he liked, without a word. Perhaps I looked silly; but the situation was such a novel one for me, and I experienced such fright; instinctive, unthinking fright, that I was incapable of opening my lips. I noticed that the bed clothes were turned down, and upon the bolster were two pillows side by side.

Nevertheless, my husband had begged me to stand up. When I rose to my feet, he took off my *robe de chambre* in a twinkling. Thus I found myself before him in my chemise, and I confess I felt full of shame. What a fearful position for a woman who was still a young girl! The remembrance of adventures that had happened to me before, and which then came back to my mind, did not at all attenuate the inconceivable feeling of uneasiness that I experienced. I tried as well as I could to inwardly lecture and scold myself, but it was all in vain. I was in my shift, barefoot. A man was looking at me. That was enough.

To-day, I well know that all women, of all times, and of all countries have been through this ordeal and did not die. The greater number, even, I believe, did not consider it necessary to make as much fuss as I did, not finding the proceedings so extraordinary or troublesome. I repeat that all had no effect.

It was not only my conscience, but my whole flesh and body that

shuddered and rebelled as it felt itself thus beneath the gaze of a man.

As I struggled, my comb fell; and my black hair rolled down in its entire length, that is to say, to my thighs.

Then it was no longer admiration, but extasy. In reality, I must have been admirably beautiful.

Never could I have fancied that a man's transports would reach so far, above all with regard to a naked woman. He unceasingly uttered exclamations. One might say he could taste no delight unless he flavoured it with the pleasure of talking.

He told me that I was the most beautiful of all women, and that he had never seen one who could be compared to me, that I possessed all the charms that pleased him most, and that he preferred; to hear him, "my arms, my legs, my feet were so many wonders." And then he cried out, as he walked round me:

"Heavens! how tall you are! God! how thin! How your frame is *svelte* and elegant! You seem to me to be taller than ever!"

After that, he made turn first on one side and then on the other, lift up my arms and throw myself backward; and then, he never left off repeating that what was most beautiful and delicious in me was the contrast formed by my skin so fine and so white with my black tresses, which then fell behind me like a mantle, enhancing my whole shape.

A woman in love with her husband might have esteemed herself happy, might perhaps have been moved. At the risk of being supposed ill-tempered to the point of causing myself to be detested by all men, I confess with the most complete candour that this exposure wearied me, in spite of the compliments which were lavished on my charms. At one moment, a mad wish came over me to pick up my scattered garments and fly far away, so far that my husband could never catch me. And then, overwhelmed by the comical aspect of the situation, I was obliged to hold my sides, so as not to burst out into laughter.

"My aunt never spoke about this examination," said I to myself. "Do all women have to undergo this disagreeable inspection?"

I suppose that involuntarily I let a little of my bitterness escape me, for my spouse suddenly appeared to me as if grieved. However, as with him impressions were always fleeting, he jumped up, took me in his arms, lifted me up like a feather, and without even leaving me time enough to guess what he was about, he carried me to my couch and put me to bed.

Henceforth, nothing took place that was not very ordinary. In two minutes, my husband was undressed and stretched by my side. He pressed me in his arms and stifled me with kisses.

"Now is the time!" said I to myself, in childish terror. "Oh! auntie, why are you not with me to keep up my courage!"

I neither know or care how other women have pulled through under these disenchanting circumstances.

As for me, in my relative state of innocence, I found it all so bestial, so painful, that I fancied I was the victim of an abominable assault. In my ingenuousness, it seemed to me, and it had always seemed so, that marriage was above all something sacred. I inwardly said that my husband ought to have respected me, treating me like his comrade in life's struggles, and not as a male among animals treats the female.

"What are you doing? what are you about? You hurt me frightfully. You are a savage," said I to my husband, convulsively struggling to escape from his grasp and elude his violence.

I did not experience the most passing voluptuous sensation. Nothing but pain.

I have forgotten what my husband answered me.

I think he said that people got married to have children, and other commonplace remarks which he did not even believe himself. I hardly listened to him. I was entirely absorbed by the thing in itself. I do not know if I am more soft, or built differently to ordinary women. It is not very likely. What I know well is that I endured a kind of most disagreeable torture.

It was the atrocious and harrassing sensation of a red-hot iron driven a thousand times with sudden thrusts into the most tender part of my bowels.

Icy perspiration covered my brow. I thought I was dying.

It was then that I was fully able to appreciate the justice of my aunt's comparison: "Man is a sword." "Great Heaven! what a sword!" I inwardly exclaimed.

Once more I say that I know all these things are most natural and common. "Natural, as are all life's functions," my father would have said, "like being born and dying." All women have suffered this ordeal. I know it. And after the first experience, some of them, the majority, do not complain.

The proof is that they return to it.

If there was only this in these memoirs, even with the utmost good faith that inspires me as I write, a superficial reader might regret the time passed in perusing them. As far as I am concerned, I know nothing in the world more sensational and more acute than these vulgar proceedings submissively supported by every one of us, and which none has ever thought of analysing. That is my only excuse for having had the idea of relating so many private details.

One last word to finish this chapter.

When my tender spouse fell asleep after six successive onslaughts, I found myself all bloody.

Then her husband gets into debt and she prostitutes herself to keep up appearances and pay his losses at the gambling

table and her own toilettes, for Madame is very fond of dress. Her lover, a very rich old man; her cousin Alfred; her husband; and a friend, Madame de Couradilles, who plays an important part in the story, are all at a country house. Alfred, the young gentleman who tried to take liberties with her when she was a young girl, saves her from the attack of a mad dog, and he is dangerously wounded himself. She nurses him and feels love for him, but not of a sensual kind. The senile paymaster is not jealous of him, as Alfred acts as a screen to prevent her husband divining his intrigue. Madame de Couradilles betrays our heroine to her cousin, who is pleased to play the part required of him and asks for his reward, which is not granted, as the disappointed woman seems destined always to fall into the hands of selfish sensualists. Her husband has only married her in order to enjoy the most refined and salacious voluptuousness, and he tries vainly to bend her to his corrupt tastes. Alfred is suffering, her elderly admirer is taking phosphorus to spur on his jaded virility, and she is thoroughly unhappy.

Such was the state of affairs when an event occurred so strange and inconceivable, that I hardly know how to tell it. Many years have passed, but I still tremble as I think of it.

It was night. It must have been a little after twelve. I had been in my room an hour, and had just got into bed. I did not sleep. I was reading. A candle, near my pillow, on the night-table, was my only light. The room had two doors. One, situated at the end of the room, opened on a passage giving on a staircase; the other, facing my bed, ten paces off, gave into a spare bedroom, which, for the last four days, was occupied by Madame de Couradilles. Thus, we were both neighbours, and while dressing in the morning, we often paid short visits to each other.

My husband's room was a little way off, in the same corridor. Those of my cousin and of the Baron de C***, (*her lover*), were on the upper story.

I was reading, when I thought I heard a slight noise proceeding from the closed door communicating with the room of Madame de Couradilles. I turned my head in that direction. What did I see? I could scarcely believe my eyes. The door had just been opened, and on the threshold, immovable, silent, stood a woman who was completely naked.

Yes, stark naked.

By the slight figure, the exquisite whiteness of her skin, the golden hue of her hair, the graceful and alluring aspect of the collective

beauties of her person, it was easy for me to recognize Madame de Couradilles. As she continued to remain motionless, without speaking; not knowing what she was doing there, what she wanted, what was her aim, and awaiting until she deigned to explain, I confess I felt a certain pleasure in letting my glance wander over every part of her pretty body. Although she was about forty, never having had a baby, the lines of her frame were as pure as those of a virgin. Nothing can give an idea of the loveliness of her breasts, the smallness of her feet, the suppleness of her figure. It was the perfection of beauty.

Perhaps Madame de Couradilles had relied on my examination to trouble my senses despite myself. She postured therefore before me, as if trying to enhance all the beauties of her body, slowly turning from side to side. Nevertheless, as she could not keep on with this graceful play eternally, she made up her mind to step forward a few paces, but with an embarrassed air and her arms hanging idly down. She came towards my bed. But at that moment, revolted at the woman's shamelessness, and pointing my finger at her:

"What are you doing here?" said I. "What do you want of me? You must be mad to come and seek me out in such a state, at such an hour!"

She uttered no word of reply. So I continued:

"If this is a joke, it offends me, and I think it is in most detestable taste. Begone!"

She continued to advance, her left arm folded in front of her, at the waist; swinging her hips, absolutely as if she was clothed and had some elegant skirt to show off, which gave her an awkward appearance. And her eyes were downcast. Nevertheless, I felt myself becoming more and more impatient at the prolongation of this scene. That is why I made up my mind to jump out of bed, and I ran to Madame de Couradilles. By this time I was seriously uneasy, and could not make out what it all meant.

I took her in my arms.

"Have you really lost your reason?" I asked her. "You pain me. I pray you, if you love me, return to your bed."

"If I love you!" she murmured.

We were then both near my bed; she, quite naked, and I, in my chemise.

"Heavens! how cold I am!" she exclaimed.

"And no wonder. What is the meaning of this idea of yours?"

She caught me round the waist.

"Let me sleep with you," she said. "You will warm me."

When we were together between the sheets, she pressed against me, still shivering. She had passed her arms round my neck. She kissed my eyes and my cheeks. Her lips were on fire.

"This is still more extraordinary than what took place at my convent!" said I to myself.

I had the strongest wish however to obtain the explanation of these singular demonstrations. I pressed her for an answer.

"Are you ill?" I asked her. "Or is this some fit of madness?"

She gripped me tighter than ever.

"Poor creature! can you not understand me?" she rejoined. "This is love. Yes, the most violent, unconquerable love. And alas! the most incomprehensible!"

She twisted herself about and enlaced me. I felt her entire frame boiling on mine. I was as usual, as cold as marble.

"This is real madness!" I said to her. "Can love exist between two women, two persons of the same sex?"

She drew away from me.

"Are you so innocent, so silly? It would not be believed, placed as you are between two men so experienced as your husband and your lover."

Then clasping me again, and showering the most inflammatory kisses upon me:

"Cannot you understand that I adore you?"

"If so, I pity you, even if I consented to let myself be loved by you, and I do not consent to it, for it is madness! we are both women. What is to be done?"

She did not answer me. But she sprang out of bed. Then, catching hold of sheets and blankets, she threw them on one side.

And then, to my great stupefaction, without leaving me time to defend myself, she seized hold of my legs.

And I was violated, without the shadow of a doubt.

But that was nothing as yet. However amazing the affair appeared to me so far, it was all nothing—no, nothing. What happened to me afterwards, surpassed everything, even dreams or delirium. At the moment when I began to be resigned to my unspeakable martyrdom—for it will be remembered that any attempt to excite my senses was torture for me—a man's footstep was heard in the corridor, stopping at my door, as if some indiscreet person had watched all that had taken place in my room through the keyhole, or had been eavesdropping. I felt myself more dead than alive. Madame de Couradilles did not allow herself to be troubled in the midst of her inconceivable attempt on my person. Suddenly, the door opened, a black shadow appeared on the threshold, and thanks to the draught from the passage, to my great terror, the candle went out.

Madame de Couradilles still did not move. She stuck to me like a leech. The flooring might have caught fire under her feet, I think, and she would not have made a movement to escape. The room was dark. Nevertheless, and in spite of my confusion, I was able to distinguish objects dimly. The shadow had left the doorway and approached. It had the step and the look of a man. I said to myself: "A man! Yes, but who?" There were three males at the

château and all of them had, or thought they had, the right of coming to my room at night, without knocking.

The man continued to advance. Who was it—my husband, the baron, or my cousin? Impossible to distinguish anything! There was something truly frightful for me in this occurrence. The man was near the bed, close to my head, against my pillow.

His face, however, bent towards mine and he gave me a very affectionate kiss. I recognised my husband.

He was the only one of the three who wore his entire beard. It was through that I recognised him.

"I am as good as dead!" I immediately thought inwardly. "He is frightfully jealous, unceasingly informing me to what excesses jealousy might carry him; and surprising me thus in this strange flagrant criminality with Madame de Couradilles, he will never consent to believe in the real truth. Whatever I may say, he will never admit that she used violence to me, and that I am pained by what she is doing. He will suppose I am her accomplice and will strangle me without more ado!"

So said I. And, in another second, I expected to appear before God. Already, I imagined that I felt his hands tightening round my throat.

But I was far from realising the true state of affairs.

Just at the instant when I feared to die by the explosion of my husband's fury, I saw him retreat to the foot of the bed—to where Madame de Couradilles was. And while the lust-maddened woman continued her Lesbian task on my person, he committed a rape upon her beneath my very eyes.

Disgusted at her husband's conduct, as he had incited his wife's friend to commit this Sapphic outrage, she separates from him and finishes her life in solitude, confessing that she never had but one real passion in life—the love of fine clothes.





The surprising adventures of a female husband! containing the whimsical amours, curious incidents, and diabolical tricks of Miss M. Hamilton, alias Mr. G. Hamilton, alias Minister Bently, alias Doctor O'Keefe, alias Mrs. Knight, the Midwife, &c. who married three wives! and lived with each some time undiscovered, for which acts she was tried at the summer Sessions in the county of Somerset, in the year 1752, found guilty, and whipped four several times, in four market towns, and afterwards imprisoned six months; notwithstanding which, on the evening of the first day of her exposure, she attempted to bribe the gaoler to procure her a fine young girl to gratify her most monstrous and unnatural propensity. London: printed and sold by J. Bailey, 116, Chancery-Lane.

(The date is erased in the copy before me.) Small 8vo; 23 pp.



HERE is a fine folding frontispice, coloured, and signed "G. Cruikshank *fecit*," representing one of the whippings of this extraordinary English tribade, who was born in the Isle of *Man*, in 1721. She is represented as a slight, youthful-looking person, with short, curly hair, blue breeches and topboots, but being stripped to the waist, the artist has been careful to draw a fine feminine

bosom. She is standing with her arms above her head, fixed in the pillory, and a fat executioner is drawing blood from her back with a large cat-o'-nine-tails.

I have transcribed the title fully, as that gives a faithful summing-up of this remarkable little pamphlet, which would form a most useful contribution to the history of tribadism in England, if such a history were ever to be written, but it is unnecessary to do so, as to steer clear of the shoals of generalization, I am prepared to state in my usual happy-go-lucky manner that vice of all kinds, natural and unnatural, has always flourished everywhere, more or less, and will continue to do so, until the end of the chapter.

The heroine in question seems to have been debauched when young by a neighbour, Anne Johnson:

...and transactions pretty generally took place which decency forbids us to explain, suffice it to say, curious and gratifying machinery of delicate composition were (*sic*) in great request.

Miss Hamilton goes off to Bristol with Anne, and the latter gets married—to a real man. Mary Hamilton was absent at Bath at that time and wrote the following characteristic epistle:

My dear Miss Johnson,

I have had extraordinary pleasure since I have been here, and fared well in my double capacity. I have been to the Theatre five times, twice as a woman, and thrice as a man, and one night, in the former character, throwing out a bait, I was picked up by an army officer, who was pretty mellow; he took me home with him and treated me with a good supper and wine, we slept together, and in the morning he expressed himself highly gratified, and, at breakfast, presented me with a five pound note.

Three nights out of the five, I succeeded in picking up and taking home some young girl, and after practising the usual game, they promised to secrecy, sold them some of my wares at a high price, who brought me a lot of customers, and took off all my stock—but with no one have I ever enjoyed half the pleasure as with my dear Johnson, whom I long to be with again, therefore expect me in a day or two.—Yours, &c. M. HAMILTON.

One of her adventures consisted in masquerading in the garb of a doctor and marrying a young woman "who had the green sickness."

88 The Surprising Adventures of a Female Husband

The doctor and her wife lived together about a fortnight without the least doubt being conceived either by the wife, or any other person, of the doctor's being as much a man, as he appeared; but women will gossip, and one morning, the doctor having drank too freely over night, slept rather soundly and longer than usual, and was at length awakened by the curiosity of his wife, who was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break; on perceiving which, says she, my dear, what, what, is the matter? what have I done to make you so uneasy? tell me, pray do tell me!!!—Done, says she, amidst many sobs, have you not married and ruined me, a poor young girl, when you have not—have not the essentials of a man?

The horrified girl leaves her, and Mary Hamilton is off again and finds fresh victims, until she is finally found out and sentenced:

...to be publicly and severely whipped four several times, in four market towns, and to be imprisoned for six months.

These whippings were accordingly inflicted, and indeed so severely, that many persons who had more regard to beauty than to justice, could not refrain from exerting some pity towards her when they saw so lovely a skin scarified with rods, and to such a degree that her back was almost flayed. Yet, astonishing to tell, so little effect had the smart or shame of the punishment upon her, that on the evening of the very same day she had suffered the first Whipping, she endeavoured to bribe the gaoler to procure her a young girl to gratify her most monstrous and unnatural Propensities, having artfully secreted some of her indescribable Machinery.

She afterwards set up as a midwife, still carrying on her old practices, and died about three years afterwards, aged 37:

...leaving behind her a trunk nearly full of her diabolical machinery, and a recipe for the green sickness.





The Sword and Womankind: being a study of the influence of the "Queen of Weapons" upon the moral and social status of women. Adapted from Ed. de Beaumont's "L'Epée et les femmes," (1) with additions and an index by Alfred Allinson, M. A., Oxon., and an etched frontispice by Albert Bessé. The Society of British Bibliophiles, printed for subscribers only. 1900. (n. p.)

8vo., xx—410 pp., with a very fine frontispice by Paul Avril, engraved by Bessé, and a pretty vignette on the last page. Issue: 1000 numbered copies on simili-Japanese paper, all bound in green *moiré* cloth and in cases.

A truly beautiful volume; well printed and edited. Stern specialists, full of a heavy stock of real learning, sneer at the lovers of books, who can read and enjoy almost anything that is printed, but who give a preference to those that are legibly and correctly printed on real paper—not the clay-loaded, imitation hand-made of the false "édition de luxe"—with wide margins, and an appropriate binding that will open squarely and not break. When with all these uncommon blessings, we get a readable text, our dreams of happiness are complete. The grim student confined to one branch of literature and looking down on the

(1) "L'Epée et les femmes," par Ed. de Beaumont. Paris, Librairie des Bibliophiles, 1881, 8vo., with five sketches by Meissonier.

butterfly bibliophile may perchance be able to slowly and ponderously digest his mental nourishment, but he can never feel the joy and repose that we experience when we jump from one style of reading to another. Can you remember your first trip to the Continent, and your first taste of French bread and butter, with mellow *café au lait*? I can, and although, of course, as a sturdy young Englishman fresh from sprinting and football, I affected to despise the effete grandsons of the men we defeated at Waterloo, my mind and mouth were marvelling at the exquisite taste of the Gallic bread and cunning coffee and chicory, after the stodgy "household," London-cured haddock, and stewed tea of the ordinary struggling Briton. It was a great change; a change from something coarse and heavy, albeit nourishing all the same, to a dainty little meal, where each thing had a taste, that was peculiar to itself; clean to the palate and full of aroma. So I feel whenever I get hold of a new book, written round some delicate subject new to me, and which has not been hackneyed. And this indescribable, never-to-be-forgotten thrill, which I may call the sensuality of the book, without which there is no true bibliophilic feeling, came over me when I had the privilege of handling the graceful "Sword and Womankind."

The French are cunning, clever artists, whether in cooking, or in the art of draping the rounded frame of beautiful women, and their same fairy touch is discernable when they take up their pointed pens to write about the fair sex. (Did you ever notice what fine steel nibs the French people use? If ever you want a good laugh, try and make a son of Gaul write with a broad "J" pen.) They flirt with their theme, just as if they were trying amorous conclusions with a flesh and blood *pucelle*, and mask their knowledge beneath a heap of rose-leaves. In such elegant wise has the gentle courtier Edouard de Beaumont completed his task, as he gossips so sweetly anent the influence of women over men and soldiers, until their fatal Delilah-like spells had gradually and surely brought about as a natural consequence their own degradation, and the gradual disappearance of the bright blade which in olden days was the symbol of man's nobility.

The author has very ably hidden his learning and is careful never to let us become wearied, for it would have been easy to drop into monotony, had the fascinating theme been treated

with a heavy hand, as if "made in Germany." The historical groundwork, and remarkable scaffolding of notes keeps the edifice steady, and the author travels with unfaltering step from the barbarous ages in Europe, when woman was a divinity, until he regretfully reaches the final disuse of honest steel at the end of the XVIIIth century.

There is some very surprising extra matter at the end of this edition, which is not to be found in the original, relating among other pleasing topics to the famous Lesbian, Mademoiselle de Maupin; and finally there is a very flattering description of that rarity: an Anglo-Saxon swordswoman, Miss Lowther.





Flagellation in France from a Medical and Historical Standpoint. Pathological Studies of the Past. Paris, Charles Carrington, publisher of Medical, Folk-Lore and Historical Works, 13, faubourg Montmartre, 1898.

Large 8vo., xi—164 pp., printed outer wrapper. On the title-page is a vignette showing a Greek mask with the motto, "Riez, et le monde rit avec vous."

Frontispice, after an old French engraving: "The Flagellation of Venus."



HIS is the first edition of a book which was sold out almost immediately after publication and a second issue followed three years afterwards, with the title changed, as follows:

Curious Cases of Flagellation in France considered from a legal, medical and historical standpoint with reference to analogous cases in England, Germany, Italy, America, Australia, and the Soudan. "He is much mistaken, in my opinion, who thinks that authority exerted by force, is more weighty and more lasting than that which is enjoined by kindness." Terence, *Adelphi*. Second edition, copyright, entered at Stationers' Hall. London, privately printed for the Subscribers to Dr. Cabanès' "Bypaths of History," 1901.

8vo., vii—269 pp. 500 copies on handmade paper.

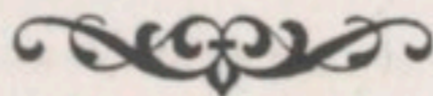


THIS is a very fine work for all desiring information anent a subject which always seems to exercise a peculiar fascination for Englishmen, if I may judge by the number of erotic works devoted to the effect produced by birching, whipping, and generally: flogging or being flogged. It is not my intention to enter into this question here, as it would take me too long, especially as I am far from being an authority, for all the beating I know consists in beating the dust out of my books, so I was much impressed with the wonderful amount of strange stories and documents that had been got together from all parts of the world to make up this entertaining and sturdy volume, which contains double the matter of the first edition, now quite out of print.

There are so many wonderful examples of flagellation, both in olden days and of our time, that I am quite at a loss to point out some part that is better than another, as all is equally interesting. But I must mention that a German novelist, who never missed an opportunity to write about the subjugation of man to tyrannical and cruel women—Sacher-Masoch—is here presented to the English-reading public for the first time, as a translation of one of his short stories is given, under the title, "The Crash!"

This work is a very useful one, as those who are seeking scientific data, will be amply satisfied, while others, not knowing the hidden fascination of flagellation for its votaries, will open their eyes and understand; and as for the veterans, they will likewise find fresh matter to serve as comparison with what they know already.

I may mention that "Flagellation in France," is admirably printed, full of bibliographical references, and does not contain a word that would wound the most susceptible searcher after light and truth.





Les Dialogues de P. Arétin surnommé le fléau des princes, le véridique, le divin, divisés en trois journées. (1) 'La vérité engendre la haine.' Traduit de l'Italien par A. Ribeaucourt. MDLXXXIII. (Paris, 1879.)

2 vols. 8vo. uncut, parchment covers. 289 pp. for the first part, and 426 pp. for the second.

WITHOUT going into the merits of this celebrated work, we only note this extraordinary edition, limited to fifteen copies only. Mine is No. 10. I think it better to let the translator tell his own story:

Although using purer language and having greater respect for decency, are men of the nineteenth century more virtuous at bottom than those of the sixteenth, when Aretino wrote his Ragionamenti? This is doubtful, when we recollect that the nature of mankind has not been able to change itself and that the foundation on which its morality are established have remained the same. Catholicism which had fashioned the manners of that epoch still oppresses us with its fatal influence; and if it has lost a portion of its apparent power, it is fully compensated by the occult supremacy obtained by the Jesuits' Company whose members at present occupy the principal places in the army, the magistrature and the civil administration. It results therefore that under the pretext of protecting public morals, these short-robed Jesuits show the greatest severity for all literary works,

(1) Three dialogues in each volume.

ancient or modern, which might cause doubts of the purity of the clergy and the different religious orders to spring up.

No printer in France would have consented to expose himself to their persecution, by printing my translation of the *Ragionamenti*; and, as I wished that it should not be lost and that it might be vulgarised, when at last the liberty of the press should exist without restraint in the country of Voltaire and Rabelais, I formed the plan of printing about fifteen copies myself; but that was not an easy task for a man totally ignorant of the art of typography, and not having the means to buy a press and everything else necessary for striking off a book, if not elegantly, at least correctly.

Nevertheless, being persuaded that with patience and perseverance, one may manage to conquer many difficulties, I set resolutely to work, having nothing else to carry out my idea but a wooden frame, twenty centimeters long and thirteen wide; a little hand-roller, and a few hundred letters, which only allowed me to set up and print one page at a time.

I therefore hope, that knowing how it was done, those who may look upon this work will be indulgent for its numerous typographical imperfections. I have not executed it for those bibliomaniacs who only prize a book for the beauty or the rarity of the edition, but for the bibliophiles who seek it out for its literary value.

If I obtain the suffrages of this latter class, I shall be amply rewarded for my trouble, for that will prove the *Ragionamenti* of Aretino deserved to be translated and that I have translated them well.

This worthy translator of Aretino into French was an officer of the Gallic army who fell in love with the divine Pietro during a voyage in Italy, and knowing his pet author by heart, he refused to allow a fig-leaf to be placed on the statue he adored, and his excellent rendering does not gloss over the obscene passages. Since the appearance of this curious edition in 1879, Liseux issued his complete translation in French, where the free parts are in Latin; and another in English, (1) but no one can deny that Ribeaucourt's version

(1) *Les Dialogues du divin Pietro Aretino, entièrement et littéralement traduits pour la première fois, (by Alcide Bonneau). Paris, Liseux, 1879—Londres, 1880, 6 vols. small 18mo.*

The *Ragionamenti*, or Dialogues of the divine Pietro Aretino. Literally translated into English, with a reproduction of the author's portrait engraved by Mark Antony Raimondi from the picture of Titian. Paris, Liseux, 1889. 6 vols, 8vo.

In 1882, Liseux issued a complete French translation with the Italian text and the same portrait as before, in 6 vols. 8vo. It forms No 4 of his series called: "*Musée Secret du Bibliophile.*"

He also published a set of 20 engravings to illustrate these Dialogues, drawn by L. Dünki, and engraved by A. Prunaire. (Paris, 1882.) About 400 struck off: small and large papers.

is carefully and neatly rendered. Of course, the curiosity is the undisputed fact that these two thick volumes were really printed as the author states, and although fully readable in good, large-sized type, they look necessarily amateurish and resemble, in point of fact, a printer's rough proofs, drawn off *à la brosse*. And that is why I like the pair of sturdy tomes before me as I write, for I hold the brain and hand work of a student, and not a glossy, big-margined bookseller's catch-guinea, stuffed with zinc blocks, on paper full of plaster, destined to stop a bung-hole in some twenty years, instead of living for ever, like the pure linen-rag pulp of our grandfathers, or, perchance, struck off on that vile stuff, (for bookwork at least)—Japanese paper—with its long hairs sticking out of it, not allowing you to clean it from the slightest stain or smudge.

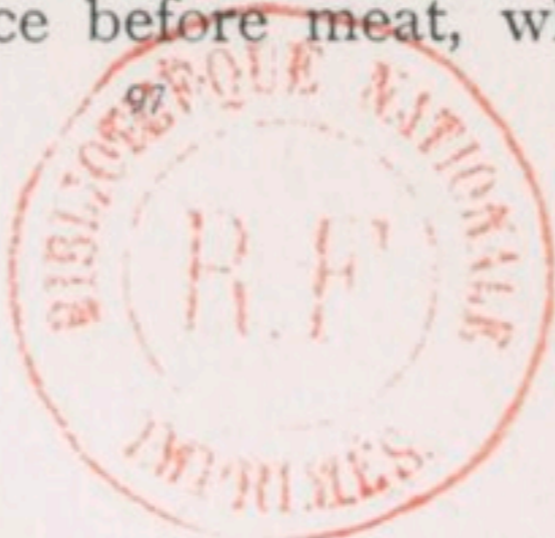




Weird Women, translated from the French
of Barbey d'Aurevilly. With thirteen wood
engravings. London, privately printed. Lutetian Biblio-
philes' Society. MCM.

Small 8vo. 490 pp. 500 copies on Dutch paper.

BOOKS have their fate, and this hackneyed Latin axiom, which may be found by the diligent student in every handbook of quotations, has never been so well exemplified as in this instance. The author, the romantic Barbey, the last survivor of the roaring lions of the 1830 period, dethroned by Zola in his last days, was a most fascinating writer. He managed to mix together in his books, as well as in his own life, two elements that being entirely different still go extraordinarily well together: religion and lust. He was a devout Catholic, and an ardent profligate, and so are all his heroes. As for his heroines, the less said about them the better. But there is nothing new under the sun—nor on a Sunday. How many illicit loves have not been begun in church, and is there not a crucifix, and a bit of blessed box, left over from Palm Sunday, in many a whore's alcove in France and Italy? In Spain, things are even worse, and the church is used as a trysting place for lovers; but there is no harm in it. On the contrary, it is the mere childish hope and belief that Heaven looks after those who pray, and if a girl murmurs a grace before meat, why should she not



thank the mysterious high influence that sends her a rich old fellow to give her gold, or a lusty young lad to grant her enjoyment? How are these simple-minded people, having been brought up and educated, more or less, by the priests, to know any better? And the wonderful influence of the black robe in infancy remains through life in many cases and confuses the greatest intellects, as in the case of our big naughty Barbey, who ought to be called Baby, d'Aurevilly.

His books are delightful, and his women are volcanoes, always in eruption. How he delights in picturing wicked creatures, and the harm they do, and how they wreak vengeance on the men who offend them, and how the male victim sometimes turns round, poor worm that he is, and metes out dreadful punishment on the sphinx-like enchantresses and heartless sirens Barbey loves to depict so boldly and in such vivid prose. But he never becomes vulgar. He was the last man to wear lace ruffles, pegtop trousers, velvet waistcoats, a frilled shirt, and a curly-brimmed hat of real fluffy beaver, of the fine old Tom and Jerry type. His manuscripts resembled a transformation scene, as he had a dozen inkstands on his writing-table all filled with different coloured writing fluids, so that his mood was defined and his inspiration fed by the change of hue of different lines as he wrote.

In 1874, he brought out a volume containing six short stories, six little jewels, sparkling with wit, talent and passional novelty and surprises, and which was called, "*Les Diaboliques*." (Paris, Dentu, 12mo.) Justice swooped down upon it, and out of 2,200 copies that had been put upon the market the authorities pounced upon 480 at the binder's, and with the consent of the publisher and the author, always obedient to the powers, as every pious man should be, consented to let all these copies be destroyed and so avoid the dock. This was done, and in 1883 a new edition was issued (Paris, Lemerre, small 12mo.) with a set of 10 plates by Félicien Rops, and very disappointing they are too. Why what was destroyed as immoral shall be allowed to be re-issued after nine years is one of those things that can only be understood by the supposition that Catholic and clerical ministers were no longer in the Ministry, and that Socialists were. It must have been something of that kind, and I leave it to the students of the side-paths of history to settle the matter, which is of

no consequence at all. But I often dream maliciously of the hetacomb of literary men, and the wholesale seizures of printed matter that would take place if only a devout Catholic and pious pretender was to occupy a brand-new throne in France, attended by some stern chaplain of the good old inquisitorial type.

Barbey's ashes would be scattered over the face of the earth, and his books burnt by the gentleman who releases the spring of the guillotine. But no persecution ever crushed a book, and when we are all dead and gone, his wonderful works will thrill new generations, who will hardly be able to recite their line of kings and queens without mistakes, while as to defunct ministers—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—I would rather be a murderer than a Cabinet minister, if I wanted my name to go down to posterity. There is no doubt that the name of some scrofulous scribbler, who dared to discuss the effects of vice and passion on his fellow-men, will long outlive that of—well, I'll mention nobody. But do not think I am magnanimous. It is because I have no room, and my worthy publisher declares that he does not wish to bring out a biographical dictionary.

Barbey's brilliant style and strange methods attracted the attention of one of the most brilliant masters of the English language, who was at the same time the most unfortunate of men, Oscar Wilde. I have been told that he has left behind him a translation of one of the novels of this gifted master—"Ce qui ne meurt pas," ("What Never Dies,")—and if so, it is to be hoped that it will soon see the light.

In the meantime, we must fain be content with "Weird Women," and its masterly printing, fine paper and beautiful illustrations, as this splendid translation of "Les Diaboliques," is the only specimen of Barbey d'Aurevilly in the English language, and worthy of purchase perhaps if only for that reason.





**L e Rideau Levé, ou l'Education de
Laure. A Cythère. MDCCLXXXVI.**

2 parts, 12mo. vi-98 and 122 pp.



HIS is the original edition of a very celebrated erotic story, which turns upon the incestuous passion of a father for his daughter. The "Bibliographie Gay" takes a deal of trouble to assure us that the author of the book is not Mirabeau, to whom it is always attributed, but somebody else. I do not think it matters in the least who wrote it, but that is a purely personal opinion.

This first impression, of which a copy is in my possession, is an excessively rare book, and the successive editions of the XVIIIth century are far from being common. There are six free plates, very well drawn and engraved, although Gay mentions 12. That is a mistake, as I have never seen more than the half-dozen I quote. There are three in each volume, numbered from I to VI; and the manner in which they refer to the text and fall into their places, shows that six others would not fit in at all.

Although the above-mentioned volume is the rarest of the rare among French lascivious works, I venture to think that the following little book is rarer still:

"Les Fouteries de Laure, ou son Education Libertine." A Cythère. 1793. 18mo. 2 parts of 140 and 164 pp., and 7 free plates. Six are copies of the original engravings as mentioned above, with another which evidently was not done for the

book, but comes out of some other work. The original edition was certainly printed in France, but this little reprint, under a fresh and more obscene title, was evidently struck off in Belgium or Holland. Its only merit is its wonderful rarity. I have never seen or heard of another copy.

"La Confidence Enlevée, ou les Aveux de Miss Féli Wilson," Londres, MDCCLXXX, 12mo, 204 pp., is a pale imitation of the sprightly original, and the bibliographers declare it should have 5 obscene plates. My copy, from the collection of Monsieur de Béhague, exquisitely bound in full orange morocco by Hardy-Mennil, has only an allegorical frontispice, not free, evidently before letters.

There exist several English translations of "Le Rideau Levé," but I do not think they are complete.





The Old Man Young Again or Age-rejuvenescence in the Power of Concupiscence. Liber redintegratae Aetatis in potentia Libidinis. Literally translated from the Arabic by an English "Bohemian." "Kitab Ruju'a as-Shaykh ila Sabah Fi'l-Kuwwat 'ala-l-Bah," with Translator's foreword, numerous notes illustrating the text, and an excursus on the history, nature and uses of Aphrodisiacs. Paris, Charles Carrington, 13, faubourg Montmartre. MDCCCXCVIII.

Large 8vo. 265 pp., with a very finely engraved vignette printed in the text.

There is a second volume, which is entitled:

The Secrets of Women, being the second part of "The Old Man Young Again," which treats of carnal intercourse between the two sexes and of the means of augmenting their charms and of the possibility of preserving and giving greater force to the same. The author has written the book for the purpose of exciting to connection those who are indifferent

thereto as to a work well-pleasing to God. Englished now for the first time from the Arabic tongue. Paris, (as above,) 1899.

Large 8vo., viii-241 pp., plus a full index to both volumes, up to p. 256. Two beautiful engraved vignettes printed in the text.

Only 500 copies, press-numbered (a few on China paper), of each of the volumes were issued by private subscription. On each title-page there is an Arabic monogram, the translation of which is given in red and black in each volume, enclosed in a diamond shaped frame.



I think I shall be offending my reader if I venture to suppose that he does not know that the Oriental nations, at the period when these books were written, did not look at carnal intercourse in the same shame-faced way as English people do nowadays, but positively gloried in the manifestations of nature that preserved their race, by means of the influence of their rulers and priests who compiled these text-books seeking to teach that all pertaining to generation was holy and sacred. What we call eroticism was merely the desire to inculcate notions of general health and hygiene, so as to have no ricketty children, unfit to do battle with other tribes and invaders; nor poor-blooded and barren wives, useless in peace or war. Superficial observers may turn up their noses with disgust at the unblushing lessons of the holy sheiks who gravely signed their names to these pages brimming over with lust, interspersing their prose in praise of copulation with impassioned appeals to Allah.

Nor can we afford to scoff at the attempts of the Arab lawgivers to inspire their people with such crude notions of pathology as they possessed, for the same are given in the Pentateuch, and the Talmud. It is to this powerful insight into the general laws of health and life that the wonderful Jewish race has been maintained in such purity through generations of persecution and wandering. The old Rabbis did not disdain to occupy themselves with the menstruation of women, and laid down that it was irreligious to cohabit with one's wife when she was unclean. Three days after the cessation of her catamenial flow, the married Jewess repaired to the "Mikvah," or sacred bath, and after immersion and prayer was fit to return to her impatient spouse, no doubt

benefited by the enforced repose of about six days. In all cities to this day, the "Mikvah" still exists, wherever there is a synagogue, and who shall say that such monthly rest and cleanliness, coupled with circumcision of the males, has not done much to preserve the race? In India, the British government has done its best to stamp out some horrible and barbaric practices, such as Juggernaut and the burning of widows, but—unless I am much mistaken—despite the hypocritical horror of missionaries, the cult of the "yoni" and the "lingam" (1) is still carried on, and the sterile woman to this day kisses the member of the holy fakir at the door of the temple, as a talisman for fecundity. It is absurd and disgusting beyond a doubt, as are some of the emblems and decorations of the sacred edifices, but the motive is a pure and respectable one, and the conqueror is obliged to tell Stiggins not to interfere, at least for the moment. In Algeria, the French government shuts its eyes to many so-called obscene practices of the natives, and I have not yet heard that the Ouled-Nails have been imprisoned for carrying on unlicensed prostitution. The girls of this tribe frequent the towns to ply their trade as common courtesans and tattoo their faces with blue marks, while they plait their hair with the gold pieces earned by the sweat of their brows. When they have put by a sufficient sum of money, they return to the desert and marry one of the males of their faith, and the more the prostitute has returned home with, the more she is held up to honour. Some few of these girls were brought to the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and it was amusing to see the embarrassment of Frenchmen who had travelled in Algeria, when questioned about the manners and customs of these lasses. They did not know such a state of things existed! "Since you say so, perhaps it is so, but we dare not trouble the natives too much. In time, we shall see, etc."

It is delightful for the philosophical observer to note the shufflings of Occidental hypocrisy in sexual matters, as we must not forget how the aristocratic families of France and England, followed by the self-made Americans, give high prices for pure-bred racehorses—many thousands of pounds

(1) At Stevens' auction rooms, King-Street, Covent Garden, London, on the 5th of November, 1901, an Indian "lingam," of jade, used by women worshippers of Siva as a charm against sterility, fetched thirteen guineas.—*Author's Note.*

for a yearling—while there are such things as government stallions. Pedigree dogs too, fetch tremendous prices; has not a thousand pounds been paid for a bulldog, such as fifty years ago no one but a burglar or a boxer dared to be seen with? And why not? No sacrifice of money is too great, in my mind, to help to keep the line of any particular breed straight and pure; but, oh, sweet gentlefolks and American plutocrats, together with the new children of Croesus from the far veldt, when you breed Derby winners and carry off the honours of the dog-show, do not marry your virgin daughters to syphilitic suitors, for however blue the blood may be, mercury has spoilt it.

How far I have wandered! Let me hie me back to my mutton and draw this bold dissertation to a conclusion, by quoting the opening words of the "Secrets of Women":

In the Name of Allah the compassionating, the compassionate Whose Help we crave—Praise be to Allah who formed Man out of Potter's clay and planted for him reproductive Strength in a Drop of sperm, in despised water! Then ennobled him by the Gift of Intelligence and the Dowry of Hearing and Vision, and vested him with Lordship over numerous Creatures and made him of all that exist the most Handsome, exciting in him Desires and Pleasures, of which the Best is the Act of Coition, and wrought for him beautiful Women, putting Love and Clemency and Affection between Man and his companions, whose Beauty seemeth in his eyes the most perfect, and permitted Marriage unto him, forbidding Fornication.





The Book of Exposition. The Secrets of Oriental Sexuology. (Kitab al-Izah fi'Ilm al-Nikah b-it-Tamam w-al-Kamal) literally translated from the Arabic by an English Bohemian with Translator's foreword, numerous important notes illustrating the text, and several interesting appendices. Paris, London and New York, Maison d'éditions scientifiques, 13, faubourg Montmartre. MDCCC (All Rights Reserved.)

Post 8vo. 238 pp., with a very pretty engraved frontispice by Paul Avril, free, but not obscene, representing the interior of a harem. Printed outer wrapper. 300 copies, issued to subscribers only, of which a few copies on thin Indian paper.

THE usual flowery prospectus that introduced this new and curious treatise to the notice of bibliophiles—and others—described it as relating to “marriage, love and woman amongst the Arabs.” And that is what it is, purely (or should I say impurely?), and simply.

It is another of those books meant to instruct the followers of Islam in the ways and means of marriage, and forms a fit companion for the two foregoing works.

These three volumes are admirably printed and got up, and the copies on thin paper are especially noticeable. I confess to a liking for the old-fashioned China paper, once in great favour in France, for *éditions de luxe*, but which has now been superseded by Japanese. I do not like the latter, as I have

already said. It is covered with minute fibres, and the least scratch on this flimsy, woolly surface may carry away a few letters. The slightest spot or finger-mark shows up at once, and it is totally impossible to submit it to the same chemical processes as a good paper with a smooth finish, if stained or marked with a blot of ink, or what not. China paper improves by a bath, and fresh glaze.

At the end of this work will be found a valuable *excursus*, being notes on Pederasty, by Sir Richard Burton, from the tenth volume of the original edition of his now famous and rare translation of "The Arabian Nights." The version of those old tales may be interesting for Arabic scholars, but I confess that all I care about in it are the author's notes. This terminal essay is valuable, amusing and extremely interesting.





Thérèse Philosophe, ou mémoires pour servir
à l'histoire de D. Dirrag et de Mademoiselle
Eradice. Nouvelle Edition, exactement revue et corrigée,
avec de nouvelles figures. A Bruxelles. MDCCLXXXV.

THE bibliography of this well-known little erotic story still remains to be done, and the same remark might also apply to all forbidden books. And that is easily to be understood, for obvious reasons. The best bibliography of the kind is that known as the "Bibliographie Gay," (1) so called after the name of its real author, Jules Gay, a bookseller forced to fly from Paris in the sixties. But it is far from being complete. The compiler has not had in his possession the works he notices. He has been forced to copy from catalogues, right and left, but he could not do otherwise, as collectors of this sort of literature keep their treasures quietly hidden for their own private enjoyment, caring little to take notes or lend them to a bibliographer. How then can they be known without purchase? So to catalogue them is impossible except for very rich or very patient people. The resource of the secret cabinets of every public library still remains, but I think that the necessary authorisation to examine prohibited volumes and collate them lengthily would never be

(1) "Bibliographie des ouvrages relatifs à l'amour, aux femmes et au mariage et des livres facétieux, pantagruéliques, scatologiques, satyriques, etc. par M. le Cte d'I***" 4^e édition, entièrement refondue, augmentée et mise à jour par J. Lemonnyer. Lille, Bécour, 1893—99. 4 vols. 8vo.

granted in any country, and all researches in these mysterious depths could only consist of hastily concocted lists, almost secretly carried out under various pretexts.

I do not seek to make a full bibliography of this curious work, as that would necessitate a volume, but I point out the above edition, because I have never seen it mentioned, and the copy I have before me—my own, an' it please you—is the only one that has ever come under my notice.

It is an 18mo, of 192—94 pp., plus one unnumbered page of "avis au relieur pour placer les figures." It is bound in full red morocco, "à long grain," and this fact, together with the style of the tooling, makes me fancy that it was so covered under the First Empire.

There are fifteen engravings and an engraved title page, but what is most curious is that these vignettes, all equally free, are enclosed in ornamental frames, so that each lascivious scene looks like a little miniature, and is numbered, the figures being placed in a large pretentious frame beneath the picture, as if on a clock-face, a thing that I never remarked in a book before.

Towards the end of this work, the titles of some erotic volumes are mentioned, differing slightly in the later editions, as probably each editor would add the name of any book he particularly wished to get rid of. But in every edition, you will find the title: "Frétillon." Do not search for it; it does not exist, but you may amuse yourself considerably if you can put your hand on a book called: "Histoire de Mlle. Cronel, dite Frétillon, actrice de la comédie de Rouen, écrite par elle-même." It is in four parts, 12mo, and generally with a portrait of the heroine; but a fifth part exists, which is very rare. (La Haye, 1750.) I find that the five parts were reprinted in Brussels in 188? by Jean Gay, son of the author of the "Bibliographie," who was in partnership with a lady, Mademoiselle Doucé. It is in two volumes, 12mo., with two engraved frontispices.

These scandalous memoirs of the celebrated actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, are probably a work of vengeance, by a lover, who considered himself aggrieved by her, or they cover some blackmailing scheme. How curious it would be to compile a list of books of revenge written against women, as most celebrated queens of the stage have been libelled in their

time. With all their goodwill, they could not content everybody, could they? So unsuccessful suitors would try to drag them deeper down than ever in the mire, whether they were at the top of the theatrical tree, or only a dancing girl at a music-hall, as in the case of "Crissie; a music-hall sketch of to-day, The Alhambra, 1899." (no place.) 12mo., 154 pp. At the conclusion, there is printed: "End of volume one," but the second volume has hitherto not been published. This book is simply unutterably filthy, and professes to give an idea of the debauched lives led by all people who have anything to do with the large "variety palaces" of London. According to the author, the dramatic agents, the managers, leaders of the orchestra, ballet-masters, and of course the dancing girls, including aristocratic, or rich patrons and directors, are all the vilest creatures in the world, making use of the most horrible language besides. The heroine, Crissie Cazzarotti, is a gifted ballet-dancer, leading a most profligate life, and she is supposed to have really existed. The author of this little volume, evidently printed in London, *circa* 1899, I have been told, was most cruelly treated by her, ruined and driven to drink, and judging by the following extract "Crissie," the queen of the Pandora Palace of Varieties, was evidently betrothed to the writer of this awful "book of revenge."

...in all her relations with the men of her acquaintance she had shown herself absolutely devoid of any sense of womanly self-respect, and, therefore, respect for her they had none either—whatever other feelings she may have inspired them with. Lust, stark carnal lust, was the predominant characteristic of her disposition, and for the gratification of this there was no depth of moral degradation to which she would not descend, no action too base or too disgusting for her to perform. In the extravagance of her mad passion to secure what she called 'the love' of every man she met, and the envy of every woman, she made herself cheaper than dirt itself—and often very much nastier—without apparently being aware of it; for with the ludicrous inconsistency of women of scandalous reputation, she—notoriously abandoned as she was—clung to the insane belief that she was still 'a lady,' and that she was so regarded by the world.

Whether these paramours of hers were young or old, rich or poor, married or single, seemed to be a matter of indifference to her. Just as the whim seized her, she lured them on; but once she had drawn them into the cesspool of her lust, her ardour soon abated, and in nine cases out of ten she would blandly tell her victims, in less than

a month, to 'go to the devil!' She fairly revelled in this hideous incontinence, for, with the lecherous vanity of the true harlot, she believed each 'conquest' she made meant a broken heart to follow, if she chose,—and that her skill in working this kind of havoc among the men to whom she prostituted her body showed her immeasurable superiority over the other women in the theatre.

As a matter of fact, with a very few exceptions, the latter, bad as they were, looked upon her with contempt, disgust and detestation; while as to her discarded lovers, they usually complained that the effect of her seductive caresses was to leave them with broken backs rather than with broken hearts.

The vices and eccentricities of this extraordinary personality were all more remarkable because, up to the age of twenty-two, she had always led a most exemplary life amid all the temptations of the stage. She had commanded the respect and admiration of all the men at the Pandora, and the esteem and even love of all the women; and, save for the intimacy of her relations with a gentleman to whom she was at that time most devotedly attached, and to whom she was to have been married in a few months, the purity and chastity of her life were beyond all question. At this age, however, her mother, whose sole support she had been for years, and from whom she had never been separated, died from a very painful disease, and Crissie for the first time in her life experienced what it was to be bereft of the guiding influence of maternal control. This bereavement marked the turning point in her career; but it will be inconvenient to dwell here upon the details of the astonishingly sudden and abrupt manner in which she embarked upon the life of shame she afterwards led. Let it suffice to say that owing possibly to some mental derangement of the hysteria order, her whole nature underwent a complete change—a violent reversal—in the space of a few days.⁽¹⁾ Everything she had formerly recognised with sorrow as wicked, vicious, and immoral in the conduct and behaviour of her acquaintances on the stage, she now joyfully imitated, and excelled them in its practice. The people, the habits, the things she had always cared for most she now professed to abhor, and her distracted lover most of all. But for the fact that he—poor, foolish wretch!—was led to believe that her conduct was the result of actual insanity, he would have taken her life and his own without a moment's hesitation. Escaping this fate, however, and being left entirely free to follow her own pernicious inclinations, she—with the strange perversity of her sex and calling—foregathered with the lowest class of men and women she met both in and out of the theatre. Of these, she showed a marked preference for the lazy Italian 'pezzenti,' and their friends, who loafed about the house as supers or dressers,

(1) Latent hysteria is often developed during girlhood by a sudden shock. In this case the traumatism might be the death of the mother.—*Author's Note.*

and in whose hands she shortly became so horribly demoralised that everybody but herself knew her as 'the Pandora Prostitute!'

I wonder if Gaillard de la Bataille, to whom is attributed the erotic history of Mademoiselle Cronel-Clairon, is the author of "Thérèse"? He was perhaps only advertising his own writings.

It is rare to find the contemporaneous criticism of a book as pornographical as that of "Thérèse Philosophe," but in "Les Cinq Années Littéraires, ou Nouvelles Littéraires, etc. des Années 1748, 1749, 1751 et 1752," par M. Clément, La Haye, MDCCLIV., 4 parts, 12mo., we find the following, under the date of January 30th, 1749:

Que me demandez-vous, Monsieur, et que dirait Mde. de . . . , que vous m'avertissez qui ouvre vos lettres, si elle trouvait le récit du *Siège de Cythère*, et des *Aventures de Thérèse Philosophe*? A l'égard du premier de ces ouvrages vous pouvez vous rappeler une *Histoire du Prince Apprius*; c'est à peu près la même chose; c'est là sans doute que le nouvel allégoriste a pris son idée, et même une partie de ses anagrammes: mais il faut convenir qu'il est beaucoup plus plaisant que son modèle, plus riant, plus léger, plus ingénieux dans ses descriptions et dans ses allusions. Le dénouement surtout m'a paru très heureux.

Pour *Thérèse*, toutes les horreurs de la plus excessive débauche et de l'irreligion la plus effrénée, vous les verrez maussadement réunies dans ses abominables mémoires. Cependant, comme vous avez été conçu dans le péché, il se pourrait que la partie historique vous offrit des choses qui vous amusassent *vi materie* plus qu'elles ne vous choqueraient par la forme. Je ne sais même si l'histoire du Père Dirrag (1) avec Madlle. Eradice, (2) toute vieille qu'elle est, ne vous paraîtra pas, à quelques bagatelles près, assez plaisamment rajeunie. En revanche, celle de la Bois-Laurier, qui tient presque tout le second volume, ne vous présentera que des obscénités en pure perte, des tableaux bizarres sans agrément, quelquefois d'une grossièreté tout-à-fait dégoutante. J'aurais envie d'en excepter un, maladroitement peint, mais bien imaginé dans sa vilaine espèce; mais je n'ose vous l'indiquer.

Quant à la partie philosophique, ce sont des lieux communs de déisme et de morale relâchée très mal amenés et un peu plus mal écrits. Le livre ne laisse pas de se vendre bien cher, par ce qu'il est nouveau, proscrit, orné d'estampes infames, en un mot libertin en tout sens et à toute outrance.

(1) Nom anagrammatique. (Girard.)

(2) Autre anagramme. (Cadière.)

The preceding extract is from my own copy of Clément's work, bought at the sale of H. Destailleur's library, and containing his *ex-libris*. I do not think this book is very rare, but my copy, and that is why I mention it here, bears the arms of Madame de Pompadour. It is bound in calf, the four "tomes" in two volumes.

The English translation of "Thérèse Philosophe," is excessively rare, although it appeared in the eighteenth century; and there was another edition about 1860, with wretched coloured lithographs, inspired by the charming vignettes of Borel for the Cazin edition. Nevertheless, I have had pass through my hands the following edition:

"The Philosophical Theresa, or a new and more correct edition than any hitherto published, enriched (*sic*) with several curious prints, front and tail pieces, etc." Printed at Paris, by ME, in spite of HIM, without any approbation, or Privilege at all. MDCCCCI. 18mo.

In the copy I noted, the plates were missing, but there was a sheet of "Directions to the Binder," where 12 illustrations were mentioned.

In submitting these lines to the judgment of of a friendly bibliophile, he smilingly drew out from the private corner of his library—he is a married man—the last incarnation of the immortal Theresa. It is a careful reprint of the English edition I have just quoted, well got up and on very nice paper. It strikes me forcibly that this publication does not fill up a longfelt want by any means, but if my fellow countrymen wish to read the adventures of the argumentative and voluptuous heroine, who shall gainsay them? As the French say: *Ça vaut mieux que d'aller au café*, which freely adapted, like a French play, means: "That's better than going to supper-clubs!"

Of the innumerable editions of "Thérèse," these are the four which I think are the best:

La Haye (à la Sphère), s. d. (1748), 2 parts, 8vo., with 16 free plates, some of which are very large and fold back into the volume.

This is the first edition and is excessively rare. I possessed a very fine copy in its old green full morocco binding, and it was the only one I ever saw in such fine state.

Londres, 1783, 2 parts, 12mo.; 2 frontispices, 2 engraved titles and 36 free plates.

This is one of the handsomest books that one can imagine, as regards the engravings. I never saw a copy but once, and it was too dear for my purse, but one of my friends, richer and far above me in the social scale, bought it, and it was the biggest bookseller in Paris who sold it. Which proves that in spite of the fear of Themis and the vigilance of Béranger, the Protestant president of La Ligue Centrale de Protestation Contre La Licence des Rues, which is a French, or rather Parisian Vigilance Society, there are volumes of voluptuousness to be found at all booksellers, if you only know how to go about it.

Londres, 1785, 2 vol. pet. in-12, with 20 figures by Borel.

This is the Cazin edition, and perhaps the prettiest of all those he ever published.

S. l. n. d., 2 vol. in-8, text in a frame; 2 engraved titles, with a vignette on each; 2 frontispices, and 24 free plates, (the "Bibliographie Gay," says 22), attributed to Delcroche, a Dutch artist.

I have a copy of this last edition, with all its margins, and the engravings are printed in sepia-coloured ink. It seems to me that it must be very rare to find a book of this kind, dating from the XVIIIth century, in such a pleasing and curious condition.





The Magnetism of the Rod, or the Revelations of Miss Darcy. "Down drop the drawers, appears the dainty skin, Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermelin." Shenstone. London, (Brussels?) printed for private distribution amongst subscribers only. N. d. (1901?)

Small quarto, 114 pp. 200 copies, numbered, on hand-made paper., printed outer wrapper.

THIS is a very neat and well-printed volume, brought out quietly and discreetly, as befits its contents, which, I am forced to admit are remarkably free, to say the least. No bold prospectus or shameless advertisement preceded the birth of this mysterious book, destined to please all those who want to practise, or read about the flogging of females from an aphrodisiacal point of view.

Miss Darcy tells us that she is invited to spend the winter with an old schoolmate of her's—Dora—who is newly-married and lives in Wales. Belinda Darcy has not seen her friend for some years, as she finished her education at another academy. She travels to the Principality and is met at the end of her journey by Captain Forester, Dora's dashing husband. This gentleman gives her champagne, accompanies her in a carriage, and as it is a very hot day, Belinda gets in a very dreamy

state and is not quite certain what pleasing liberties the young Benedict takes with her. She then gives us a pleasant picture of the happiness of Dora and her husband who is about to proceed to India to rejoin his regiment. They entertain her right royally and one hot Sunday afternoon she is a witness of the following little scene of conjugal affection:

The window of my bedroom was open, and a light ladder lay near it. The height was inconsiderable, and the temptation great to get off my clothes. Applying the steps, I climbed in, turned the key in the lock, and then undressed myself.

The bed stood in a recess formed by a large bay window; the white curtains were drawn, and when, according to my wont, I had placed my clothes tidily on a chair, there was no appearance of occupation from without.

Oh! what luxury it was to get rid of those weary restraints, to smooth out the creases formed in my waist by the pressure of the corset, and let my breasts roll unconfined on the cool bolster.

And now for "Branksome Hall." But, hark! what noise is that? "Such a getting up stairs I never did hear!" The steps come this way, the handle turns, and—Oh, horror! the door flies open, and in rushes Dora, pursued by Charles.

"Ha, traitress! I have thee fast, and here, in this very spot, shalt thou expiate thy crimes!"

"What here, in Belinda Darcy's bedroom? Lord, how funny! Just fancy her walking in the midst of the execution."

"I had better lock the door, at any rate."

"The lock's broken, you must shoot the bolt; but it don't matter; I saw her go by the hill. I know Bella of old. When she gets hold of an old world tale, she's capable of reading three hours at a stretch. How do you like her, Charles, is she not handsome?"

"Handsome, certainly, but *large*. The man who gets her will have an armful of bliss; it won't take a trifle to fill her."

"Would you like to try?"

"Oh, bother, Dory! You know my heart is bound up in you. What's the use of talking? Be quick, for pity's sake, or I shall burst."

"Strip, then, tiger, and fall to."

All this had taken me so utterly by surprise that I neglected to call out in the first instance, and now the time for doing so was past. My best plan evidently was to lie quiet and feign sleep if discovered. I had not sought to be a spy on their actions; it was they who had invaded my privacy. Besides I owed them some revenge for their unmerciful roasting downstairs; and I resolved, *coûte que coûte*, to take every advantage of my situation. I held my breath, and my blood boiled while I applied my eye to an aperture in the curtains.

In the meantime the process of disrobing had been effected with pantomimic celerity. Charles retained only his waistcoat and shirt. Dora, flinging off a loose robe and petticoat, stood revealed in shift and stays.

What a bewitching little creature she looked! Her hair twisted in a heavy knot behind, her alabaster shoulders and mimic mountains bursting through the half-drawn cords, her silk stockings setting off the symmetry of the leg and foot in its varnished slippers.

"Prepare, sir, to receive your share of chastisement. I do so love trussing you."

As she spoke, she gathered up his shirt before and behind, and tucked it beneath his waistcoat. Placing one arm round his waist, she raised the other, as if about to whip a child. He humoured the conceit, and stooping, offered a fair surface to the shower of smacks, which Dora, as I thought with great severity, rained on his bare posteriors. But he seemed to like the discipline, and by a gesture asked for more.

"Now, madam, your turn is come. How will you have it?"

"Oh, the back way; that is so exquisite!"

Meekly, and with all due deliberation, did Dora prepare to meet her impending fate. I had imagined that a distant sofa would have been the scene of operations. I was mistaken. She fetched a cushion, and laying it on a table within a few feet of the bed, buried her face and arms in it. The process of "trussing," as she termed it, was then accurately imitated by Charles, but far from following out the example of her cruelty, he bent and imprinted a kiss on her rosy bottom. Next, placing his feet between hers, he spread wide her legs until the small receptacle was gaping through its downy fringe.

And now for the first time I became fully aware of the nature of the weapon with which he was about to assault her. Ye gods!—what a size it was! My wildest imaginings had only gone to conceive of something twice as large, perhaps, as that of the urchins I had seen casually. But here, erect and rampant, was a shaft with dependent balls that rivalled the bull's. The top in shape like a heart, and fiery, curled backwards in its pride.

My pulse stopped, and I felt faint as I looked at it. Dora, too, accustomed as she was, betrayed some anxiety, for she said:

"Have a care, Charles; remember the precious life within, and don't thrust too far."

"I will, my angel," he replied. "You yourself shall regulate it."

He seized it with both hands, and forcing it down, placed it in hers, which were waiting to receive and guide it.

At first, as might well be expected, its entrance caused great uneasiness, for she winced, screamed, and even repelled him with both hands. To do him justice, he forced it in as tenderly as might be, recovering patiently the lost ground, and creeping further at each push.

As this work proceeded the passage seemed to dilate, the strokes grew longer and more frequent. Dora's blood fired; she forgot all precautions, and now, far from repelling, responded with vigorous counter thrusts, till the whole weapon, in all its fearful dimensions, was absorbed. Then came a pause and a groan of extasy, as if the last drop of the cup of bliss was being wrung out.

'Twas done!

They rose panting from their labours, then clung together in a "long, long kiss of love"; then leaning back, their arms and naked limbs still entwined, they appeared to dart streams of fiery passion into each other's eyes. Forester spoke first, or rather sighed forth:

"So kurz war es, und doch so süß, so himmlich!"

"So short it was, and yet so heavenly sweet!" responded Dora. "And now let us lie down together on the bed, my own dear, dearest, darling Charles."

They gathered up their clothes, retired hand-in-hand, and the scene was over.

I sprang lightly after them, and fastened the door—this time securely. Then, prostrate on the couch, I found by a few rapid motions of the hand that gushing relief which my overwrought feelings so imperatively demanded. I sought to analyse what had occurred, but nature would endure no more, and I fell into a dreamless slumber.

Shortly afterwards, Charles departs and the two women are alone in the house. Letty, a maid, does a little pilfering, and Dora with the help of her crony, Belinda, inflicts punishment upon the thief. These proceedings, which are fully described, and vigorously pictured, cause mysterious feelings to arise in Belinda, but her friend, who is an adept, takes her in hand (literally, in Lesbian style), and by the aid of her knowledge teaches her what is meant by the magnetism of the rod.

"Manipulation, or what the French term being *en rapport* with the subject, is, I believe, always necessary in the first instance, though where the will is strong, the magnetiser can afterwards act independently of visible agency. But of all material conductors of the magnetic or nervous fluid; a birch rod is incomparably the best. It is the very type of energy, when it is wielded by a determined arm, the will is in full force, and there is always a state of dominance on the one hand and of abject submission on the other that is highly favourable to its influence. Consider, too, that mere passes of the hand or pressure, with the clothes generally intervening, can act partially and superficially only; whereas, the many minute fibres of the birch, abrading the cuticle, cause the influence to mingle with the blood itself."

"But stay, Dora; I had always imagined that a state of profound repose was necessary for the development of the magnetic influence, and the deeper the slumber, the more lucid the patient. Whereas, the lashes we inflicted yesterday, instead of inducing sleep, might have almost wakened the dead."

"Yes: that is exactly the mistake that has kept the magic power of the rod a secret from the world at large to this day. Sleep is essential to clairvoyance, and the rod, as an instrument of chastisement, banishes sleep. But the nervous fluid does not the less pass along its every twig, and when projected by a powerful will from a vivid fancy, and guided aright, it can communicate all the ardent passions of the flagellator. Love and admiration of the whipper, mingled with dread, fill from thenceforth the mind of the whipped; the torture, though torture still and formidable, is rendered sweet, and faults are often committed for the sole purpose of producing a repetition of punishment."

"I am still very ignorant, Dora dear, and must ask you for many explanations. You said: 'when the rod was guided aright'; what did you mean by that? though I think I can divine."

"Truly, Bella, you divined it yesterday to some purpose, as Miss Letty's figleafery can tell. That lash and the upcut that followed have bound her to you for ever; and I am mistaken if she does not ask you for a private rehearsal before long. I had not the same chance, because you did not hold her aright. I could therefore only communicate the nervous fluid in a minor degree by titillation ere the flogging began."

"How curious! Yes, I begin to see now how the seat of tenderest feeling must be the best recipient of that subtle essence of lust. But how came I to be able to communicate my own desire to Letty, being ignorant of the properties of the rod?"

"You were not quite so ignorant as you suppose. Do you forget the lash I gave you that made you so indignant at first? Had your legs been more apart, you would have been thoroughly enlightened, for I struck you with a highly magnetical rod."

"A magnetical rod! Please explain?"

"That is the most difficult question you have asked me yet, for now we are on the confines of what you will call magic. Don't let the name alarm you. Magic is only the learning of the magi, or wise men of old"

The above theory is shown in full practice and is so graphically demonstrated that the puzzled reader is within an ace of thinking that there may be something in it after all, absurd though the starting-point seems to be.

Dora has gained her wonderful insight into the power of the birchen twigs, by having finished her education in a

mysterious school, which was kept by a titled lady, a fanatic of fustigation, who carried on the establishment merely for sake of being able to indulge in the delights—since delight there seems to be—of corporal punishment. Dora's revelations form the remainder of the volume, with a description of her school life and how a haughty, naughty, patrician young damsel was "subdued" by the scientific application of the birchrod, which she did not escape herself.

Here the volume which is, contrary to the usual run of such works, very carefully and correctly written, breaks off rather abruptly, making us wish that we had known what happened to Belinda and whether Charles might not fall in love with her on his return home.





Suburban Souls, the erotic psychology of a man and a maid. Paris, (London?) printed for distribution amongst private subscribers only: 1901.

3 vols. 8vo., of 304, 288, and 314 pp., printed wrappers.

I hesitate how to classify this strange story. Is it what I ventured to call a "book of revenge?" Hardly so, as in this case the writer paints himself, and his faults, joys, sorrows, and follies in a very lurid and cynical light. The best description of these confessions, or narration of personal adventures, is given in the prospectus, which was issued at the time of publication in the first months of the year 1901, and which I think is worthy of reproduction. Of late years it has become the fashion to advertise privately printed volumes by elaborate prospectuses, some of which possess no little literary skill, and unfortunately are never kept. I always have the prospectus bound up with the volume, if it is particularly well-written or curious, and I shall give one or two striking ones as I proceed.

The author of '**Suburban Souls**,' has not tortured his brain to invent a fable of sentiment, or show us scenes of spectral horror. He has done none of these things. But he has taken up his pen and carefully written down a curious, incredible adventure which happened to himself, and has closely and patiently watched his characters as they lived, breathed, loved and intrigued, presenting us with what

seems an entrancing romance of lascivious interest, but which is really and truly, solely and wholly—the TRUTH.

'**Suburban Souls**,' is a charming book, albeit some may say it is ferocious and vicious. And that is why it will be liked. The writer is to be praised for having dared to paint with cruel justice, and drag into the pitiless light of open day, one of the most curious social sores of the present age, sparing no one, and sacrificing himself on the altar of veracity.

The author-hero, although he frankly confesses to have no right to use the latter flattering appellation, shows us in all its naked, fascinating horror that wonderful combination of salacity and prudence, which shirking responsibility and reasoning with its own desire, enables a passionate girl, crafty and worldly withal, to find voluptuous delight in every caress of preliminary, sexual enjoyment without touching upon the maiden barrier. We are made to see that there can exist virgin harlots—physically pure—but of such perverse corrupt disposition, that the ordinary reader who has never troubled to find out what lies beneath the surface of the rolling sea, whereon are tossed women with secrets and men with abnormal longings, will stand aghast; and doubting, devour this strange autobiography with breathless interest, but while wondering at the marvellous, mighty power of that which has really happened, will realise that the printed text for once in a way, has told no lies to catch his wayward fancy.

The central figures are a girl in the twenties, and a man nearing the fifties. He is the woman's puppet, for a time. How long, the reader will see, because never before has a man been so willing to lay his soul bare as with a scalpel, and, although he includes the heroine and her relations in this task of relentless vivisection, he does not seek to excuse himself, but seems to take a bitter pleasure in revealing the mysteries of the heart and brain of a self-confessed libertine. There are scenes of savage cruelty and unbridled lust, flagellation and sexual slavery, and we meet with personages who put no limit to their desire and to whom no tie is sacred.

It is written by an English gentleman, for love and not for lucre; a man who, conversant with many lands and languages, has travelled much, and mixed in the highest and lowest society. He is a scholar of vast powers of expression, who, by one side of his character shines as a poet and on the other proves himself a logical reasoner of no mean analytical order.

How he saw himself in this principal chain of events without counting many minor experiences, he graphically describes, and tells us of everything that forms the diversion and libidinous delight of the sexes, although he is careful not to break the charm evolved by the smooth course of his solid Saxon speech, by using vile words or coarse expressions. He proves that a story of the sexes can be set forth without unnecessary shock of obscene phrase.

We believe that all may be told and everything can be printed, if expressed in chosen language, but many will say that a man has no right to print a narrative that may cause suffering to a creature, who good or bad, has been strained to the breast of the writer in happier days. To strip a former mistress naked before a crowd of strangers; to flagellate her publicly, and show up all her hidden faults and defects, moral and physical, is not the work of a loyal gentleman, whose principal virtue should be that of discretion. And that is true when the heroine of the printed love affair merits some respect and consideration, and when the despicable indiscreet rake seeks to glorify and excuse himself at the expense of the female he libels. Here such miserable vanity has been avoided, and the author of '**Suburban Souls**,' is at great pains to lay stress upon the fact that he is no better than he should be, so that if anybody has to fear indiscretion, it is not the fascinating Jezebel-heroine, but the writer himself. It is impossible to prevent the inquisitive conjectures of the readers; but they can be misled and this has been thoroughly carried out. Names, places, and dates have been altered, and the principal story, together with all the lewd narratives which accompany it, buried beneath many accumulated days, have been arranged so that no one can guess at the real names of the characters, nor where they dwell, and if ever those facts are made known, it will only be because the people sketched in the pages of '**Suburban Souls**,' have come forward themselves and cried out that they figured therein.

It will thus be seen that this book is really unique. The compiler—for we cannot call the author a romance-writer, as he tells the truth—has narrated the story of his love, and supplemented it with a few other startling experiences of real life; and he tells *all*. He literally undresses his principal heroine, and with terribly precise and cruel observation dissects a wicked woman and takes us farther into the complex, mysterious mechanism of the female heart, or what does them (*sic*) duty for a heart, than ever a man has led us before, because they have all written, from the most delicate of poets down to the manufacturer of gutter literature, with a view to parade or pose in front of their male, and above all their female readers, and thus their vanity has obscured their observation; wilfully or not, it matters little, as the result is the same; the fear of looking foolish making them drop into mawkish sentimentality and conveying the impression of mendacity and unreality.

This book is too truthful, and on that account may be dangerous. It explains and analyses ruthlessly the operations of the mind when swayed by the senses, and conscientiously notes by means of letters and facts, the hesitations and the final plunge into strange waters, of a voluptuous girl at the outset of her sexual career; consequently all books are dangerous that seek to explain what are the thoughts, motives, and acts of men and women of wanton ways. Dreams are no

longer mysterious, nor do they enthrall us, when we can trace them to the impressions and events of the previous busy days. A man's passion for a maid sometimes obeys the same rule.

150 COPIES AND NO MORE

It is only by a lucky chance that we are able to put a limited number of this work on the market, as the author originally intended to bring out only a dozen copies for himself and a few friends. But we have prevailed upon him to print **One Hundred and Fifty** in all, so that we could dispose of a few for Special Customers. We do not therefore desire to "push" these three volumes in the commercial sense of the word. The greater part of this small private issue is already bespoken, and all copies unsold in a brief delay will be returned to the writer to be destroyed. It can never be reprinted, for obvious reasons, and must shortly become one of the rarest books in the world.

SIZE OF THE BOOK

'**Suburban Souls**' is in three pocket-size volumes, *demy*, of over *Three Hundred pages each*, and is printed on *English hand-made bank-note paper*, the most expensive kind that is manufactured in the mills of Great Britain.

Price: Four guineas the Three volumes.

The title is strangely fantastic, and can hardly be called good English, for how can a soul be "suburban?" But we recognise that the writer wishes us to understand that his characters are narrow-minded; it being generally supposed that the man who goes backwards and forwards by train or tram between his domicile and his business, carrying many parcels, is a creature of limited and petty ideas. But this would take me too far from my books and to them I must return, leaving the reader to make pencil notes on the margins of this page for the benefit of posterity, and they should be piquant, especially if he lives within easy reach of a big city.

John S..., at the age of 45, is invited by Eric Arvel, a very old friend, about fifteen years his senior, to visit him at his suburban residence, near Paris, where he lives with his mistress, and her daughter Lilian, who is nineteen when the story opens in the year 1895. John, or Jacky, as he is familiarly termed, has fallen in love with his host's daughter,

at first sight, but has never dared to declare his passion, because he cannot ask for her hand, as since 1880, he has lived as if married with a young girl he seduced, and who is a sufferer now from heart disease. In the winter of 1897, Lilian Arvel, who seems a most lustful girl, sets her cap at her father's guest, for he is now a frequent visitor at the villa, and agrees to meet him secretly in Paris.

November 26, 1897.

Everyone knows the feverish excitement experienced by an eager lover, when awaiting his mistress at the first appointment. I felt hot and excited, and gave a great sigh of relief, when Lilian slowly lifted the *portière* and advanced towards me in the tawdrily furnished bedroom of the mysterious *pavillon* of the Rue de Leipzig. I quickly bolted the door, and drew her to me, placing her on my knee, as I sat on the inevitable *chaise-longue*. She seemed worried and frightened, and told me that she had great trouble in getting away from home. There was a tremendous struggle to get her dress unfastened, and she studiously avoided looking towards the large curtained bed that occupied the middle of the room. She hoped I would not touch it, as if I did, the people of the house would guess we had been using it! I tried by my kisses to warm her blood, and I think I succeeded, for she grew more and more bold, and I was able to undo her dress, and feast my eyes on her tiny breasts, which were like those of a girl of fifteen. Nevertheless, the size of the red and excited nipples proved her real age. I sucked and nibbled them greedily, and her pretty ears and neck also came in for a share of attention from my eager lips and tongue. I begged her to let me take off all her garments, but she wanted me to be satisfied with her small, but beautifully made breasts. I pretended to be deeply hurt and she excused herself. I must have patience. This was the first time. She would be more yielding when she knew me better. I replied by boldly throwing up her skirts, and after admiring her legs, in their black stockings, and her coquettish be-ribboned drawers, I, at last, placed my hand on the mark of her sex. It was fully covered with a thick, black undergrowth and quite fleshy. The large outer lips were fatter and more developed than we generally find them among the women of France. Her legs, though slim, were well-made, and her thighs of fair proportions. I began to explore the grotto.

"You hurt me," she murmured.

And as far as I could tell, she seemed to be intact, or at any rate had not been often approached by a man. I could feel that my caresses delighted her greatly and she gave way a little. At last, I persuaded her to take off her petticoat and drawers. She consented,

on condition that I would not look at her. I acquiesced and she dropped her skirt and took off her bodice, standing before me in her petticoat and stays. She wore a dainty cambric chemise, tied with cherry ribbons, and I enjoyed the sight of my love thus at last in my power. I gloated over her naked shoulders; the rosy nipples, stiff, and glistening with my saliva; and the luxuriant black tufts of hair beneath the armpits.

She consented now to drop her petticoat, and as I leant back on the sofa, she placed one soft, cool hand over my eyes, and with the other, undid everything, until she stood in her chemise. She would not go near the bed and struggled to get away from me. Indeed, she would not let me touch her, until I closed the window-curtains. We were in the dark. I placed her on the *chaise-longue*, and going on my knees, I tried to part her thighs and kiss her mossy cleft. With both hands, she tried to push me away.

"You hurt me!" she said again, but I licked her as well as I could, and feeling the warmth of my mouth, she opened her thighs a little, and I managed to perform my task. It was difficult, as she writhed about, uttered pretty little cries, and would not sufficiently keep her legs apart. But I was not to be dislodged. I was not comfortably installed. My neck was well-nigh broken. The room too was very hot; but I remained busily licking, sucking, perspiring; and my member, bursting with desire, already let a few drops of the masculine essence escape from its burning top. I am certain she experienced a feeling of voluptuousness, by the shuddering of her frame at one moment, and by the peculiar taste that I could not mistake. At last, she thrust my head away. And I rose to my feet, greatly pleased at leaving the prison of her soft thighs. I got my handkerchief, wiped my mouth, and returning to her, as she still laid motionless and silent on the couch, I threw myself upon her without ceremony. I inserted the end of my turgescient weapon between the hairy lips of her lower mouth, and forgetting all prudence, I pushed on. She shrieks and dislodges me. I try to regain my position, but I cannot succeed. She was a virgin; there was no doubt about it.

Lilian is half-seated on the narrow sofa, and I have no way of getting to her, unless I pull her flat down on her back. I am tired too, and very hot. I have twisted my neck and it is painful. So I relent and give up active warfare for the present.

"Take it in your hand yourself," I say, "and do what you like with it."

She does so, and leaning over her, I find she lets the tip go a little way in. Now all was dry and far from agreeable. I suppose I had done wrong to suck her so long. She had no more feeling of lust. So I moved up to her face, as she reclined with her head on a cushion, and straddling across her, rubbed my arrow and the appendages gently on her face and mouth. She did not move. I

took her hand and placed it on my staff of life. She started and roughly drew her hand away. Strange inconsistency. She had placed it herself at the entrance of her virgin cleft; she had allowed me to caress her lips and cheeks with it, but now she recoiled at the idea of grasping it.

So I resolved to overcome any disgust she might feel, and putting the end between her lips, I told her rather roughly to suck it at once. She tried to, timidly, but I could see she did not know how.

"Tell me, show me, and I will do all you wish."

I took her hand, and sucked and licked one of her fingers by way of example.

She took to it readily, and I tried to excite her and keep her up to her work by talking to her as she sucked me awkwardly. But the soft warm caress of her capacious mouth and the clinging grasp of her luscious lips excited me to madness. I moved in and out, slowly, saying:

"Darling! Lilian! It is delicious! Not your teeth, Lily. You must not let your teeth touch it! So! Lick it nicely! Let me feel your tongue! Do not move! Do not go away. I am going to enjoy in your mouth, and you must remain as you are until I tell you."

With angelic docility, she continues the play of her lips and tongue, and to my great surprise and delight I feel her hands gently caressing my reservoirs. And the crisis comes too soon. The pleasure I had was beyond words. I had kept back the moment of joy as long as I could, but now the charge exploded with violence, and I could feel that a very large quantity gushed into her mouth. I thought I should never cease emitting. Lilian did not stir until I slowly withdrew, having exhausted the pleasure until there was not a throb left, and my organ had begun to soften. Then she sat up and uttered inarticulate cries.

I rushed to get her a pail or basin, and in the darkness, knocked down a screen. She empties her martyred mouth. I give her a glass of water, and she rinses her throat.

"What was that?" she asked, as I half-opened one of the window-curtains.

"Little babies," I replied. "Did you like me sucking you?"

I lit the lamp, kissed her, and we chatted as she dressed.

"Yes!"

"And when I spurted that stuff into your mouth—did you like that too?"

"Yes."

"I ought to have penetrated your pretty body. Why did you not let me? Has no one ever done so to you?"

"I am a virgin, I swear it!"

"Have you never given pleasure to yourself with your hand?"

"Never. It hurts. I don't like that. I love you. I shall never

marry. I shall live for you. You seem to be vexed that I am a virgin? If I was not, why should I not say so? Tell me what you want."

"I can't tell to-day. My brain is in a whirl. Egotistically, I want to be inside my Lilian. With regard to your interests and future—I ought not to take your maidenhead, You must get married and your husband will do that for you."

"Yes. Mamma says a husband can always tell on the first night if his wife is a virgin or not."

"I have been too merciful to you. I ought to have fastened your hands with my trousers' strap."

"Why didn't you? You know you can do anything you like to me."

"Well, we will let things be until another day."

"You must not be angry if I have been silly or have not pleased you, as this is the first time, you know. I promise to be more obedient in future, and I will try not to struggle when you touch me."

"You are a little *demi-vierge*."

"I know what you mean. I have read that novel: *Les Demi Vierges*."

"I think you like the idea of *mutual* caresses without the real approach of a man?"

"I think I do. Cannot we be happy like this?"

"Perhaps. There are other things we can do together. Do you know what we did just now?"

"Certainly I do. I am not going to pretend I don't. The girls at Myrio's often talked about it. It is called *mimi*. And it is very bad for the health, it is not?"

"Yes, if repeated too often."

I thought she was sensual but silly. Had she chosen me to gratify her curiosity, having confidence in me from my age, and probably Ma's and Pa's praise, as Lilian tells me they think a lot of Jacky? She promised to write to me shortly for another afternoon's fun, but she still refused to *tutoyer* me, and never did at all, during our *liaison*.

I drove her to the station, and in the *fiacre*, she was dull and ill at her ease. Her eyes had a faraway look in them. She seemed to be thinking deeply. About what?

At that time I believed she was reflecting on the novelty and obscenity of what we had done together.

But as I write nearly two years later, vile and horrible thoughts rise uppermost in my mind. Let the reader guess, or return to this chapter when he has finished the book.

The vile thoughts Jacky had of this lascivious minx were that she was merely mercenary, and we can see he was right, as just before their first assignation she had written to him telling how she had lost a five-pound note in the streets of

London. She was in the habit of going there every autumn with a girl named Charlotte, who was betrothed to her brother, Raoul, a young lad employed in the British metropolis. Charlotte was "gay," but visited at the villa when Papa was away. Such was the manner in which this strange family lived, and the author is very amusing when he depicts the extraordinary immorality of all its members. Lilian is a milliner and makes hats and bonnets at home. Her mother's lover, who stands in the light of stepfather, is determined that she shall get her own living, and takes a great interest in her, which the hero soon discovers is a deeper and stronger feeling, and he confesses that this quasi-incest awakens all his lust. Nevertheless it is not incest in the true sense of the word. The incest is merely fanciful. Eric Arvel, splendidly sketched as a selfish, gluttonous sensualist, keeps her mother, not even being married to her, and all salacious epicureans would declare that he had a sort of right to her pretty daughter at common—very common—law.

As lovesick Jacky does not seem inclined to shower gold on the little milliner, but only makes trifling presents to the mother and daughter, she neglects him and goes off to the South of France with her family. Then poor Jacky gets a sharp attack of rheumatism, caught while tending his suffering mistress, and Lilian Arvel writes to him while he is ill in bed, asking for two hundred francs, as the charming young half-virgin has "gone broke" at Monte-Carlo. He does not reply, but in April the girl comes after him again, and gets him invited to her father's pretty suburban residence where he is enthusiastically received, and the reader can see what Jacky did not: that the mother, and the old gentleman are agreed to try and let Lilian get hold of the middle-aged hero(?) who is "gone" on the daughter, although old enough to be her father, and she calls him Papa, as they play at incest. The book is full of the most extraordinary touches of this kind, and it is impossible to describe all their little idiosyncrasies, propensities and perversity in this rapid review of three volumes, forming altogether over 900 closely-printed pages, without mentioning countless letters of love and passion, in much smaller type.

Lilian now comes to Paris several times to see her sweet Papa Jacky, and he pops a bank-note into her hand every

time, in return for all her shameless endeavours to pander to his most vile tastes, which he fully recounts in every detail, and the scenes of mutual masturbation, flagellation and games of slavery follow thick and fast, but he always refrains from attempting to ravish her with a self-denial which is really remarkable.

Lilian *seems* very much in love with him, and when he goes in the summer to take a course of baths for his rheumatism, she writes him some very pretty letters—one very day!—and they are all given in full. I think they had a little to do with the success of the book, as it was issued much about the same time as the famous “An Englishwoman’s Love-Letters,” which brought the long-despised *roman par lettres* into fashion again for a time.

Lilian tries to get Jacky to marry her, but he refuses, and to prevent the girl loving him too much, he makes himself out a brutal, debauched, unfeeling rake, but the worse he treats her, the better she seems to like him. He returns to Paris, and as her parents are away, she lets him in to the villa and he sleeps with her all night, when they carry on their old tricks, which consist of enjoying each other as well as they can in Malthusian fashion, without going as far as the actual act of coition. But Lilian importunates him with demands for money to set her up in business and disgusts him with her mercenary ideas, but his lust overcomes his common sense and he still is under the charm. In spite of his love for her, he sees that there is an understanding between her and her mother’s lover, but he is singularly devoid of jealousy and rather likes it than otherwise. This peculiar fancy for seeing his sweetheart in another man’s arms he now indulges to his heart’s content, as she comes to Paris and joins in a shameless orgie. Jacky introduces Lilian to an English lord and his mistress, and most filthy scenes are enacted, when Lilian’s virginity is duly scrutinised and verified by all the party.

Lilian is off to London for her yearly visit of business with the little strumpet who is engaged to her brother, but before going she tears a trifle of money out of Jacky by threatening to disclose the intrigue to her mother.

She gives him no news of her, but returns after a month, and has him invited by her accomplice, old Eric, and after sulking with him all day denies having received the money

he posted to her. Jacky writes her some very beautiful letters, and she tries to get him to marry her again. But this lie of the wicked creature concerning the non-arrival of the money he sent opens his eyes, and his love or lust begins to dwindle, especially as he sees she is now no longer a virgin, in spite of his attempts to keep her physically pure for her own sake, and that she is most certainly the mistress of her mother's lover and probably that of her brother! Indeed the author plainly shows us that all of them—Eric; Mamma; Lilian; Raoul, her brother; and Charlotte, his betrothed, an artful little Lesbian, have all slept together, more or less.

Again the winter comes on, and Lilian neglects him once more, but he is eventually asked to the Christmas dinner, and as Lilian has made the *entr'actes* too long, he has had time to reflect and sees that the connection between Eric and the girl is an indisputable fact, and that they even read together the obscene books he delights in lending this extraordinary damsel. She still declares she is a virgin, and when her mother and her mother's keeper depart for the Riviera, leaving her alone at home, she makes it up with Jacky, who has insulted her grossly by telling her that she cares for nothing but the money and presents she tries to get out of him; that she lied when she declared she did not get the money he sent her after the *partie carrée* with his friend, and that she is no longer a virgin, although she still swears her maidenhead is intact. They both enjoy each other in their peculiar way, and it is wonderful to read how the artful puss manages to give and receive voluptuous enjoyment without allowing it to be seen if she is a real *virgo intacta* or not.

Now the springtime of 1899 is nigh, and the whole family are conspiring against the love-sick Jacky, in a most comical and artful way, while Lilian, who is evidently a wicked and deep designing creature, "exploits" the two men with all the arms in the arsenal of female craft.

I should like to give the episode where she disguises as a Japanese girl to enslave the two old goats, and also that of the visit of one of her other outside lovers to the suburban Eden, under the pretext of buying a dog, with a few other scenes of hidden Parisian life, but my space is limited. Jacky too, in spite of his infatuation, shows a certain amount of astuteness that saves him eventually, and despite the efforts of

the siren, his devotion to his ailing mistress at home is ever steadfast.

Lilian having been indisposed during the winter, her mother's keeper takes her on a journey to Brussels alone with him, and Jacky plainly lets her see that this is to be a sort of honeymoon, but she never confesses the truth. What is curious in this character is that she is seemingly proof against all insult.

No sooner is she en route than she writes a most extraordinary letter to Jacky, although he has told her that she need not trouble to communicate with him while she is away. She says that she is occupying a "large double-bedded room."

Now I am going to write to you very frankly. You are not mistaken; Mr. A. loves me and without quite knowing it himself. Nevertheless, he is and always will be respectful towards me. To begin with, I love Mamma too much to let things be otherwise and I do not love him at all! And then the bare idea disgusts me deeply, and is repugnant. Therefore, in future, I shall keep a watch over my most trifling words, and my most innocent gestures, as far as he is concerned, for I will not encourage this idiotic passion.

My dear adored one, you who are my only love, I hope that you will be able to understand completely what I am going to say. I am very unhappy here. I suffer and I should like to be home again already; firstly, to see you, to feel that you were near me, and also that you might support me by your counsel. I want to open my heart to you more than I have done up to the present. I feel so lonely and so sad. Mamma does not love me as before, and yet she has nothing to reproach me with, and I love her dearly. Mr. A. is so wicked towards my brother, that the poor woman thinks she ought to love him doubly. Note that I am not jealous, I love my brother too well for that, but I suffer to feel myself neglected by Mamma and I am too proud to let her see it.

But I fatigue you with all my lamentations; how can I help it? It seems to me that you alone understand me.

Love me well and tenderly, my beloved Jacky, my adoration. I swear to you that I require all your love and that I am worthy of it. Never have I loved any man before you, and never has any other man touched me.

I detest Mr. A., for it seems to me that it is his fault if Mamma is so changed towards me.

You . . . I love,

LILY.

I am very good and shall always be so, where you are not concerned.

Utterly disgusted at this tissue of lies, although not with the fact of her criminal intercourse, his eyes are open at last, and he writes to a friend in Belgium who plays the detective, and soon finds out that the couple have gone on to Brussels, where the same double-bedded fun continues, and a ground-plan of the room is given—quite a new departure.

Jacky now determines to show Miss Arvel that he sees through her, and to do so he starts playing "Hamlet" in private life, to put all the inhabitants of the villa off their guard. How he does so, and what artifices he uses until the day when he shatters the mask on the wicked heroine's face, would take too long to describe here, and would deflower all the interest of the work. He does however succeed in proving to Lilian that she is no longer a virgin, and that he knows it, but how he accomplishes this difficult task, must be read and enjoyed in the author's words, and with the full description of the ways and means and surroundings.

He then refuses to return to Arvel's house, and as he has been in the habit for years of sending books and papers to Arvel, he bombards him with a series of cuttings, bearing on his mode of living, but the old chap does not take offence, in spite of all his quondam guest's efforts to rouse him. Most of these newspaper snippings and racy extracts are given in the appendices (A to S), and very wonderful some of them are too. Then the old gentleman takes to writing some strange letters to Jacky, showing that he is perfectly *au courant*, and these elucubrations, full of bluff, smut, and scriptural quotations, conclude the prodigious story of Jacky and Lilian, the too clever "quarter-virgin," as the author-lover terms her among other amenities.

Another strange sidelight of this story is Jacky's attempt to show the effect of menstruation on neurotic females, and he proves that the principal events of this erratic lass's life, during the time he was at her mercy, all took place on or about the time of her "diaper days," (*sic*).

What strikes me most forcibly is the simple veracity breathed in every page. The third volume is particularly remarkable. It exhibits a power of memory, a vigour of thought and feeling, and above all a determination that few men possess when under the charm of Circe. I can only wonder that the compiler of what is surely part of his own autobiography

should have considered the subject—salacious little slut, as she must be—worthy of the time and labour devoted to her delineation and that of her vulgar, suburban surroundings.

Out of a somewhat commonplace intrigue, the author has constructed a most uncommon and readable book, and his careful notes and good—nay, marvellous—exercise of retrospective thought has enabled him to bring out in all their force and significance the damning proofs of a hypocritical home-harlot's double life and mendacious attempts at deception.

The allusions to Jacky's private sorrows and the affectionate object who stands throughout in a grey mist behind the actors, does credit to his heart, for although his senses were led astray, the fact is patent that his real, deep, manly affections were well and truly placed.

This must not be taken at the same valuation as the ordinary obscene book. This is a novel with a purpose, and will teach many how to analyse a woman. I guarantee that no man who studies these three sturdy volumes, as full of womens' wickedness as an egg is full of meat, will ever marry into an incestuous family. My readers may laugh at the mere mention of such a rare and uncommon danger, but a case of the same fatal kind was judged in Paris in August 1901.

"The culprit was a vicious and hysterical woman," (says the Public Prosecutor). "First of all the mistress of her husband, M. Groetzinger, and soon marrying him for his money. When a son is born she quarrels with the boy, and drives him from home, and only when he is full grown and become a man, does this mother manage to call her flesh and blood to her side again. But it is solely with the motive of substituting incestuous relations for his maternal feelings. Thence grows increasing aversion for the husband. The whole of the household, mother, son, servant, are all leagued against him. Besides, the mother is jealous of her son-lover, scolding him if he takes up with mistresses outside the house, and causing them to come to her dwelling, when she essays Lesbian diversions with her son's sweethearts. Then she tries cabalistic experiments in order to bring about her husband's death and as they do not succeed, she simulates a love-scene, hoping to be acquitted later on by the sentimental jurymen of the department of the Seine, and fires the six chambers of a revolver at her sleeping spouse, killing him instantaneously.

"The only excuse, the sole attenuation that the accusing authorities can find is in the unhappy girlhood of Madame Groetzinger, whose own father did not recoil from incest."

She was condemned to five years imprisonment. (*Le Journal*, Paris, August 24, 1901.) But in consequence of some legal informality, the proceedings were quashed, and a new trial took place. The *venue* was changed to Versailles, and there fresh revolting evidence was given. A witness produced photographs showing the mother and son in very compromising positions, and another confessed to having seen the lad playing with his mother's naked bosom. On the 26th of October, 1901, she was condemned to death, much to the amazement of the Public Prosecutor. The jurymen of Versailles seemed more shocked at the prisoner's immorality, than with the idea that she had preferred killing her lawful spouse to the uncertainty of divorce proceedings. This sentence was commuted, and the original term of five years' incarceration was definitively imposed. This means that in less than three years, she will be free; and her husband dead by her hand, she can rejoin her son, who evidently loves her, as at the first trial he went down on his knees and prayed to the jury to spare his mother. He was in full uniform, as he was doing his military service.

In "Suburban Souls," one of the main ideas is evidently to show that a mother and her old keeper, who afterwards marries her, thus becoming the wicked heroine's stepfather, have no hesitation in allowing their girl to prostitute herself if there is any money to be made thereby. To ordinary English minds, such immoral conduct, cold-blooded and mercenary, seems outrageously impossible, and yet I am certain that I am not exaggerating in the least when I affirm that in many small burgess or working-class families in France, when a daughter has no dowry, or there is a disinclination to furnish her with one, her parents and relations all advise her tranquilly and as a matter of course to "take a lover," just as they might tell her to accept some new situation. An instance of this kind came under my own notice while writing the above lines.

In the month of September, 1901, a matrimonial advertisement appeared in one of the leading Paris journals. I translate it here together with a letter received in answer to my application, but I refrain from giving names, and correct indications, as the little incident is so recent.

A young girl, 22 years of age, very respectable and genteel, good-looking, a genuine dressmaker, living with her parents in the suburbs, desires marriage with a serious gentleman between 40 and 60. Address, etc.

Sir,

I answer you the first of all and I reply with all my natural frankness.

I am a dressmaker, twenty-two years of age, and my customers all live in the suburbs where my dwelling is. I have never left my parents, who are honest workpeople, and I am their only daughter. My father, a worthy man, who has made his way through hard work, plays his little game of cards every day in the neighbouring *café*, while I remain at my mother's side. I am never taken out. We have no acquaintances, so boredom, that great master, is constantly with me in great state.

I am tall, and very handsome. I have never loved. I have never had a sweetheart, but I feel beating within my breast a big heart that thirsts for sincere and durable friendship, such as I would dearly like to offer myself.

My most earnest desire would be to find a loving husband with some elevation of feeling, earning his living easily. I would make him the happiest of men. Failing such a marriage, which is difficult when one has no dowry, I would give myself completely to a serious and sincere friend, who would assure me a little money for the future, so that if in years to come fate should cause him to separate from me, I should be able to keep in my heart as long as I lived, a delightfully sweet remembrance of my *first* friend.

Now, sir, if you wish to know me, write to me at once in all sincerity and then I can grant you an appointment so that we can know each other, which is essential.

I pray you to accept the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

(Initials, and the address of a post-office in the environs of Paris.)





Studies In European Storiology. Stories from the Folk-Lore of Russia. "Rouskiya Zavetmuiya" done into English by the translator of "The Book of Exposition in the Science of Coition;" "The Old Man Young Again;" and other charming works ejusdem farinae. Paris, Charles Carrington, publisher of Medical, Folk-lore, and Historical Works. 13, faubourg Montmartre. 1897.

Post 8vo., xx-265 pp., 7 full page coloured illustrations, *hors texte*, and forty vignettes, all very neatly and gracefully done; rather free, but not obscene. Printed outer wrapper.

WHEN I was a boy at school, there was always a wag who would bring little bawdy stories and smutty bits of doggrel to his comrades. In a spirit of emulation, I suppose, others would respond and try to outdo him, and thus the young man's mind is first taught those scraps of folklore, which we are always meeting with in after-life. For on the Stock Exchange, in smoking-rooms of clubs, and wherever the children of a larger growth most do congregate, so is the "blue" riddle trotted out, and the bawdy, and sometimes very witty story.

Who does not know them? Some are such old friends. When I first took to reading the scabrous little tales in verse of the eighteenth century in France, I was delighted to find some fine old crusted yarns of my boyhood.

"There was a man and he went mad and he ran up the steeple,
He pulled off his tarriwag, and threw it at the people.
A well-dressed lady coming by, she thought it rather funny
She picked it up and wiped it clean and stuffed it in her c . . . y."

This halting apology for verse came back to my mind when I was past middle age, on reading "La Chandelle d'Arras," and "Parapilla," two very clever, but licentious French poems, where a cut-off penis forms the mainspring of the rhymed story.

I felt the same when I read the seventh tale in "Stories from the Folk-Lore of Russia":

THE LOUSE AND THE FLEA.

A louse met a flea. "Where are you going?" "I am going to pass the night in a woman's slit." "And I am going into a woman's backside." They parted. The next day they met again. "Well, how did you sleep?" asked the louse. "Oh, don't talk about it. I was so frightened. A kind of bald head came to me and hunted me about. I jumped here and there, but he continued to pursue me. At last he spat on me and went away." "Well, gossip, there were two persons knocking about outside the hole I was in. I hid myself, and they continued to push about, but at last they went away."

This is one of the shortest tales in the handsome volume, and not one of the funniest. But I quote it because I do not believe there exists a single known tongue on this earth, where the account of the night passed in the women's vagina by some insect who is disturbed by the entry of the bald-headed (sometimes one-eyed) visitor, is not told. How do these quips and obscene oddities travel from one language to another through generations and generations? Does the Wandering Jew tell them in his ceaseless peregrination?

All the free jokes of the club and greenroom are not so naïvely silly. I remember a well-known dramatic author, now deceased, and noted for his gift of repartee, listening to the announcement of the marriage of a very old dotard to a young girl. "The reckless old cock!" exclaimed someone. "A cockless old wreck, you mean!" quickly rejoined the playwright.

And this one: brevity is the soul of wit. A man married a common prostitute, who all his friends and acquaintances had been "unduly intimate with," as Sir Francis Jeune would say.

After the honeymoon, he was met by one of his boon companions, who greeted him with: "Hullo, old fellow, you've put your foot in it!" "No, I haven't—but I could!"

And so I might run on and dig up in my dotage all the naughty jokes that I have heard all my life, instead of attending to my pretty Russian book. Some of these tales will strike the reader as having been met with in another dress, as I have noticed, but the majority are pleasingly original, and all are full of sparkling malice and brimming over with fun. The silly peasant; the astute village priest; the lusty farmer's wife, artful and lecherous; the soldier; and the squire and his spouse, without forgetting the clergyman's better half and his daughter—we have heard of the clergyman's daughter in London too, more folk-lore!—are the amusing and oftentimes lewd puppets who trip lightly through these well-printed pages to delight our old hearts for an hour or two, and divert our minds from the ever-recurring cares of our daily occupations.

A clever foreword explains the *raison d'être* of this fine volume, and we are informed that it is a translation from a French version of a rare Russian book, entitled: "Contes Secrets Russes." Paris, Liseux, 1892, 8vo., xvi-256 pp., about 200 copies only.





Social Studies of the Century. Flossie:

A Venus of fifteen, by one who knew this charming goddess and worshipped at her shrine. Printed at Carnopolis for the delectation of the amorous and the instruction of the amateur in the year of the excitement of the sexes: MDCCCXCVII.

Large 8vo.

THIS is the first edition of a very amusing and remarkable volume, which was printed at Amsterdam for the author in the latter half of the year 1897. Unlike many works of its kind, it is composed with no mean ability and it is easy to see that a cultured hand has tapped the type-writer. The book has no other pretention than to be thoroughly obscene, as it recounts the adventures of an immature young person of distinct cockney type, who begins to fully satisfy her male admirers at a very early age, and manages to retain her physical virginity until the last few pages.

I think that no modern volume of this kind has ever had so much success. The first and limited edition was soon sold out, but it was immediately reprinted, "for the Erotica Biblion Society of London and New York," n. d. (Paris, 1898.), small 12mo of 122 pp., and there are two or three more re-issues. It seems to be almost always in demand and I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that two or three thousand

copies have been sold, since it first saw the light. The original, which is beautifully printed on very fine paper, under the loving superintendence of the author, a noted English novel-writer, has become excessively rare. The ordinary reprints now offered in Paris and London are all very badly got up.

The prospectus too, which was from the pen of the creator of this wonderful creature, who really existed in the flesh—very much in the flesh—is more difficult to find than the fine first issue, and so I venture to reproduce it here, as it is a pity that such a peculiar fragment of literature should be lost to our grandsons, and—dare I say it?—grandaughters too.

A FEW WORDS FOR UP-TO-DATE BIBLIOPHILES

Lovers of the strange and new—curious students of the erotic erraticisms of the age—men in fact, of both high and low degree, will read this book with mutterings of mingled marvel and surprise.

It was written neither to order, nor for the sake of vulgar gain, and shows traces of considerable culture and information. The work of an English gentleman of no common attainments, these pages throw side-lights on certain phases of high-class London Society that we dare to say have never yet been dreamt of by one man in ten thousand.

We are ushered into the drawing-room of a West-End flat and listen to the speech of high-born dames; our hands grow feverishly hot and the imagination becomes excited as we hear the rustling of their satin skirts, or catch a glimpse of silken stocking shrouding the daintily-turned ankle, or as the eye travels upwards, more charming still, the rise and fall of bosoms white as snow.

All the materials are the same,
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair Woman's goodly frame,
No Brightness is without a flame;
No Flame without a Fire,
Then tell me what those Creatures are
Who would be thought both Chaste and Fair.

The apartment is alive with that indescribable *odor di femina* which intoxicates the senses and entrances the fancy. As the plot unfolds and the story ripens to a culmination, we see from our point of vantage in the drawing-room into the alcove and boudoir beyond, while the blood courses more swiftly through our veins, as unobserved, we witness scenes of the utmost lubricity, and hear the gasps and pantings of those same beautiful and coldly *correct* creatures who, with silks and satins tumbled now about their heads, lie in a variety

of strange postures, writhing in the throes and paroxysms of desire.

Withal the book is by no means coarse, or taken up with mere 'smut.' To the Physician it will suggest fruitful ideas on the as yet infant Science of Pathology—to the Historian it will conjure up vivid pictures of ancient priapic Worship—and the Classical student will call to mind as he reads on, the ferocious, lightning-brief descriptions of the Roman corruptions delineated in the pages of Martial or of Juvenal.

As to the style of "Flossie," we can say no more than that the book is entirely original and written with a delicacy, realism, and beauty that reminds us forcibly of Algernon Swinburne; and, we repeat, that for those lovers of the sex who find a seasoning of wit and humour to their taste as an ingredient in the cup of passion, the sayings and doings of this dainty and delightful damsel, with her overflowing spirits, her fun and mimicry, and her deep, delicious draughts from the fountain of pleasure, may be most faithfully recommended as a glowing and finished picture of *fin-de-siècle* development.

"Flossie" is absolutely limited to an issue of Two Hundred Numbered copies, all on rich Hand-made Dutch Paper, most of which have been already privately subscribed, and a few only now remain to be disposed of. The price of each volume is *Two Guineas, net*.

September, 1897.

One gifted bibliophile was so delighted with this triumph of tropical private literature that he rushed into verse, and a copy having fallen into my hands, I cannot refrain from giving it here, especially as I think that this is the first time that a volume of this kind has been celebrated in such a poetical way, while it will give my indulgent readers a full idea of what "Flossie" is all about:

SCENE I.

My readers look! Floss reads a book
Curled on a low long easy-chair,
And tucks her feet upon the seat
As she sits idly reading there.

A tight silk vest sets off her breast
And marks the titties underneath,
And all the while a sunny smile
Reveals her lovely little teeth.

Her tresses brown are hanging down
Her back! a dream of loveliness;

And tan silk hose her legs enclose
And buckle shoes complete the dress.

She's but fifteen and has not seen
A trace of any 'monthlies' yet,
But has a fringe of light brown tinge
Upon her virgin cunnilet.

She hears a tread, she lifts her head
A fetching smile her whole face fills:
When up she leaps, and out there peeps
A glimpse of lace-embroidered frills.

One agile bound, her arms are wound
About Jack's neck to reach his face,
And four lips meet and two hearts beat
As two tongues twine in lewd embrace.

SCENE II.

The little flirt! she lifts her skirt
And says she'll dance if he will play
And slightly shows her furbelows
All redolent of Ess Bouquet.

He plays some notes the while he gloats
On Flossie's legs and twinkling feet;
And as she whirls and bends and twirls
He feels his blood at fever heat.

He sees her flush with crimson blush
And in the lecherous dance she floats:
Her dress she holds so that the folds
Expose the filmy petticoats.

Before his gaze he sees her raise
Her short frock as she pirouettes:
And gleaming white appear in sight
The frillings of her pantalettes.

SCENE III.

The dancing elf now throws herself
Into the chair and breathless sits;
With legs stretched wide that cannot hide
The opening in her dainty 'splits.'

Flossie

Her thighs are wet with odorous sweat,
 A perfume rises from her hair,
 And from her snatch there comes a rich
 And fragrant scent which fills the air.

With eager eyes Jack soon descries
 Her pouting quim which seems to burst
 With lust, and so he whispers low,
 'Say, Flossie, what shall I do first?'

She is not shy, her fond reply
 Like music fascinates his ear;
 And he is told in accents bold,
 'Kiss me between the legs, my dear.'

As soon as said he ducks his head
 Between her thighs to bite and kiss
 With gentle nip the tender tip
 Of Flossie's standing clitoris.

He osculates and titillates
 The darling child's voluptuous quim
 Till in the end he makes her spend
 And shoot her essence over him.

You hear her cry, 'Oh! am not I
 'A really most disgraceful child?
 'I would not miss that amorous kiss
 'If on me tons of gold you piled.'

SCENE IV.

'It's now your turn and you shall learn
 'The double gamahuching trick,
 'For sixty-nine is quite divine
 'When played with cunt and standing prick.'

So down lies Jack upon his back
 Floss kneels across him on the bed,
 And as she kneels she deftly peels
 His standing pintle's ruby head.

His throbbing prick with practised lick
 Within her lovely lips she rubs:
 And gainst his breast are lightly pressed
 The nipples of her velvet bubs.

Across his face you see her place
 Her thighs as kneeling on all fours
 She bids him glue his lips unto
 The pouting lips within her drawers.

They gamahuche till like a douche
 Both prick and cunt together squirt
 And from their lips the essence drips
 Which wets her drawers and spoils his shirt.





Raped on the Railway, Social studies of the century. A true story of a lady who was first ravished and then flagellated on the Scotch Express London, (Amsterdam?) privately printed for the subscribers of the Cosmopolitan Bibliophile Society, 1894. (1899?)

8vo. very long and narrow, "account-book shape," 279 pp., illustrated outer wrapper. Issue: 300 copies.

THERE is a story of most wild and salacious sketching, which is presented without hypocrisy or disguise. Immediately we take the volume in our eager, book-lover's fingers, our gaze is arrested by the unusual sight of the picture on the cover, where a gentleman is seen trying to violate a most comely lady in a dressing-gown, or rather the remnants of one, for that homely garment has been half torn off her gleaming shoulders, exposing her breasts above, and showing her stockings and drawers below.

Brandon is a painter with a very naughty wife, and he is no mean sensualist, for he violently takes advantage of a lady in a first-class compartment of the Scotch express. But her brother-in-law happens to be in the same train with some friends, and getting into the carriage, he suspects her of having willingly given way to the fascinating stranger. They fall upon Brandon and bind him, forcing him to be an eye-witness to a terrible flagellation inflicted upon his whilom victim. Later

on the avenging brother-in-law tries to rape her, and that is the episode so graphically shown on the cover.

Brandon is pleased to get off so well, and returns home to his very lustful and unfaithful spouse, and they have a variety of the most erotic adventures together, when corporal punishment plays a conspicuous part, and finally Mrs. Brandon dies of nymphomania.

After her death, her husband goes to the Transvaal, and takes service in the field, where he becomes friends with a captain who is shot and who confides to him a message to his wife. Brandon, on returning to England, seeks out his comrade's widow and is surprised to find that she is the woman he raped in the train. In his letter, the dying captain tells her that she cannot do better than marry Brandon, and she takes the advice of her dead husband.

This is really an elegant little trifle of a story, and whether true or not, which is not of the slightest consequence, is recounted with a pleasant warmth and picturesqueness of expression that is really refreshing. On the subject of rape, there are many curious particularities and documents set out, and the author, who is most certainly a very gifted writer, seems to impress us with a feeling that he is quite an enthusiast and expert on the subject of the enjoyment of the female, by means of violence. Although this well-printed volume is headed "Social studies of the century," it has nothing to do with "Flossie," and is not serial with it.





Madame Dorvigny, ou les amours d'un
colonel de cavalerie; par P-B. Dupouy.
"Passons du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère."
Paris, Locard et Davi, 1833.

2 vols. 8vo. of vii-343 and 383 pp. (1)



HE late Charles Monselet was a most gifted and delightful writer, albeit he possessed but little ambition, and was content to gossip about books, and cookery. His light-heartedness prevented him from ever accumulating much money, and twice in his life he was obliged to sell off his collections of out-of-the-way novels, and light literature. His first auction took place in 1871, and the catalogue published by Pincebourde (2) is well worthy of perusal on account of the witty notes to be found therein. The second sale was held in 1885, and my attention was called to a work which I had never heard of before, "Madame Dorvigny." Monselet's note was as follows:

(1) There is a copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, (Y²31538/9), and when I asked for it in September, 1901, I must have been the first person who ever made the demand, as none of the pages had been cut open for reading purposes.

(2) "Catalogue détaillé, raisonné et anecdotique d'une jolie collection de livres rares et curieux dont la plus grande partie provient d'un homme de lettres bien connu." Paris, Pincebourde, 1871, 8vo.

A few copies have the title in red and black.

The story of an hermaphrodite. The bookseller Barraud, (1) who never would sell me this book during his life, and which I bought after his death, often told me that it was the jewel of his private collection.

I bid for this rarity, but it fetched what I considered too big a price, 41 francs, and became the property of a bookseller, Brunox, who announced it shortly afterwards on his catalogue at the high figure of 100 francs.

A few years afterwards, I received from the bookseller, Claudin, the catalogue of the sale of the library of M. C. de Mandre, and there in the midst of a lot of valueless novels, I saw the title of the rare "Madame Dorvigny." I immediately registered a vow to be present at the vacation and try to bid for the precious volumes. I was called away to the South of France, and immediately on my return, flew to my bookcase to get out the catalogue de Mandre and refresh my mind as to the date of the sale. Alas! I had, by some strange oversight, made a mistake, and the sale had been concluded some few weeks.

There was nothing to be done, but to heave a sigh of regret and try to forget all about the double-sexed heroine of the mysterious novel.

About two months afterwards, being in Claudin's shop on some other book-buying business, I asked, out of idle curiosity, to look over the priced catalogue of the de Mandre sale. The lot of novels, wherein "Madame Dorvigny" was comprised had been knocked down for a small sum to some one whose name, written on the margin, was quite unfamiliar to my ear. Asking

(1) He was a jovial *bouquiniste* of the old-fashioned type who traded for many years in Paris, 23, rue de Seine. His speciality consisted in books concerning love and women, and he died in the eighties. His widow carried on business for some little time, issuing two catalogues, and then she retired, and his remaining stock was sold off at the Hôtel Drouot, 26th March 1890. He was a publisher too and issued some very pretty volumes. But he is best known among amateurs for some charming suites of erotic plates which he sold under the rose. A famous set of 102 very fine plates to illustrate the "Memoirs of Casanova," by the artist Sellier, were put on the market by him, together with 20 for "Faublas;" some for Grécourt and Piron; "La Luciade;" "La Morale des Sens;" and many others. He got into trouble with the authorities on account of an edition of "Les Contes de Lafontaine," full particulars of which case will be found in "Catalogue des ouvrages, écrits et dessins de toute nature, poursuivis, supprimés et condamnés depuis le 21 octobre 1814 jusqu'au 31 juillet 1877. Paris, Rouveyre, 1879, gr. in-8."

who it was, I was informed that the buyer in question was a second-hand bookseller who carried on his business on the parapet along the quay of the river Seine. I was not long locating him, and I slowly approached the line of boxes in which his stock-in-trade was set out. To my surprise, "Madame Dorvigny" reposed snugly between a pile of other novels. I took it up and examined it. It was neatly half-bound in brown morocco and on the sides, although only covered with marbled paper, were the arms, stamped in gold, of the proprietor C. de Mandre, while each volume contained his *ex-libris*. It was marked for sale at 4 francs. I offered to buy it, and am ashamed to confess that I used the old collector's trick by saying that it seemed to me to be very dear. The dealer looked at me critically, and coolly replied:

"It can't be dear, and must be very rare and valuable, or else you would not bother to bargain for it."

I think I possess the Anglo-Saxon quality of knowing when I am beaten. I had found my master, and without another word, I handed over the four francs and took my departure with the rare work under my arm.

At Marseilles, towards the end of the last century, M. Delmont, a rich merchant, having no children, adopts a little girl, Adeline, and brings her up. She is very pretty and as fond of masculine pastimes as of feminine amusements. Her adopted father is ruined in business, and Adeline, now sixteen, tries to make him forget his troubles by showering upon him the treasures of her filial affection.

M. Dorvigny, a rich *fermier général*, now takes up his residence in the same town. He is a man of forty-five years of age, but still fond of the ladies, and a bachelor. With him is his nephew, Charles de Sorville, a confirmed rake and a colonel in a cavalry regiment.

Both men fall in love with Adeline, but the old one, determined to marry the girl, threatens Charles that he will reveal his secret should he prevent him from leading the lass to the altar. The mystery is that Charles is already married to a lady in Italy, from whom he is separated on account of her unfaithfulness. Adeline falls in love with Charles and he begins to make her a declaration at a ball, given by Dorvigny in order to be able to invite the Delmont family.

Dorvigny proposes marriage and she would never have consented, had not her elderly suitor told her that Charles was not free when he began to make love to her. Disgusted at his perfidy, she accepts the hand of the obese, ridiculous *fermier général*, prompted also by the knowledge that her position of affluence may enable her to show her gratitude to her adoptive father.

The marriage takes place and some ludicrous incidents are related, consequent on the attempts of Charles to carry off the bride. But nothing prevents M. Dorvigny from consummating the marriage.

Madame Dorvigny was awaiting her husband with calm. It is true that he was too stout and possessed a face that made it difficult for him to inflame a seventeen-year-old imagination that had never yet gone astray. Nevertheless, the heart may be dumb and the senses come to its aid: that is what happens daily to many young people who mistake the effervescence of love for true feeling; it occurs to women of frequent weaknesses, and above all to young girls who marry out of respectability, curiosity, or necessity. Be that as it may, the fat *fermier général* gets into bed, stretches out, and draws near, like all husbands in love, delighted with their happiness, and eager to taste the virgin's first emotions. It is night, suddenly the young bride says to herself: 'Let darkness bring the lineaments of my lover to my brain, so that the sacrifice may seem less painful'.... After a quarter-of-an-hour's silence, M. Dorvigny exclaims with an accent of the greatest surprise:

'Great Heaven! what is this I have got hold of? Have I a man in my bed?'

With this exclamation he jumps heavily out of bed, holding up his big belly as he runs, dashes into his dressing closet, takes a night-light and returns to the side of the couch. In his avidity to know the truth, he tries to throw aside the sheets and coverlets; but the pretty little bride repulses the projected inspection; she wraps herself up carefully, and gets away to the wall as she cries:

'This is an indignity! horrible! never will I allow such a thing! Who do you take me for, sir?'

'By my faith, madame, I can't tell yet.'

'Ah! that is too bad! you have reached the last limit of insult! Begone, or I will call my mother!'

'Call as much as you like, madame; as for me, I want to know who I have to do with; man or woman, I'll see for myself!'

So saying, M. Dorvigny tears away the counterpane; but the movement he gives to the night-light causes the escape of a drop of oil that does not respect the whiteness of the feminine thigh. A cry of

pain, and even tears succeed to accents of fury; Dorvigny suddenly grows tender: he suspends all hostilities, puts his light on the night-table and passes his right hand over his brow. Nevertheless, he remains on his knees on the bed, looking at his pretty better-half seated close to the wall, her charms nearly all hidden in the counterpane.

'Will you at last, sir, tell me the motive of your insulting conduct towards me? What a terrible wedding-night, good heaven!'

'Madame or monsieur, when one is built in a certain way, one should not get married.'

'What say you?' exclaims the charming little spouse, '*built in a certain way!* Learn, sir, that I am better built than you are!'

'And that is exactly what makes me despair!'

'Then, sir, I no longer understand you at all.'

'Well, madame, I will explain myself categorically. What is your definitive sex?'

'A funny question at which I should willingly laugh, were it not for your insulting proceedings....'

'Never mind about my proceedings, but answer me; I pray you to tell me what your sex is?'

'I am a woman, of course, what reason have you to doubt it? Ah, gracious, how my thigh pains me!'

'Come, madam, let me see that thigh again,' said the *fermier-général*, slightly reassured by the tone of innocence and anger of his wife; 'come, my beautiful Adeline, I have perhaps made a mistake.... Allow me.... have some indulgence....'

The young bride softens down little by little: there is a silent pause of a few minutes.

'*Parbleu!*' says M. Dorvigny to himself, 'I was truly in error.... by this satin skin, this charming bosom, I feel I hold the most seductive of women!.... But her senses are awakened at the contact of my kisses; the feminine sex disappears, or at least dwindles away.... the other increases incredibly.... Come, I can no longer doubt the fact that I am the husband of an hermaphrodite and one most perfectly constituted! What a fool I have made of myself!'

Try and imagine the strange figure cut by the big *fermier-général* in his nightcap, planted on his enormous backside, and scarcely knowing whether he ought to look tenderly on his wife and follow on with kisses or not. See the fear of the young bride, as yet understanding very little of his exclamations and his sighs alternating with commonplace remarks anent the fate of husbands in general. Like a docile victim she waits until the irresolution of her husband shall cease; everything tells her that she has a right to much softer homage. The sight of her charming face, and her astonished and supplicating eyes fixed upon his, brings him back to his first feelings; love resumes its sway. He becomes tender once more, attentive, caressing, insinuating; only directing his attention towards that of the two sexes of

which the municipal registrar has granted him the possession. He puts aside the superabundance that forms a barrier to his pleasure, and after plentiful and sustained efforts, at last manages to write his name on the tablets of conjugal glory. This agreeable certainty calms his spirit, and dissipates the fear he first had of having only married a pretty boy.

The husband puts up with this little supplement to his wife's charms, and tries to make her understand that her mal-conformation will cause her to be abhorred by all men but him, thus insuring, as he thinks, his wrinkled forehead against the horns of cuckoldom. Of course, he is entirely wrong, as Charles writes secretly to Adeline and she forgives him. So he climbs up to her room one night.

He undresses with the least possible noise, so as not to make his chair creak; he picks up each part of his clothing and makes a bundle of the lot, for fear of being surprised; such is the benefit of experience! Now, shall he wake the sleeping beauty, shall he let her recognize him, or ought he to profit by her slumbering state to obtain what it is so sweet to owe to a girl's good will?

'Let me be prudent,' he says, 'and by stealing a slight favour at first, all the rest will be granted me!'

'After this wise thought, he lifts up the counterpane with consummate skill, slips in a leg, then a second, and a third, (*sic*) and he is within a few inches of happiness. The much vaunted magnetism of Mesmer would be very useful to him just now, but he dares not yet give way to this science which has been so comically propagated by fools, but not enough by lovers.

'She is agitated,' he says to himself, as she lets fall a few words. 'Heavens! is it an error of my understanding? No, no, I do not mistake; she has uttered my name! The die is cast, away with all hesitation, let me awaken her in such a manner as to offer both illusion and reality at the same time!'

With this beneficent inclination he puts forth a trembling hand: I know not where his fingers fell, but he withdraws them suddenly much more quickly than he had advanced them, as he exclaims:

'Where the deuce have I got to? I'm in my uncle's bed!'

What had he felt to make him slip so roughly from the couch? Ah! I have it. Madame Dorvigny was no doubt lulled by a voluptuous dream, and the sex that this rake of a colonel was *not* seeking for was at that moment parallel to the earth's axis. Fearing lest his extraordinary touch may have woke up the person who he firmly believes is his uncle, he dares not budge from the fatiguing position he is in—on his knees, his palms pressing on the cold floor, and too

lightly clad not to soon form some sort of a resolution. Hearing no exclamation, no movement, he regains his assurance, takes his clothes under his arm, and gropes for the door that ought to communicate with the young bride's room. Alas! poor colonel, thou art leaving that blessed chamber. Retrace thy steps; thou wilt find happiness in the bed thou hast just left; the one whither thou goest, guiding thyself by a peculiar piece of furniture, does not contain the loved object. It supports the body of a voluminous glutton, and 'tis thy uncle whom thou art about to press in thy amorous arms! But he hearkens not; he has found the door of communication; behold him near the pillow which he is convinced supports a charming head: he slips under this counterpane as softly as beneath the first.

'This time,' says he inwardly, 'it is really her, I feel that by the transports arising in my soul! but let me begin by warming myself, for my excursion on the tiled floor has frozen me entirely.'

Before making himself known, he waits until the tender warmth of his mistress's body shall have penetrated his entire being and quickened the circulation of his blood. Dorvigny turns his back to him, and the colonel is not undeceived by the vast rotundity of the posterior spreading out in all its plenitude. It is true that through the fear of awakening the person he takes for his mistress, he has not yet dared to lightly touch this posterior, but finally, the subtle humours that we suppose pass through all the nerves beginning to circulate rapidly in his system, he places a hand on the rotundity of which the astonishing circumference startles him a little, and wishing to assure himself more fully of this excess of *embonpoint* with which he did not suppose his sweetheart was so amply furnished, he lets his other hand follow the first and moves them about from the North Pole to the South. This little game cannot be played without causing M. Dorvigny to awake with a start, and at the first moment he cannot divine the cause of the tickling he feels on a certain part that he was not in the habit of having caressed. Suddenly he feels a hand skim over his abdomen, and a pair of lips press his own rather strongly. He turns round roughly and with all his strength repulses the tenderly audacious antagonist. The colonel has soon perceived his fresh mistake; he has slid to the ground without making the slightest noise, and has gone into hiding under the carpet of the room he first entered, while he tortures his imagination to try and guess which of the two individuals so alike in their masculine sex is his uncle.

It is not difficult to guess what fun the author extracts from this night of errors: how the husband imagines that his wife, impelled by lust, has sought him in his bed; how he goes to her, makes a false step and inundates the hidden lover with the contents of a certain nocturnal utensil; how his wife receives

him, and resists his amorous advances; how he leaves her in peace, but goes to sleep in her bed, all within hearing of the colonel, still wondering at what he had twice held within his hand. Then he slips round to the side where the wife reclines and she takes his advances for those of her husband, who cannot understand her remonstrances, and swearing that he has never kissed her, but that she is dreaming, retires to his room to finish the night in peace, while Madame Dorvigny bolts the door of communication. She jumps back into bed, feels that a man is there and supposes it is a trick of her husband's. She calls out. He answers her through the wall. At last, she understands and talks through the partition to her lawful spouse of a certain remedy against nervousness and sleeplessness, as the colonel is applying the cure. He finds that she is an hermaphrodite and all is explained, but as at a certain moment she exclaims that she is dying, the newly-made cuckold invades her privacy once more, while the lover flies out of the window, the way he came.

Fresh characters now come upon the scene: M. d'Orval, a French general arriving from the wars in America, with his handsome wife, a creole of eighteen summers, while he is fifty years of age. He takes up his abode with his old friend Dorvigny and the two young wives become fast friends. Indeed, Madame Dorvigny in spite of herself, finds the masculine part of her nature suddenly very dominant and falls in love with her new companion, Emilie, desiring her like a man, much to the astonishment of innocent Madame d'Orval, who does not know whether to be surprised or disgusted. Dorvigny overhears his wife trying to overcome Emilie's scruples, and enraged at finding himself the husband of such a monster, suspecting also her intrigue with Charles, he plans to give a luncheon party at a pleasure resort on an island in the Mediterranean, and after the meal, reveal the whole story to his guests and disgrace his spouse publicly. Unfortunately, the boat in which he sets out with his wife and Emilie is capsized. He is drowned, while Adeline, through her masculine swimming accomplishments, manages to save the life of the creole she covets, and profiting by the gratitude of the woman whose life she has saved, possesses her in true manly fashion, as they are both cast up naked, or nearly so, on the shore. While thus busily engaged, they are seen by the colonel on horseback,

but he prudently holds his tongue for the nonce. Madame Dorvigny is a widow, and she does not know that the death of her husband has saved her from dishonour. Thus ends the first volume.

The relict of M. Delmont, possessing both male and female attributes, is happy in the voluptuous pleasures she enjoys with her lover and Emilie. But the fickle colonel now divorced, desires Madame d'Orval and sends her a letter which she shows to the hermaphrodite. When twitted with his infidelity, the officer tells Madame Dorvigny what he saw after the accident and refuses to share her embraces with a female rival, unless she promises him her aid with Emilie, or to arrange that they may be all three happy together. Hence a quarrel, and to be revenged he informs Madame d'Orval that he has been the hermaphrodite's lover while she was swearing fidelity to her. Emilie reproaches Adeline with her duplicity, so that the double-sexed lady is left without lover or mistress.

The most curious events and ingenious intrigues now follow so quickly and thickly that it is a very arduous task to sketch them here.

Madame Dorvigny, disguised in man's attire, tries to carry off Emilie by force, but fails, and everyone now knows the secret of her unique conformation, although M. d'Orval does not suspect that his wife has ever been unfaithful to him *with a woman*. (When starting to give an idea of this bizarre book, I never thought it would be so difficult to explain things plainly.)

The shock of the emotion brought about by the failure of the abduction causes the death of M. Delmont, and Madame Dorvigny has to confess her secret to his widow, who tries to get her to leave Marseilles, but she refuses, as she is still madly in love with both Emilie and the colonel. He still hankers after Emilie and gets into her room at night, according to his custom, but she successfully repulses him. Madame Dorvigny hears of the nocturnal, clandestine visit and thinking Emilie has given way to her old swain, causes M. d'Orval to be informed by an anonymous letter. He treats it with contempt and shows it to the colonel. The latter, out of spite thereat, tells the story of Madame Dorvigny's life to all his brother officers, who create a scandal at the theatre by crying out: "Long live the beautiful hermaphrodite!" when she appears

in her private box. She publicly slaps the colonel's face, and then challenges him to a duel with pistols, but in return he sends her a most sarcastic and clever letter which causes her to seek him out and in male attire strike him again, this time with the flat of a sword blade. The fresh affront is the cause of the strange combat really coming off, when a bullet from the weapon of his former mistress lays him low, but his life is saved by the transfusion of blood from her beautiful body. They are then reconciled, and from gratitude he takes an oath of fidelity, while his mistress swears she will give up thinking of Emilie. But at a masked ball, Madame Dorvigny, disguised, tries to seek out her lady-love, and her lover is also there, to prevent her attaining her object and in order to declare his passion to Madame d'Orval himself. The events of the night are curiously interwoven, but Madame Dorvigny nearly succeeds in enjoying the lovely creole again by an ingenious stratagem, as she assumes the same costume as that lady's husband. The colonel also persecutes Madame d'Orval, who reveals that fact to Madame Dorvigny while in her arms, thinking she is telling her husband.

The revolution now breaks out in Paris and is echoed at Marseilles, when the ladies of that town, headed by Madame Dorvigny, fight like amazons. But they are defeated and publicly flagellated, our hermaphrodite-heroine alone escaping that indignity, thanks to her valour. The mansion of General d'Orval is in flames, and Emilie is about to be violated by the *sans-culottes*, when Adeline arrives on the scene and saves her for the second time, both from dishonour and death in the burning house. The old love returns, and Madame Dorvigny is about to prove again the power of her second sex, when they are once more assailed, and while fighting sword in hand to protect her mistress and herself, the double-sexed darling is killed. During these riots M. d'Orval has likewise lost his life, and finally the colonel marries his widow.

The perusal of this peculiar novel is very refreshing by its old-time flavour, foreshadowed by the quotation on the title-page, translated from the English—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It will be remembered that in the thirties, novel readers were pleased to have the saddest incidents framed round with what seems nowadays like out-of-place horseplay. There is plenty of fun in this book, which is exactly in the

style of Paul de Kock. In my brief analysis I have purposely left aside the lively and comic underplot, confining myself to leading incidents. But I hope I have been able to prove that these two volumes are really curious in every sense of the word, by reason of their rarity, as well as through the novelty of the subject treated, while the happy lightness of the author's style is also to be commended. It is not possible to convey here how easily he acts up to the motto he has chosen and paints Madame Dorvigny's vain struggles against the alternating influence of her two sexes; her lust, remorse, jealousy, and grief, but never forgetting to make us laugh outright whenever he chooses.





Lettres de M. de Fronsac, fils du Duc de Richelieu, au Chevalier Dumas, ou son histoire de quelques mois à la cour de Russie, publiée par V. R. Barbet. A Paris, chez Michelet, Imprimeur-Libraire, rue Montmartre, No. 224, entre la Cour Mandar et la rue Ticquetonne. An X—1801.

2 vols. 12mo., of 222 pp. and 1 unnumbered page for the "Table," and "Errata;" and 263 pp. including 2 pp. for the "Table." Frontispice.

I have before me a stout volume which is a little library in itself: "Dictionnaire des Romans anciens et modernes ou méthode pour lire les romans d'après leur classement par ordre de matières. Dédié aux abonnés de tous les cabinets de lecture. Paris, Marc, et Pigoreau, Libraire pour les Romans (*sic*), 1819." 8vo; with a number of yearly supplements, reaching as far as the year 1828.

This is a curious and naïve production, where all the novels from the beginning of the century down to the date we have named are classified in several ways: alphabetically, by author's names, and even by the sexes! The supplement dated 1828, contains a list of lady novel-writers, and worthy old Marc, who kept a circulating library, has given us two portraits of charming blue-stockings. Here is Madame Barthelemy-Hadot—who knows her now?—a masculine, but good-tempered looking lady, of about fifty years of age, her bust emerging from what

is probably meant for dark clouds. She wears a tremendous mob-cap decorated with flowers, from which escape some sausage-like curls, and a high muslin cravat is swathed round her neck, which is further protected by a gigantic ruffle. A belt brings up her portly bust well under her arms, and the buckle thereof is a man's face, undoubtedly her husband's, whoever he was. She seems to have written over a score of novels, most of them historical, and nearly all running into four volumes. She must have been greatly in vogue, to have her counterfeit presentment engraved, but what have become of her entrancing stories? Who remembers "Atelwold et Clara, ou la Montagne de Fer;" "La Vierge de l'Indostan, ou les Portugais au Malabar;" "Jacques Premier, roi d'Ecosse, ou les Prisonniers de la Tour de Londres?"

The other lady-authoress, Madame Adèle de Cueüllet, is younger and prettier. She has large eyes and a longish, pointed nose, with the pleasant simper, so often seen in miniatures. She also wears a close cap, but her locks are agreeably frizzed, and a breezy scarf thrown round her head and shoulders is clasped to the breast, in such a manner that we can guess that delightful Adèle was thin—let us say a *fausse maigre*, so as not to be ungallant after all these years. This portrait must be like her, as it is signed by the authoress herself, with "pinx." at the end of her name, if you please, and the engraver is König. She does not seem to have written much. There are only three titles to her credit: "Rose Mulgrave," (4 vols.); "Le Stratagème, ou le Château de Mont-Yvon," (4 vols.); and "Le Voile, ou Valentine d'Alté," (3 vols.)

The most extraordinary part of this novel dictionary of novels is where they have been divided according to their contents. We have "sentimental novels, and those that are pathetic, touching and tearful. Histories of convents, monks and nuns. Adventures, jokes, fun, folly, and extraordinary incidents. Magic, charms, enchantments and necromancy. Phantoms, ghosts, shades, apparitions, spectres and visions. Novels of mystery, impenetrable secrets, mysteries on mysteries, and secrets revealed. Black novels, calamities, assassinations, poisoning, subterraneans, prisons, caverns, old castles, abductions, revenge and frightful crimes. Stories of brigands, coiners, robbers, rascals, banditti and swindlers!"

The reader had but to search under these headings, of which I have given the exact translations, and he was thus sure to find something to make his flesh creep.

The category which I have most studied is here printed under the title of "novels of gaiety, love, and gallantry," and there I find all the faithful friends who have graced or disgraced the shelves of my poor little library, to which I often fled for consolation when the world grew cold for me; when coquettish maiden played me false, did not keep her appointment, and begged for money to silence an importunate dressmaker; or sometimes when so-called friends betrayed their trust and repudiated transactions. All these little accidents will happen, and then the best refuge is a room full of books, no matter what, as long as they please you. It is better than flying to drink or suicide; or going and telling your troubles to some stranger, who is either utterly indifferent, or very glad to see that you are in trouble. I once had a friend, who when his wife eloped sought for comfort in an Arabic grammar. Remember, we are but children, and so I will toddle back to my childish bibliography, for who knows? I am perhaps criticising these amusing volumes, to divert my mind from some great sorrow, and there may be a trace of a tear amid the "copy," relating to the escapades of the hermaphrodite. Who can tell?

The titles complacently set forth under the heading I mentioned before I got so mournful just now, remained in my head as I crept lazily down the sunny quays, where the boxes of second-hand books are aligned, and many a bundle of rubbish have I returned with. But the uncut copy of the "Lettres de M. de Fronsac," was one of my most pleasant finds. It was so cheap that I have forgotten the price, but it was not so advantageous as "The Works of the Earl of Rochester," (London, 1777. 2 vols. 12mo., port. and fig.) which I got for a franc, near the Rue du Bac.

The lively letters of M. de Fronsac cropped up in the second sale of Charles Monselet, and the gifted bibliophile, in his short note, rightly threw doubts on their authenticity and went on to say that this was:

An incredible work. Printed by the father of Michelet, our great historian. It is full of curious details on the Russian court during the emigration, amidst a thousand debaucheries. The vignette accompanying this volume is charming.

The character of the fantastical work, which by the way, although a stained and cut-down copy, fetched 60 francs, is thus so clearly shown that I shall have very little to add by way of criticism, contenting myself by briefly analysing the plot and giving a few extracts of the most racy parts.

But it strikes me that the printer must have made a speciality of licentious publications, for I find another little book of the same kind, entitled: "La Vie et les Opinions d'un Bijou," Paris, Michelet, An XII—1804., 2 parts, 18mo. I once possessed this rare but worthless work, and if I remember rightly it was a dull allegorical romance. The "bijou" was nothing more than the private parts of a woman, supposed to be telling the story of its adventures. It will be remembered that Diderot's "Bijoux Indiscrets," translated into English under the title of "Indiscreet Toys;" turns upon certain facetious incidents where artificial aids to voluptuous enjoyment, known in Spanish as *consoladores de goma*, play the principal part.

The hero of the lascivious letters, supposed to be written by himself, Fronsac, grandson of the great Richelieu, to a friend in France, is seen in the pretty frontispice, where he is in *negligé*, writing at a very tasty Louis XVI. table. In the few copies I have seen of this engraving, which is by Clavereau, engraved by Bovinet, the tablet is blank, and there is no lettering, so I suppose all are before letters. As I take the epistles to be entirely apocryphal, it would be waste of time to resort to biographical dictionaries. I leave that to such of my readers, who may now be lucky enough, thanks to my indications, to put their hands on a copy of this sprightly compilation. I may also mention that the libidinous incidents are sandwiched in between huge chunks of theology and philosophy, in the style of the latter half of the XVIIIth century, and thickly powdered with mythological allusions and comparisons, according to the flowery fashion of the Directory.

Fronsac is the usual young French nobleman in exile during the Revolutionary epoch, and he is, although not yet twenty, as fickle as Faublas, and as villainous as Valmont. He falls in love with a married beauty of the court, Princess Nausikoff, who poses as a virtuous and inaccessible spouse. Fronsac, probably having nothing better to do than to do chop logic with his preceptor, the Reverened Father Mandar, (another

historical lay-figure), falls in love with the haughty beauty, and disguised as a lackey, under the name of Lépine, lays seige to her *femme de charge*, Elisabeth, who is of course a very pretty girl. He soon gets into her good graces and dines with her and her dog, Patau, described as a "gros chien lion," whatever that may be, and which is the soubrette's special favourite. During the repast, in the midst of the tender *tête-à-tête*, he manages to worm out of the confiding Elisabeth that her proud mistress often calls her to her bed to enjoy her Lesbian approaches, and Elisabeth, deft of tongue and medius, is jealous of her rival, a lusty peasant, who with his enormous feet, with brushes buckled to them, waxes and polishes the oak flooring of the lecherous patrician lady's palatial dwelling. Elisabeth then confesses and describes how she has fallen a victim to the passions of an ugly old courtier, Comte N . . . , who enchants her by the ravishing manner in which he provokes her pleasure by the use of his lips and tongue. Lépine-Fronsac is permitted to pass the night with her; and to please her, he treats her like the lecherous old courtier, and then they settle to sleep.

Four o'clock was striking, as I told you, and I am awakened by a movement executed with indiscreet prudence; I feel that my bed-fellow is lifting the coverlet; then I hear her calling in a whisper: "Patau, my dear Patau!" The docile Patau, erect on his hind-legs, slips into the bed at its foot and with sufficient skill takes up the proper position for his habitual exercise. My pen, more modest than this saucy Agnes, refuses to retrace the details of the monstrous scene. That could only be done by the lyrical trumpet which was used by the mouth of audacious Voltaire to sing the sacrilegious love of the evangelical ass with the virginal Joan of Arc. You guess, Chevalier, what my eyes have seen.

It would seem as if Nature found pleasure in seeing herself so outrageously profaned: the delights of love are evanescent, its joy is like the lightning; but here the flash was a fiery trail on which the wheel of time rolled with affected slowness. What a continuous force of lubricity there was in Patau! what an inexhaustible source of unnatural voluptuousness, in which the impure Elisabeth seemed to amorously lose her senses! Five o'clock struck and the infamous act was not yet consummated.

Ah! Chevalier, I know I ought to have put an end to this abominable sacrilege, by transports of the most just indignation; my vengeful hand should have wrought punishment on the face and bosom of the infamous girl for the alluring charm that she thus debased by

such prostitution. I ought, I know, to have sprung from the bed of the impure creature, and have implored just but too patient Jehovah to reopen that abyss in which he buried for the same transgressions, Coré, Dathan and Abiron; but I cannot tell you what magical talisman then swayed my senses. The electrical action of concupiscence circulating in my veins, inflamed my blood; guilty desires made me already the accomplice of this monstrous crime; I carefully withheld my fiery breath, so as to seem as if buried in profound slumber, for Elisabeth, thinking she had tired me out the night before by the exercise to which I was unaccustomed, believed that she could safely give way with Patau to her ordinary diversions. So I feared that if I destroyed her illusion, her satanical fury that associated me with the most secret mysteries of the Sabbath, might fade away.

Soon it seemed as if a hideous gnome had been belched forth from hell expressly to initiate me in these infamous mysteries. Yes, I, myself, Chevalier—let this avowal be my humiliation! but I am accustomed to hide nothing from you—I silently covet what Patau neglects, and which I can see by the flicker of the night-light. I become at last the comrade of Patau to share of his libertine quarry what was then within the reach of my charity. You know the by-way of Cytherea where it is the fashion among the amiable rakes of the court and the *roués* of the town to call a halt, as it is the duty of every religious Mussulman to visit at least once in his life the kaaba of Mecca; Patau master of the town, and happy therein, cared little or nothing for this suburb. An obscene instinct led me to it and I felt quite astonished to find myself established there like the *bourgeois familier de Seans*. (1)

Thus this accursed land becomes a terrestrial paradise for audacious crime, while timid virtue can only find its reward in ethereal regions. Voluptuousness weaves days of gold and silk for all the *roués* of this *sublunary world*. Solitude, sadness, and boredom form the earthly portion of innocence; but the most lascivious prostitution to which the greatest abandoned whore could give herself up intoxicated Elisabeth with venereal delight, unknown even to the most lecherous Olympian divinities. As for me, miserable sinner, never was I so guilty and never had pleasure proffered me more sensual enjoyment. The tender abandonment of Elisabeth caused my brain to wander deliciously; the brutal and tenacious lubricity of Patau, which I envied like the veriest celestial favour, caused to flow through all my veins the boiling lava of a voluptuous pleasure that nature wisely keeps away from caressing love, so as not to wither and dry up her procreating virtue: ah! the powerful king of Babylon changed into an ox and browsing on the grass of the fields presents a picture less degrading to the

(1) An untranslatable pun, and badly expressed too, between: *céans*—within, at home, the master of the house—and *séant*, a sitting position—the posteriors.

dignity of mankind that this grotesque group of which I was one of the actors.

No, Chevalier, this convulsive crisis is not true felicity. In the latter case, the feelings of the heart are materially absorbed, the faculties of the soul have suspended their functions, and our senses are as the vile agents of low brutality. When I fancy I still hear Elisabeth crying out in the midst of her convulsive delirium: "Ah! my dear Lépine, my good Patau; ah! my good Lépine, my dear Patau!" my imagination pictures those women of Juida giving themselves up indiscriminately to the lascivious ourang-outang or to the black African whose genius does not rank beyond the instinct of a monkey."

Fronsac upbraids the bestial creature, but she conquers him by her tears and he pours out a last libation on the altar devoted to the dog. He then returns home and in order to slip in unawares, goes and wakes up sweet little Suzette, the chambermaid. He begins to make love to her, when his father comes to the serving girl's room and he just has time to hide himself. From his place of concealment he is able to see that his revered parent and the lass are on the best of terms, and assists at the copulation of the author of his being! He sits down in mistake on Suzette's oval vase full of water and betrays his presence. He explains all to his good father, who in his turn, is kind enough to explain his intrigue and his reasons for committing adultery, as Fronsac's mother dwells with them, and discusses onanism and religion with his son and heir.

The end of the adventure is briefly chronicled. Our hero and Count N... often meet in the room of the soubrette, and one night they hide until they catch her in the embrace of her canine adorer. A slipknot is then thrown round Patau's neck and he is slowly strangled. Elisabeth faints away, after a fit of rage, and the next day disappears for ever. Fronsac does not succeed with the Princess, but disguised as an old beggar he acts as go-between for the husband in an intrigue that nobleman has with an actress, and the unscrupulous young libertine forges notes in the handwriting of the queen of the footlights, intending them to be shown to the Princess later on. He then makes the acquaintance of M. Matheweus, a rich, elderly philosopher who masquerades as a beggar out of mere pleasure, and is invited by the eccentric old gentleman to

witness a scene that takes place at his residence. The actors are a pretty girl, a young lad and the old amateur-beggar.

In front of the altar of love, the two young people lay down a couple of large cushions, on which the sacrifice is to be consummated and of which Jones and Fatma, (for thus the couple was called) will be at the same time the priests and the holocaust.

* * * *

"Come, my children," said he, as he kissed them both on the forehead, "we will amuse ourselves with the magic piano."

The instrument is at once placed in front of his arm-chair.

I think that in no boudoir of Paris or London has anybody formed the idea of having such a piano. Never did the spirit of lubricity inspire a libidinous old man with a sweeter aid for the physical force he lacked in order to consummate the pleasure of love. We see in "Justine" by what obscene tortures, violence is often done to nature, to obtain sensations which she refuses to worn-out organizations. Often does blood flow beneath the murderous sword and the object of enjoyment becomes the ensanguined martyr to a man rendered furious by the inertia of his lust. Ah! my friend! what degradation of the understanding! what shame for our race! We blush for our manhood, especially when we think that many of those whose old age we respect, evoke the faded image of youth, long since dead, by such blasphemy against nature and her holy laws! O thou, whose imagination still keeps alight the fire of adolescence beneath the snow of white hairs, go into the asylum of misfortune, become the father of the helpless orphan, of the widow in affliction, then wilt thou know what sweet enjoyment is yet in store for thee. Instead of being a disgusting and cruel satyr, from whom all fly with as much fear as aversion; try to make someone happy and thou wilt not witness tears of gratitude flow without feeling pleasure. Even thy senses will share the enjoyment arising from the practice of virtue; the young girl, whose benefactor thou hast become, will press thee to her in a caressing embrace against her virginal breast. Without repugnance her lips will approach the wrinkles of thy face and voluptuously wilt thou be able to revel in the perfume of her breath. But if modern philosophy has used up your moral affections, if charity, ceasing to be a feeling of thy intellectual being, must offer thee more material pleasures, imitate Matheweus the epicurean: let the spectacle of a happy couple giving way to the transports of love in thy presence, reanimate thy benumbed senses and bring back some sort of warmth to thy vital humours. If at that moment desire should arise with no sign of equivocation, remember that old age is always livid, and offer up in secret, with no other witness than thy shame, the feeble tribute that thou mayest

yet gather up for the God of Cytherea—in a word, invent a magical piano, following the example of the sensual Matheweus.

The divine instrument is brought in front of the easy chair. It must be said that to each note of the keyboard were attached as many elastic cords, which all met together, tied to a suspensory. This was a piece of the most silky flannel, that by reason of its different folds formed a cushion worthy of the load with which it was destined to be voluptuously burdened. The sexagenarian disciple of Epicure placed therein the enfeebled remains of the characteristic sign of his sex. Then he played on the piano a musical accompaniment which he had composed himself for the ballet that Jones and Fatma were performing. Each movement of his fingers on the key-board, agitated the suspensory by the aid of the elastic cords, and varied the emotions he sought to arouse with refined sensuality: the most voluptuous waltz was the principal dance of the ballet performed by the two young folks. Their arms, amorously entwined, favoured lascivious kisses. At one moment Jones would languidly let his head drop on Fatma's bosom, and then Fatma passed her alabaster arm round her friend's neck, whilst with the other hand she frolicked with a prouder and more playful God than the decrepid divinity which was imprisoned in the flannel suspensory by the director of this ballet, verily worthy of Paphian orgies. Sometimes the two actors turning back to back caused to play together those round globes on which the Supreme Artist has placed in both sexes, for one the temple of generation, and for the other that candelabra of three lights, which the poets call the hymeneal torch.

Ah! my friend, what a ravishing sight was offered to my gaze; what melodious sounds intoxicated me! M. Matheweus, one of the greatest composers in Europe, had adapted musical harmony to each of the voluptuous sensations which move us in those pleasures envied by immortals.

At first, the music dragged its slow sounds along with sweet carelessness; modulated in such a way that it seemed as if an echo was repeating the soft murmur of the tender kisses that Jones stole from Fatma's mouth, or received from his caressing sweetheart. When their bodies swayed hither and thither in voluptuous undulations, these movements seemed to communicate themselves to the musician's fingers, and be repeated on the keys of the magic piano. I seemed to hear the soft shudder of the wave, when the happy shepherd, (*sic*) Actæon, lightly caresses the ebony moss that masks the pretty charms of the goddess he has just surprised at her bath. At last, the quavering trills follow quickly one upon the other to paint what are passionate transports. What, are those the last sighs of expiring nature that I hear? Ah! my friend, the magic piano, the intoxication of the perfumes, the spirituous liquors produced their effect, and the fortunate Matheweus gave a *pauper's mite* to the God of Pleasure, warning Jones and Fatma

that the moment for the sacrifice had arrived; and the two young people falling on the cushions stretched at the foot of the altar, made the burning sacrifice to love which causes the God always to smile, when youth presents it.

After a learned dissertation by Matheweus, the old fellow tells him the story of his life and we see that he has been a martyr to syphilis.

Fronsac now discovers that an old gipsy is in the habit of playing the hurdy-gurdy under the windows of a pavilion where the Princess Nausikoff takes her bath, and she is always admitted to perform operations that are a kind of suspicious "massage," and tell the lady's fortune. Fronsac in disguise takes her place, and is admitted to the bathroom. The high-born dame is about to let Fronsac, in the guise of an old gipsy, approach his lips to her "black aureola," when the husband arrives, and takes his place, while our hero has to go and play his discordant instrument in an adjoining room. But the Prince does not stop long, and soon after his departure, Fronsac is able to throw off his rags, and fully enjoy at last the woman he loves. He shows her the forged letters and she is consoled by the idea that she is revenged on a faithless husband. This happy intercourse lasts three months, when Fronsac suddenly becomes impotent in the arms of his mistress, despite her efforts to break the charm. In despair, he is about to commit suicide, when Suzette comes to him and in her embrace he finds himself a man again. At that moment, a young man bursts into the room. It is the Princess in disguise, who has come to get news of his health, and he cannot deny the truth of the disorder in which she has caught him, for as he says: "the profane incense that I had burnt upon a strange altar was still smoking, so to speak, beneath her eyes."

Here the book ends abruptly, with the promise of a sequel, which never appeared.

Without speaking of amorous and lascivious verses, it would be an agreeable, but malicious study to try and find out how many great writers have at some time or the other allowed their talented pens to wander into the forbidden realms of pornographical literature: pages simply designed to glorify or arouse the passions. "Gamiani," is attributed to Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand, in collaboration; "Les Tableaux Vivants," and "Un Été à la Campagne," are by Gustave Droz;

"Les Cousines de la Colonelle," is credited to Guy de Maupassant; and Alexandre Dumas, *père*, is supposed to have perpetrated "Le Roman de Violette." The mysterious publishers who carry on their sly trade in Brussels and Amsterdam might tell us of many more, and even staid dealers in smoky London could if they listed cause the very walls of Sotheby's sober auction rooms to blush with shame.

No one would believe that the great French historian Michelet had ever sketched out an obscene novel, although I hasten to declare it was never published. Only a small fragment of the father's mantle had fallen upon the son and he refused to wear it on his powerful shoulders.

Thanks to the indiscretion of M. Gabriel Monod, who holds all the papers left by the departed genius, it is known that Michelet worked for years on a novel, on and off, which he had called, "Sylvine."

It is while studying the reign of Louis XV. that Michelet got the idea of "Sylvine." The Duchess du Maine was on the best of terms with her own brother, grandson of the conqueror of Rocroi, and in so doing, she was but acting up to the traditions of the Condé family. Are not princes of a superior race, above the vulgar laws of human morality? In the letters exchanged between brother and sister they said pretty things to each other in this style:

'That which among mortals is real effrontery,
With us demi-gods is homest gallantry.'

On both sides there were accredited poets to fashion such charming verses. Naturally, they were *Abbés*: Chaulieu for the duke de Bourbon, and Genest for the Duchesse du Maine. To vary her pleasures, the queen of Sceaux, as she was called, did not content herself with only asking the members of the clergy to write poetry for her. She tasted the rare voluptuousness of sacrilegious amours and became satanical like many another woman. After her brother, she made no one so happy as the handsome Cardinal de Polignac.

In the midst of such a court Michelet proposed to make his little Sylvine live, lady's maid to some great dame. His subject was treated in the most scabrous limits. Step by step the soubrette mounts in her mistress's favour. Their connection becomes such that only the pen of a Catulle Mendès could picture it. Then came the natural end of such things: Sylvine was repulsed, and driven far away from the woman who had so loved her.

At this juncture, the author hesitated. What should be the *dénouement*?

He had imagined two. At first, Sylvine died abandoned by all. Then, she re-entered the social ranks, purified herself, and got married.

But one day, in 1861, Michelet gave up the idea of his "Sylvine." It appears there is a note to that effect in his diary. 'My sentimental life has been sufficiently occupied by the love I bear my wife; my intellectual existence has been absorbed enough by history. It is really not worth while for me to break my head over a novel.' (1)

This sneer put an end to his thoughts of romance, and so the famous historian seems as if he classed novels very low down in the ranks of literature.

(1) *L'Aurore*. Paris, December 24, 1899.





**The Double Life of Cuthbert Cockerton,
Esq., Attorney-at-law of the City of London.**
His history and that of his daughter and some curious
anecdotes of other ladies and their lovers, from the
original MS. dated 1798, now published for the first
time. Haarlem, (Rotterdam) in the year of our Lord:
MDCCCXCV. (1899.) Price: Four guineas, net.

12mo., 447 pp. 250 copies issued, of which a few on China paper.

IT would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a filthier or more obscene work than 'The Double Life'. Written with the avowed object of counteracting the influence of the Marquis de Sade's works, these 'Memoirs' are even more lewd, immoral, and debauched than anything that that famous man and mental monster ever penned.

Perfectly correct in style, they are incorrigibly wrong in sentiment. No book, we dare affirm, in the world, contains in the same space so much concentrated licentiousness. In fact, beside the terrible, cold-blooded ferociousness of Cuthbert Cockerton's 'Double Life' the pages of old-world pornography shrink into Sunday-school text books.

One would be tempted charitably to take them for the uncontrolled observations of a debauchee's nightmare, a species of lewd madman's delirium tremens, were not the whole recounted with so much sincerity and detail.

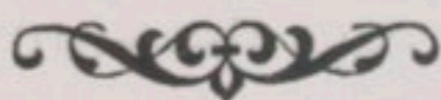
Happily no more than Two Hundred and Fifty Copies have been done, and the amateur who pays the heavy price will very well know what sort of book he is buying.

I think that the unblushing impudence of the above extract from the prospectus that heralded the publication of "The Double Life," has never been equalled, and the wily Dutchman who circulated it among his customers had evidently gauged the extent of their literary needs, as the thick volume found a ready sale, and is now, if not entirely sold out, very rare and difficult to find, even in the back-shops of the most desperate vendors of forbidden volumes. Unfortunately, I am forced to confess that the above highly-coloured description is perfectly true, and I am sure no more licentious work ever made a compositor blush, or the "gentle reader" rub his eyes and ask himself if he be dreaming or not, as he peruses what is nothing more than a mass of extraordinary filth. It is, to sum up, the most unbridled concoction I have ever seen.

And yet it is but an adaptation of a very rare French work, by Rétif de la Bretonne, "L'Anti-Justine," of which only one copy is known to be in existence, and that is only an unfinished set of proofs. It belonged under the Second Empire to an eccentric Englishman, named Hankey, who lived in Paris, and who was the proud possessor of one of the finest collection of French erotic books that has ever been known. He had some fine pieces of sculpture too, of the same free style. One, by Epinay, representing two Lesbian ladies in the closest conversation, he had reproduced, and even now copies of it occasionally crop up. Hankey lent his copy of "L'Anti-Justine," to a bookseller in Belgium, *circa* 1865, and several editions have since been issued.

The translator of the "Double Life," seems to have revelled in his ticklish task, for not content with carefully adapting the story to London manners and customs of the XVIIIth century, he has elaborated and intensified the original text, forming a strange mixture of Gallic refined tricks and inventions of obscenity with the plainest and boldest English. But even the "slim" bookseller of the Boompjes has stopped short of a deliberate rendering of a most blasphemous prayer, which the heroine—who revels in incest and prostitution—addresses to the "Holy and pretty Virgin Mary," for he has freely interspersed the vile appeal with lines of points.

There exists a set of 38 plates to illustrate this book, and they are as obscene as they are badly drawn and engraved.





Lives of Fair and Gallant Ladies by the
Seigneur de Brantome. Translated from the
original by A. R. Allinson, M. A. Paris, Charles
Carrington, 13, faubourg Montmartre. MCMI. Rights
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2 vols. crown 8vo., xlv (Historical Note, by H. Vigneau, Dedication, and Table of Contents), and 379 pp., for vol. I, and xxiv—464 pp. for vol. II. Frontispice and 50 illustrations, *hors texte*, by Lambrecht, coloured by hand. Issue: 750 copies, numbered, on antique deckle-edged paper and 500 unnumbered on Indian Paper.

A truly lordly book, neatly bound, while each picture is accompanied by a piece of protecting tissue paper, printed with the text and number of the page, where the incident depicted occurs. They are only free in the puritanical sense, and far from being obscene.

“La Vie des Dames Galantes,” is a French classic, and what made me muse and wonder was when I found that this masterpiece of the witty and sensual courtier of the XVIth century in France had never been translated into English before. But it is never too late, and to tell the truth the version is right royally got up. It is well and clearly printed in Elzevirian type, with divisions, or *manchettes* in Gothic; a very useful and pretty arrangement, quite in keeping with the style and character of this great work. The same may be said of the numerous charming plates, which are conceived by the colouring and drawing in true Renaissance style, every detail of costume being rigorously correct.

The work in itself is a perfect mine of gossip, love tricks and amorous adventure, proving that human nature is ever similar, and I do not doubt that had there lived such an indiscreet, merry, observant cavalier at the court of Charles II. his talk would have been much about the same. For prudential reasons, I think it will be better not to mention anything about Court manners and customs in Europe at the present day, for are we not entirely virtuous in these times of forced education and cheap bibles? Of morganatic marriages much might be said by carping critics, who with radical and republican tendencies still wish to spoil sport, and declare that rulers and monarchs should set the example of virtue to their faithful subjects. These are matters beyond the ken of a simple bibliophile and I beg most respectfully to inform the crowned heads of Europe that they may lie easy as far as I am concerned, and I hasten to admit that dear Brantome was a gossiping, scandal-mongering hanger-on at court and saw evil lust wherever he went. Nowadays there are no cuckolds, with eyes open or shut, according as it best serves their purpose, and when young women put their trust in princes it is never betrayed. There never was a noble lady who trifled with her own sex; nor jealous wives who caused the death of their husbands in various ways; nor husbands who also put away their better halves in all sorts of styles. Of such courtly intrigues merrily chats Brantome, and as we read, we see the naughty warriors, kings, princes, and pages, dancing their sweet saraband of elegant lusts, with maid, wife, or widow. But they are all high-born dames!

As a change from personal adventures and the loves and trickery of the anointed monarchs and their favourites, which forms the "first Discourse," there is a second, all about the sense of touch, power of speech, and sight in love, which is very free, and very wonderful. He also discourses at length on the defects, deformities, and caprices of women, and coolly describes the different kinds of private parts of the ladies of high degree he loves to babble about.

I am glad to see that the English nation is not responsible for having originated that reprehensible practice of aphrodisiacal flagellation, as my merry gossip plainly demonstrates that it was well known at the French court in his time.

I have heard speak of a noble lady of the great world, nay! one of the very noblest of the land, who not content with her natural lubricity, for in truth she was a desperate harlot, had been married and was now widowed, and was a very handsome woman to boot, the better to excite and provoke her passions, would have her ladies, wives and maids alike, the fairest of them to wit, stripped naked, and did take much naughty pleasure in gazing at them. Then would she strike them with the flat of her hand on their backsides with loud smacks and spankings, and good sound knocks, and girls which had committed some delinquency with good birch-rods. Then was contentment great to see them wriggle, and all the motions and twistings and turnings of their bodies and bottoms, the which they did exhibit according to the blows they gat, and which were right curious and diverting.

At other times, without stripping them, she would have their petticoats tucked up as they were (for in those days they ware no drawers), and would slap and whip them on the buttocks, according to the offence they had done her, or just merely to make them laugh, or cry. And by dint of looking at these parts and studying them, she was used so to sharpen her appetites that afterward she would oftentimes away and satisfy them in good earnest with some good, strong, robust gallant.

What a woman! Nay! 'tis actually said that one day seeing from the window of her castle, which did look onto the street, a big cobbler gifted with extraordinary proportions, pissing against the wall of the said castle, she did ardently desire so fine and big an article. So, fearful of losing the enjoyment of her wishes, she did charge him by the mouth of a page to seek her in a secret walk of the park, whither she had withdrawn, and there did give herself to him in such wise as to get with child by the fellow. This is what the gift of sight did for *this* lady!

Nay! more, I have heard say that, beside the women and girls that were regularly of her suite, such stranger ladies as did come to visit her were in two or three days, or sometimes every time they did come thither, quickly broken in to this same game, making her own women first show the way and tread the road first, then the others after. Whereat some were sore astonished to see this kind of sport, others not. Truly a merry pastime this and an agreeable!

I have heard speak likewise of a great nobleman which did find pleasure in gazing at his wife so exposed, whether stripped naked or dressed, and cuffing and slapping her, and watching her move her body to and fro under the blows.

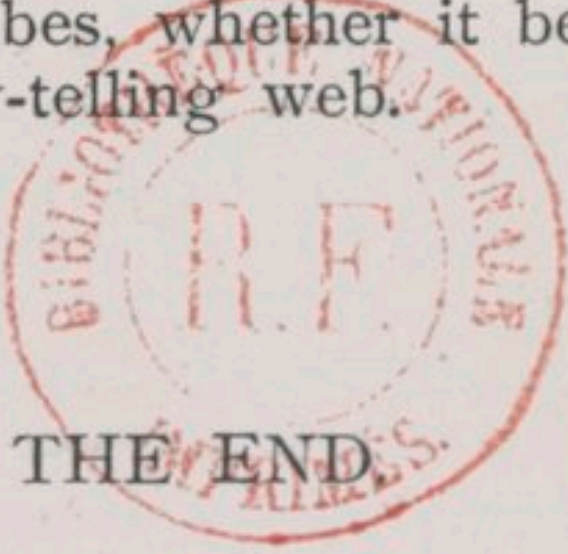
I have heard yet another story of an honourable lady who when a girl was whipped by her mother twice every day, not that she had done aught wrong, but because, as she supposed, her mother did find a pleasure in seeing her so wriggle her posteriors and the rest of her

body, to the end she might win better appetite for another sort of enjoyment. And the nearer she did approach the age of fourteen, the more did her mother persist herein and the more violent did she become, in such wise that the oftener she did come anigh her, the more eagerly would she gaze upon her.

I have heard even a worse thing of a great Lord and Prince, more than eighty years ago, how that before to cohabit with his wife, he was used to have himself whipped, not being able to be moved nor to lift his drooping engine without this ridiculous remedy. I should greatly like some competent physician to tell me the reason hereof.

That great and distinguished author, Pico della Mirandola, doth declare himself to have seen a gallant of his day, who the more he was thrashed with heavy blows of a stirrup-leather, the more was he thereby fierce after women. Never was he so valiant with them as after he had been so leathered, though when it was once well done, he was as fierce as any man. Truly here be some strange and terrible caprices! At any rate to see others whipped is a more agreeable sort of humour than this last!

From the above extract—and I regret that my stern publisher will not allow me to make any more—it will be seen that the translation of the old French of the epoch has been rendered into good and scholarly Anglo-Saxon, and that there is no fatigue in reading it, for even the least experienced, who may be only seeking some light literature to while away an idle hour. In fact, the vacuous “omnivorous” reader, so severely criticised by Lord Rosebery, will be as much amused over Brantome’s revelations of the polite society of his day as the student who is able, if need be, to peruse old black-letter as easily as the daily newspaper. Brantome’s chronicles are a Court Bible of wit and malice, and there is not a yawn in all he so quaintly describes, whether it be of men or women that he weaves his story-telling web.



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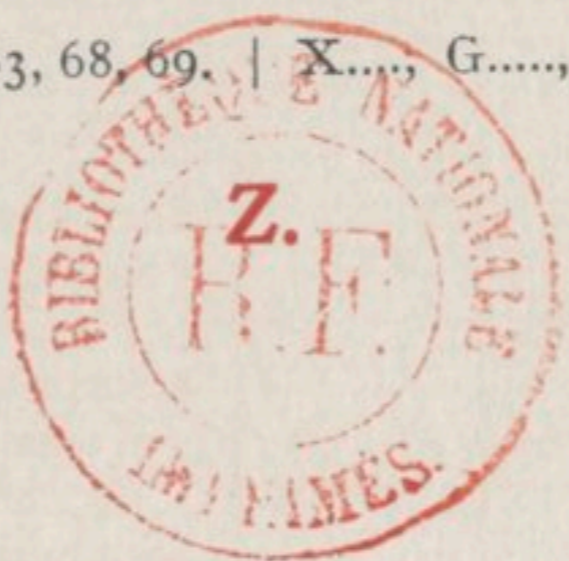
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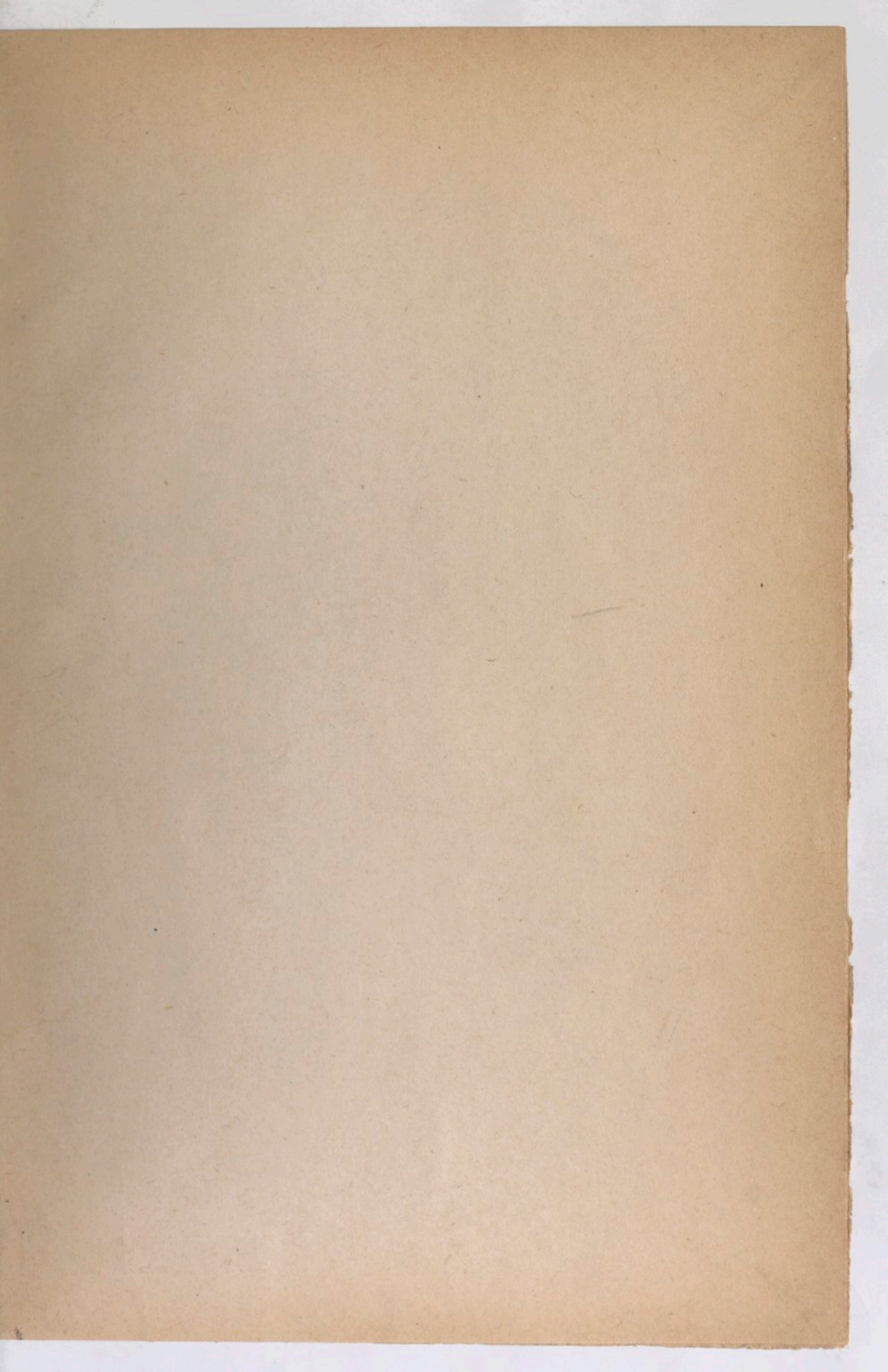
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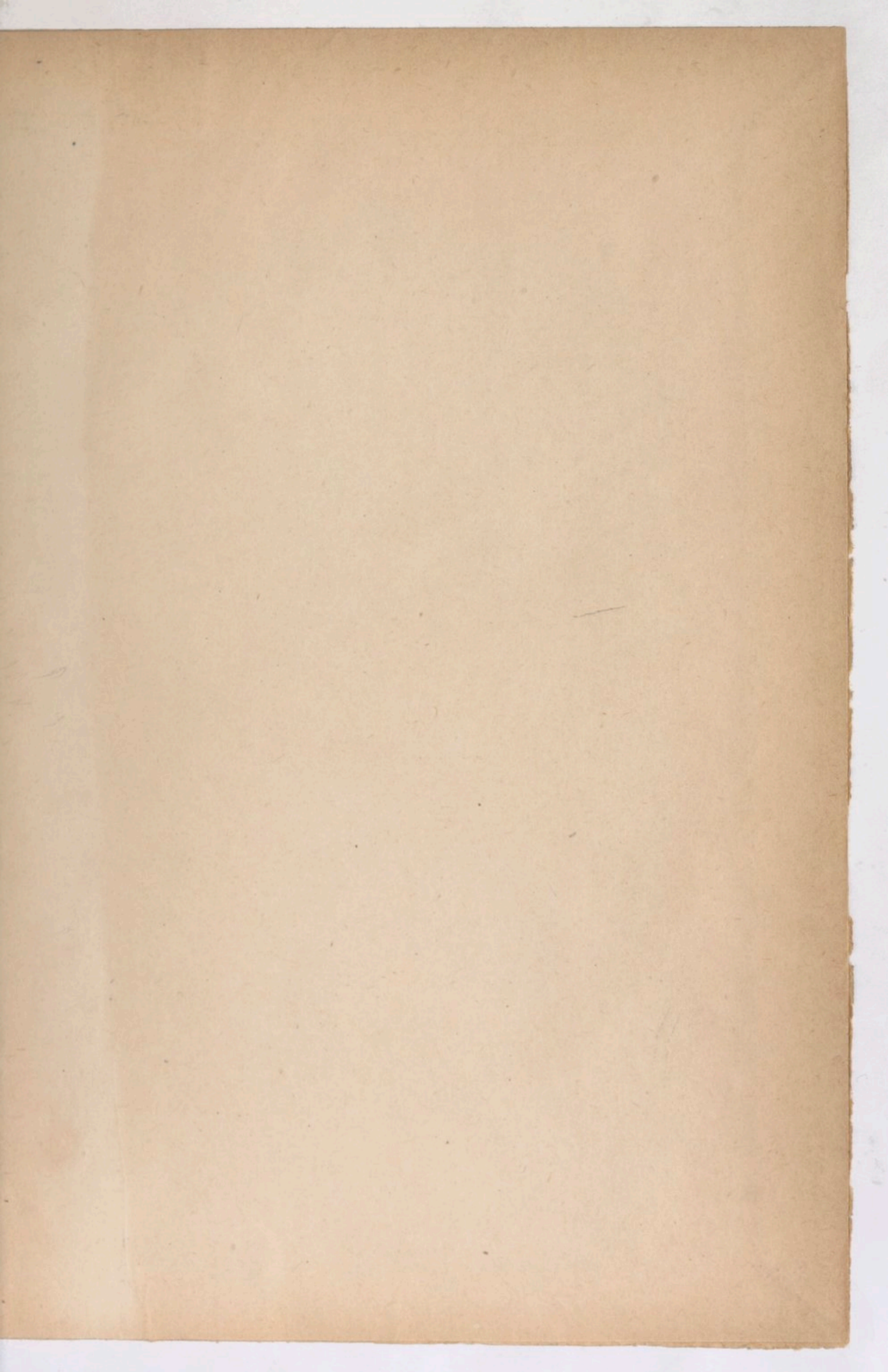
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